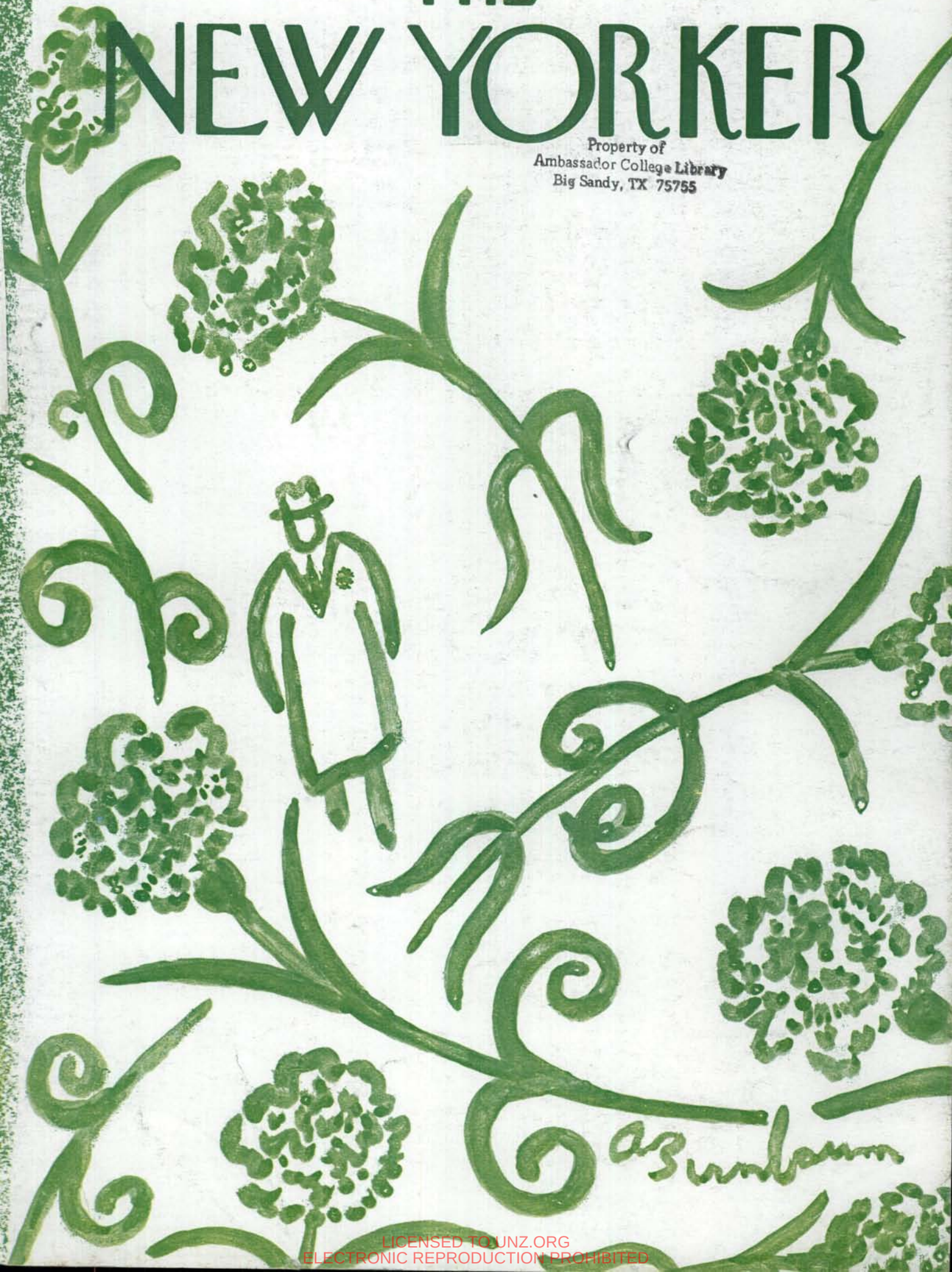


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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**ABELARD AND HELOISE**—A famous love story neatly but not very movingly retold by Ronald Millar. With Diana Rigg, Keith Michell, and Ronald Radd. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

**ALL OVER**—Edward Albee's new play, with Jessica Tandy, Colleen Dewhurst, George Voskovec, Madeleine Sherwood, and Betty Field. Directed by John Gielgud. Previews through Friday, March 26. Opens officially Saturday matinee, March 27. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**AND MISS REARDON DRINKS A LITTLE**—Admirable performances by Estelle Parsons, Julie Harris, et al., in an oddly dated play by Paul Zindel. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN**—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

**THE DREAM ON MONKEY MOUNTAIN**—A play by Derek Walcott, the third in this season's series of four offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE FABULOUS MISS MARIE**—The fourth in a proposed cycle of twenty plays about black life in America, by the extraordinary black playwright Ed Bullins. Loose and episodic in style and often very funny, it is set in a living room in Los Angeles and backed by a lively jazz band. Robert Macbeth directed. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

**FATHER'S DAY**—Brenda Vaccaro in a play by Oliver Hailey. Donald Moffat is the director. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays except March 17, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, March 18.)

**FOUR ON A GARDEN**—Carol Channing and Sid Caesar in some dreary dribbles of playlets, all set in a dreary house facing a dreary garden. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**THE GINGERBREAD LADY**—Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen are superlative in a play by Neil Simon that is funny and sad and a touch too earnest for its own good. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**HERE ARE LADIES**—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses,"

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which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES**—John Guare's ferocious, satiric, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**MACBETH**—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Sundays, except Wednesday, March 24, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3,

and Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25, at 1:30. Extra performance Thursday, March 18, at 10:30 A.M.)

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**—A version that owes nearly as much to the idiosyncratic notions of the director, Peter Brook, as to the author, who never blotted a line and never had a director. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 27.)

**NATIONAL THEATRES OF JAPAN**—Three programs, each combining satirical comedy (Kyogen) and classical tragedy (Noh). (Carnegie Hall, CI 7-7459. Wednesday through Friday, March 24-26, at 8:30.)

**THE PHILANTHROPIST**—Christopher Hampton's London comedy, with Alec McCowen, Jane Asher, and Victor Spinetti. Robert Kidd is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**PINKVILLE**—A play by George Tabori, with music by Stanley Walden. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 3.)

**REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER**—Arthur

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COVER: Abe Birnbaum

DRAWINGS: George Price, Ed Fisher, James Stevenson, Dana Fradon, Ton Smits, Charles Addams, Lee Lorenz, Richard Olden, Robert Day, Stan Hunt, Warren Miller, William Steig, Charles Barsotti

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Miller's rather coarse adaptation of Ibsen's **AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE**, well performed by Stephen Elliott and Philip Bosco. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES**—A creditable, uninspired production of Molière's marvellous comedy. Brian Bedford plays the distracted cornutophobe. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**SLAG**—This offering, by the young English dramatist David Hare, may be a try at a satire on British society, or it may be just an eccentric, often puzzling comedy about three schoolmistresses. Whatever, there are lively moments, and the performance, under Roger Hendricks Simon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. With Roberta Maxwell. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**SLEUTH**—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**STORY THEATRE**—Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

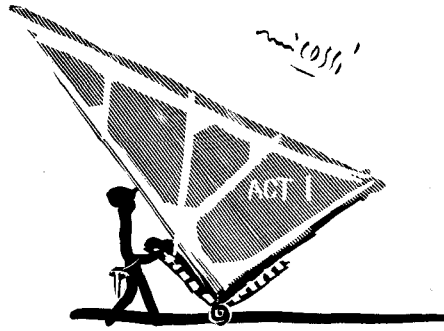
**SUBJECT TO FITS**—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local debut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE**—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**TWO BY IBSEN—HEDDA GABLER**: Claire Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Through Saturday, March 20. . . . **A DOLL'S HOUSE**: A shallow production of a great play, but Miss Bloom is a charming Nora. Monday through Saturday, March 22-27. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**WAITING FOR GODOT**—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**LONG RUNS—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE**: A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS**: What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wise-cracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS**: Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sun-



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days, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## MUSICALS

**BLOOD**—In this communal sing-in the myth of Orestes is confusingly applied to the Vietnam war. Much of the music (neo-folk) is agreeable, but the words cannot be understood. The cast is young and fervent. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**EARTHLIGHT**—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**NO, NO, NANETTE**—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**THE ROTHSCHILDS**—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**TAROT**—An entertainment of mime and folk-rock music. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**TOUCH**—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of drop-outs who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**TWO BY TWO**—Danny Kaye in a dreary reenactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE**: A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COMPANY**: Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS**: He walked on. Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses. —Down, sir. How dare you, sir? (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sun-

days, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: Haines asked: —Do you pay rent for this tower? —Twelve quid, Buck Mulligan said. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: —To the secretary of state for war, Stephen added over his shoulder. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC**: A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAIR**: He was at that time a very young man, just engaged in the study of the law; and Elizabeth found him extremely agreeable, and every plan in his favour was confirmed. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA**: He was invited to Kellynch Hall: he was talked of and expected all the rest of the year; but he never came. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES**: The following spring he was seen again in town, found equally agreeable, again encouraged, invited and expected, and again he did not come; and the next tidings were that he was married. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS**: A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALICUT!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PURLIE**: An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Sunday, March 21, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **1776**: A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## BALLET

**CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET**—Wednesday, March 17, at 8: "Olympics," "Secret Places," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . Thursday, March 18, at 8: "Square Dance," "Solarwind," "Secret Places," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . Friday, March 19, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Valentine," "The Still Point," and "Façade." . . . Saturday, March 20, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind," "Secret Places," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Reflections," "Abyss," and "Astarte." . . . Sunday, March 21, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind," "Secret Places," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . Sunday, March 21, at 7:30: "Konservatoriet," "Solarwind," "Abyss," and "Façade." . . . Tuesday, March 23, at 8: "The Clowns," "The Still Point," and "Astarte." . . . Wednesday, March 24, at 8: "Trinity," "Konservatoriet," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . Thursday, March 25, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Valentine," "Confetti," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . Friday, March 26, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind," "The Still Point," and "Façade." . . . Saturday, March 27, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Square Dance," "Solarwind," and "Façade." . . . Saturday, March 27, at 8: "Reflections," "Valentine," "Abyss," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 28.)

## MISCELLANY

**MASK & WIG SHOW**—A musical. "Who's Whom," is this year's University of Pennsylvania un-





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dergraduate production. (The Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 18-20, at 8:30. For tickets, call 524-6366.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Tony Joe White, whose voice is flavored with both Memphis and Nashville, sings through Monday, March 22. On Wednesday, March 24, comedienne Lily Tomlin, a "Laugh-In" veteran, will arrive. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

**BOOMER'S**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A recent addition to the jazz-and-soul-food scene. This one offers music and meals in a softly lighted, often crowded setting. Pianist Norman Simmons, with a bassist, plays Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Thursday through Sunday, March 18-21, the Bobby Timmons trio will be up, and Thursday through Sunday, March 25-28, guitarist Attila Zoller will perform with piano and bass. Music from nine-thirty to three every night but Monday.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-paneled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from ten to two. Cedar Walton is at the electric piano, working with a bass player. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

**COOKERY**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of the best one-woman shows in the performing arts is put on by Mary Lou Williams in communion with her piano, from eight to one every night but Sunday. Michael Fleming's bass is her background. But Sundays are not wasted: From seven to twelve, Sammy Price, on the same piano, revives jazz of prehistory.

**GUITAR**, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—On dreary old Tenth, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with an attenuated version of soul food. George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are playing twin guitars in their easy-listening way. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

**HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor player Zoot Sims leads a smooth, generally inventive quartet through Sunday, March 21. On Tuesday, March 23, the J.P.J. quartet, consisting of saxophonist Budd Johnson, drummer Oliver Jackson, pianist Dill Jones, and bassist Bill Pemberton, will take over. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

**JACQUES**, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, and this knowledge is implicit in his competent and often very dynamic keyboard work. He plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Tuesdays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

**JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for solid Dixieland. The musicians will be Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Joe Muranyi, and Jimmy McPartland through Saturday, March 20, after which Roy Eldridge will replace McPartland on trumpet. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

**PEEWEE'S**, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. A combo plays Fridays through Mondays, from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

**RAFIKI**, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—

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A new center of warmth and amity. Pianist Cecil Young, a stylistic virtuoso, does a lot of things on his instrument and then tops them off with double-talk and scat singing. He is assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums. Music from nine Wednesdays through Sundays. Collard greens, black-eyed peas, and so forth.

**RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—This nostalgic and gilded re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

**RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel keen. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

**SLUGS**, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Drummer Elvin Jones, polyrhythmic and powerful, leads his quartet from nine until closing. On Tuesday, March 23, tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson, who can range from the lyrical to the soul-searching, brings in his sextet. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

**VILLAGE GASLIGHT**, 116 Macdougall St. (674-2580)—Dark, cramped quarters where coffee, tea, and cider are consumed. Blues singer Bukka White is onstage until Wednesday, March 24, when a real classic, Chicago-blues singer Muddy Waters, will come in with his own Blues Band. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers on stage.

**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Pianist Billy Taylor takes time off

from his television and other assignments to lead his nearly impeccable trio here every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . Downstairs: Jazz, pop, and dancing. Wednesday and Thursday, March 17-18, NRBQ, Susan Hoover, and the Luther Johnson Blues Band; Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, NRBQ and Simpson; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23-24, Mandrill and Molimo; Thursday, March 25, Mandrill and Factory; Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, the Herbie Mann octet, Air, and Floating Opera. On Mondays, Symphony Sid presents Latin bands.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pharoah Sanders gets into a lot of reeds as he leads his quintet on its African, Eastern, mystical search. On Tuesday, March 23, another reed virtuoso, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, arrives with his sextet. On Mondays, the place throbs to the big sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

**YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being played here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, March 21, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in with the regulars. The remainder of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish room, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

## DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

**C'EST MOI**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

**DIRECTOIRE**, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. People dance to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**L'ETOILE**, 1 E. 50th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

**HIPPOTAMUS**, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

**SHEPHERD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, a singer named Jimmy Helms comes on. On Monday, March 22, he will give way to singer Clint Holmes. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

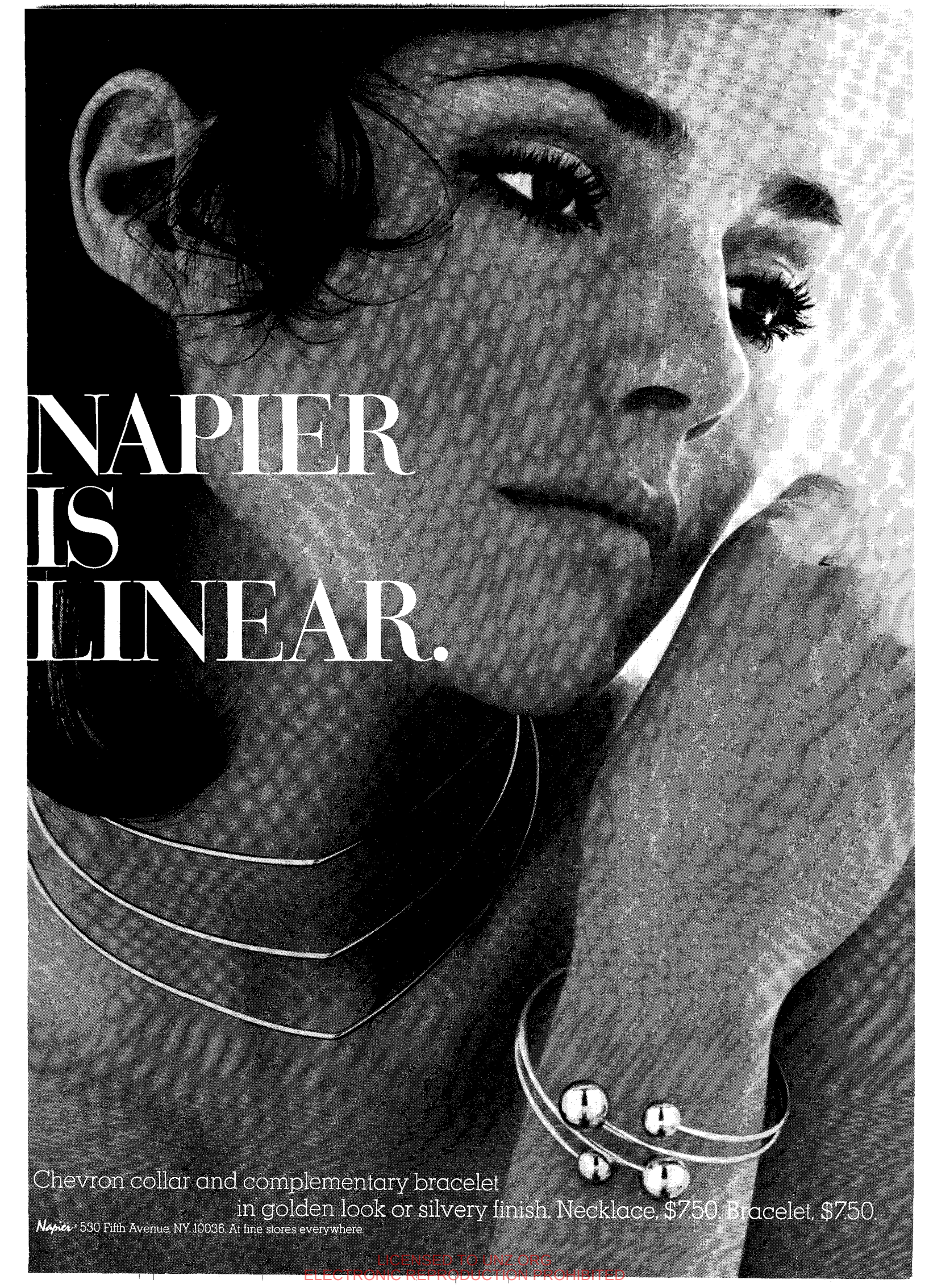
**THURSDAY'S**, 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

**WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Records alternate with Holy Modal Rounders (Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays) or Freeway (Fridays and Saturdays). Closed Mondays.

**YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to







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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**ALPINE CELLAR**, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volkspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

**CHATEAU MADRID**, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A good berth for a young man (Antonio Santaella) who will go far, wherever his facile flamenco feet will take him. His covey of five ballerinas follow him as best they can. Bertha Dupuy, who operates on her own, sings Caribbean Spanish with the requisite zest, but English is all Greek to her...

¶ Down the hall is **CHATEAU DISCO** (371-5155), from whose Pierian spring issues a never insistent stereophonic sound that is all languishing lyricism and the Mod music that goes with it. For either sitting or prancing, mid-evening to four, and a fine idea.

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Round and round the Temptations go, and where they will stop no one can know. Singing, hot-pepper style, accompanies this perpetual motion. No nights off. On Thursday, March 18, James Brown will replace these dervishes with his rousing chanteys and Holy Roller antics. The other arrivals will be the jokes of Slappy White and Steve Rossi, and if you've heard one, you've... ¶ In the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back such music acts as the Companions and the Wonderful World of Charlie Brown.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**LA FORÊT**: The kings and queens are in their countinghouse eating bread and honey—the bread Parisian, the honey Phil Wayne's great and ingenious little band—Debussy with a beat. Other sets of musicians help it keep going until two; after that, the music is all tape-measured. The one disappointment is that this woodland is closed down Sundays and Mondays... ¶ Dancing every night in the mannerly **CAFÉ**, as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, Abbe Lane leads the life of the Big Stem soprano—one of those natural phenomenons, like the geysers in Yellowstone. This happens at nine and eleven-thirty as far as Tuesday, March 23. Next evening, at ten-fifteen, John Davidson steps aboard to sing, as Ivy League and as welcome as ever. Thenceforward, he will be a dinner and supper specialty. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, will be staying on. Closed Sundays... ¶ The **EDWARDIAN ROOM** undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, seven to ten-thirty, except Sundays... ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon and from nine to one every evening but Sunday. Gunnar Hansen, peer of this realm, does the Wednesday-through-Saturday night shift.

**RAINBOW GRILL**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The pagan rout assembled by Louis Prima (bandsmen, jumpers, shouters) does its last dinner and supper bang-ins on Saturday, March 20. On Monday, March 22, the New Christy Minstrels, a great big glee club, moves in. Dance music, by human beings and/or direct wire from Western Union, begins at eight; the Minstrels do dinner and supper sets. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life here is lively, long, and often luxe: pre-theatre buffet, plus piano, from five-thirty until seven-thirty in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**; then dinner and supper in both **LA BOITE** (likewise garnished with piano) and the **MAISONETTE** (Quintero's brilliant Latin orchestra and Hal Turner's neat little band, which shuttles between Rodgers and Hart and palatable rock); last of all, a late-evening reprise of the **ST. REGIS ROOM** (Jason & Mary-hazel—stalwart young composer and guitarist, plus lass with a delicate air, plus persuasive meeting of voices). The St. Regis Room is closed on Sundays, the other rooms on Sundays and Mondays.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM**, at dinner and supper, there is Peggy Lee, shining light and shining example to just about any other soprano on the circuit. No mere circuit rider is she, but the complete incarnation of what her composers always had in mind. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

**CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, Orpheus of the Overworld, arrives around ten with his playmates, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, to perform his lays of modern Rome, Paris, London, the Riviera, and New York. Closed Sundays and Mondays... **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speckmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays... **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays... **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays... **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Another Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity... **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of which is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Oriental bop, especially when George Mgrdichian sits in on oud. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home. Closed Mondays... **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosphorus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two. Closed Sundays... **LA PABELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, below-stairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening.

### SMALL AND SERENE

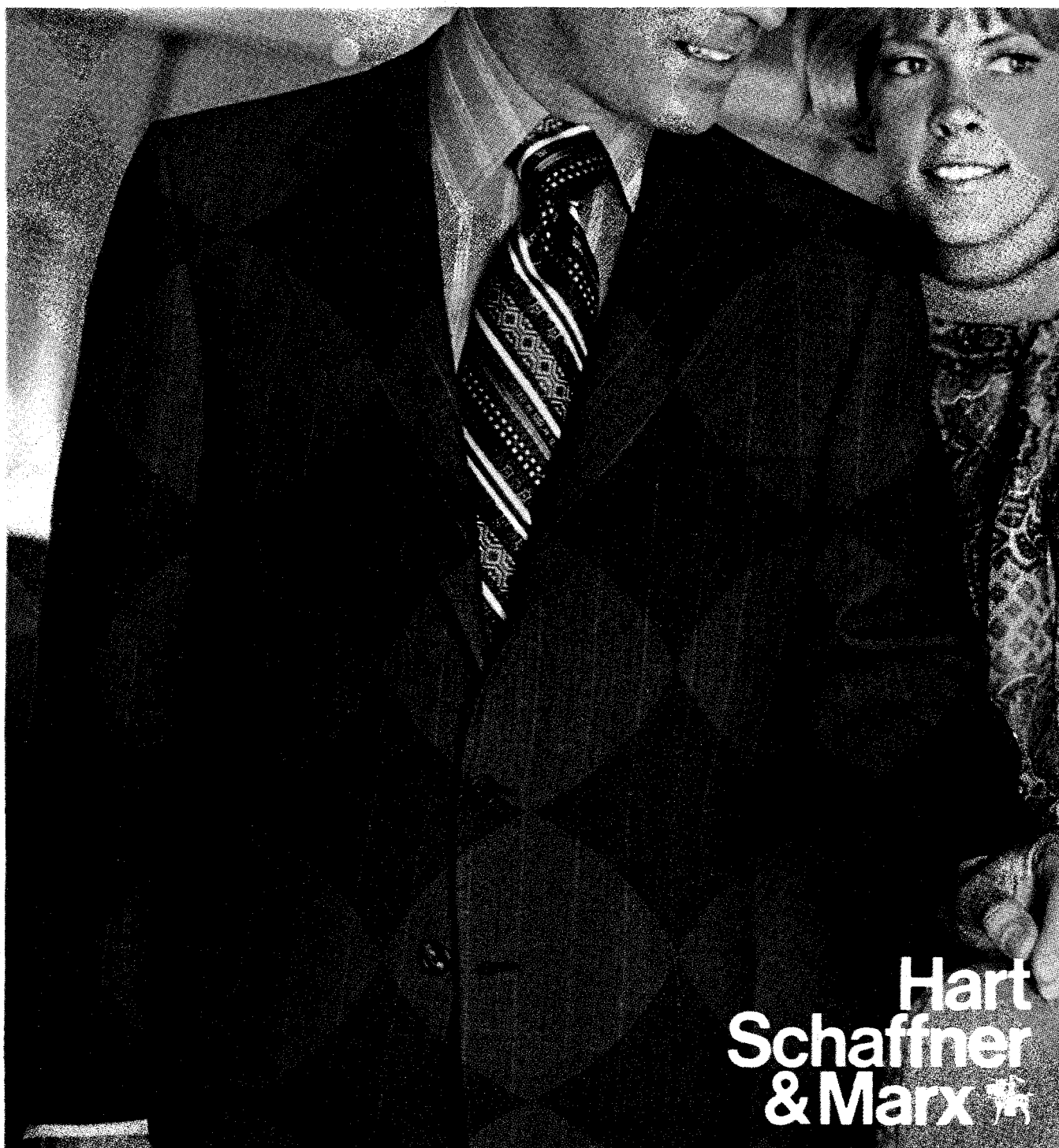
(Dining, but no dancing.)

**IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary tradi-



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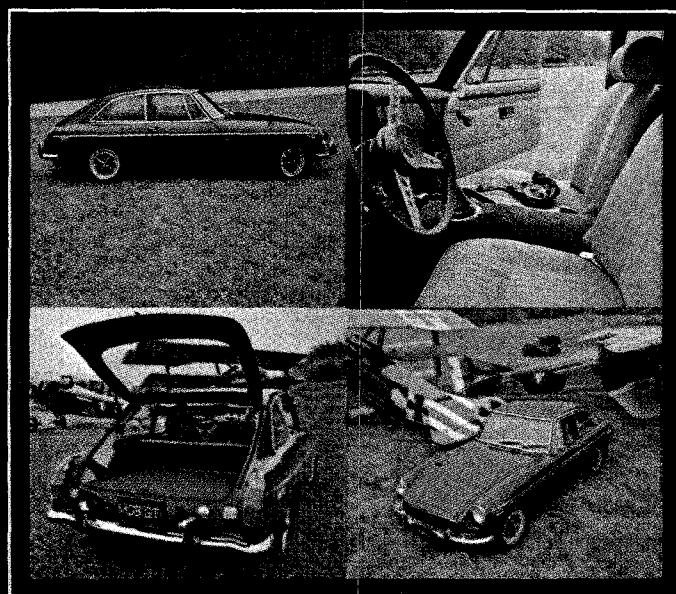
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old watering place, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . **REMERANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Sunday. . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, led by Rudy Barron, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A part of the seacoast known only to the natives, never to tourists. The life is quiet, the music (every night but Monday) is the piano of Wayne Sanders, a musician who makes nostalgia a not at all broody occasion. . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE**, 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): Up one flight in an old family manse, a handful of characters in search of an audience set forth, on a tiny stage, their carefully curtailed synopsis of "Cabaret," that well-remembered Broadway musical, and set it forth with drive, dint, and delight. At seven-thirty and nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, plus an eleven-thirty extra Fridays and Saturdays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**JO BAER**—Minimal paintings done in 1962 and 1963; through April 14. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

**KENNETH CALLAHAN**—Paintings of nature with symbolic overtones, and drawings of landscapes and creatures; through April 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**GIORGIO CAVALLON**—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist; through Thursday, March 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SALVADOR DALI**—Twelve gouaches and collages, also lithographs and etchings; starting Saturday, March 20. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**ANTHONY DEBLASI**—Paintings stressing color; through Wednesday, March 24. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**PAUL DELVAUX AND PAUL WUNDERLICH**—Paintings by the former, a Belgian Surrealist who specializes in mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings, and paintings and gouaches, some of nudes, by the latter, a German Surrealist;

through Saturday, March 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**RICHARD DIEBENKORN**—Twenty-three drawings, some with color, by this West Coast artist; through April 1. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

**LADDIE JOHN DILL**—Settings created by tubes of colored lights; through Tuesday, March 23. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**JEAN DUBUFFET**—About fifty collages, drawings, and gouaches never shown before in the United States and including some of the artist's early works; through April 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**CLEADE ENDERS**—Realistic paintings of American subjects; through Saturday, March 20. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**OYVIND FAHLSTRÖM**—Paintings that can be moved around in a game following a set of rules; through April 10. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

**DAN FLAVIN**—Compositions of fluorescent lights; through April 1. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**LUCIO FONTANA** (1899-1968)—Works by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases; through April 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MICHAEL GOLDBERG AND MARY HEILMANN**—Spray paintings by the former, an ex-Abstract Expressionist, and pieces that derive effects from the physical condition of the canvas by the latter; starting Saturday, March 20. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOEL GOLDBLATT**—Still-lives in simplified handling; through April 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**HARVEY GORDON**—The artist's first one-man show of interiors and landscapes; through April 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SANTE GRAZIANI**—Paintings and graphics based on Old Masters, by the head of an art school in Massachusetts; through Thursday, March 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ROY GUSSOW**—Polished-bronze and stainless-steel abstract sculptures; through Thursday, March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**CARL HEIDENREICH** (1901-65)—A selection of paintings covering the career of this German Expressionist, who worked in the United States after 1941; through March 31. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**DALE HENRY**—Acrylics on canvas, light-catching; starting Saturday, March 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**CLINTON HILL**—Romantic color abstractions that emphasize texture and transparency; through Saturday, March 27. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**RALPH HUMPHREY**—Luminous wavy lines on mostly oval canvases; starting Saturday, March 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PHILIP JAMISON**—More paintings of Maine and Pennsylvania; through Saturday, March 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**LESTER JOHNSON**—Paintings that apply Abstract Expressionist principles in figurative compositions; through Saturday, March 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**BETTY KLAVUN**—Painted- or welded-aluminum abstractions; through April 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**KÄTHE KOLLWITZ** (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints of this artist's social subjects, and portraits; through Saturday, March 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

**ALFRED KUBIN** (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through Saturday, March 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GARY KUEHN**—Lines running around the edge of raw canvases; through April 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GOLDA LEWIS**—Abstract compositions that combine paper, canvas, and found objects; through Saturday, March 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**ROY LICHTENSTEIN**—Rectangular, round, and oval

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings on the subject of mirrors and the light reflected in them; through April 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SEYMOUR LIPTON**—More of this leading sculptor's interwoven organic shapes in metal; through April 3. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ELEANOR LOCKSFEISER**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ALVIN LOVING**—Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by a Detroit black; through Saturday, March 27. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**RICHARD MAYHEW**—Recent quiet, low-keyed landscapes by an artist frequently seen in Afro-American exhibitions; through April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**CLEMENT MEADMORE**—One large sculpture in steel and five smaller works by this Australian; through March 31. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

**KOZO MIO**—Surrealist paintings of women on shaped canvases by a Japanese; starting Tuesday, March 23. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

**ARMANDO MORALES**—Paintings of large nudes and fruit; through Saturday, March 20. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

**LOWELL NESBITT**—Paintings of closeup details on the theme of "ruins" in Athens, Rome, and New York; through Saturday, March 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**DAVID NOVROS**—Multi-sectioned oils on canvas; through Thursday, March 25. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**KENZO OKADA**—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; through April 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JULES OLITSKI**—Recent paintings by this artist known for his spray-gun color fields; through March 31. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**FRANK OWEN**—A first one-man show of paintings with the effect of spreading chemical substances; through April 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**SERGE POLIAKOFF** (1906-69)—Abstract paintings in a variety of surfaces by this widely known Russian; through April 10. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JAMES PRESTINI**—The first one-man show in New York of nickel-plated geometric sculptures by this West Coast artist; starting Tuesday, March 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**JANE SARGEANT**—Still-lives; through Saturday, March 20. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**SIDNEY SIMON**—Figurative sculptures, most of them in bronze, some incorporating mirrors; through April 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**HARRY STERNBERG**—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure compositions; through Saturday, March 27. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

**MICHAEL SWEENEY**—The first one-man show of wood and metal constructions with neon tubing by this teacher at Ohio State; through Saturday, March 27. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**GEORGE VANDER SLUIS**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**NEIL WELLIVER**—Freely handled realistic landscapes; through April 1. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**WILLIAM T. WILLIAMS**—Interwoven arcs of bright color; through Saturday, March 27. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**CHRIS WILMARTH**—Large clear-glass sculptures, one of them enormous, in simple forms; through April 7. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At LA BOETIE, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Artists associated with the Bauhaus—Feininger, Kandinsky, Schlemmer, Klee, Moholy-Nagy, and lesser figures; through March 31. (Closed Mondays.)... CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; through March 28. (Daily, except

Mondays, noon to 6.)... **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Saturday, March 27... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works from the gallery collection by nineteenth-century to present-day artists, among them Ensor, Nolde, Duchamp, Matta, Beckmann, and Graham; through April 3... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Avery, Noland, Poons, Stella, Reinhardt, and others; through Saturday, March 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the twentieth by Copley, Eakins, Davis, and other American artists; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Realistic paintings by Richard McLean and Stephen Posen, abstract paintings by David Noyes and R. Benton Peugh, and sound-making objects by Allan Erdmann; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.)... **WESTBETH COURTYARD GALLERIES**, 155 Bank St.: Works by nine painters and three sculptors who are residents of Westbeth, the artists' housing project, among them Zacharias, Daphnis, Gechtloff, Stefanelli, and Tania; through March 28. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 10 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and forty-one paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and prints by Whistler and European and American contemporaries such as Bonnard, Courbet, Manet, Redon, Sargent, and Seurat; through April 3... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Works by Americans, including Dickinson, Graves, Ryder, Tobey, and Ossorio; through April 17. (Closed Mondays.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1... ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23... ¶ Three hundred drawings by fifty-four artists of eighteenth-century Italy, among them Tiepolo, Domenico, Guardi, and Piranesi; through Sunday, March 21... ¶ Forty photographs by Stephen Shore, a young New York photographer; through Sunday, March 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's leading documentary photographers of this century; through April 11... ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works; through April 11... ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through Sunday, March 21... ¶ Paintings and sculptures done prior to World War II by Duchamp, Matisse, and Picasso, whose gift, "Guitar," is included; through April 26. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, and conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; through April 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-seven watercolors, oils, drawings, and etchings constituting a





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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

centennial exhibition covering all periods of the career of John Marin (1870-1953); through March 28. ... ¶ Thirty-nine paintings (by as many artists) done between 1950 and 1970 and organized around the idea that they are primarily structured by means of color. Among the artists are Albers, Hofmann, Newman, Noland, Poons, Reinhardt, Rothko, Stella, and Still. Through April 18. ... ¶ A first one-man exhibit of paintings and drawings by Malcolm Bailey, a young New York artist seen in exhibitions of black art; through April 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen major paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh, borrowed from the artist's nephew and the van Gogh Foundation in Holland; through April 11. (Admission is \$1.) ... ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Monday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.—Memorial exhibit: Gatch, Hofmann, Hopper, Schnakenberg, and Sheeler. In the gallery: contemporary paintings and sculptures, candidates for awards. Through April 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART**, 62 E. 78th St.—Films, slides, tapes, and kinetoscopes presenting approximately a hundred and twenty artists at work in their studios or out of doors; through April 15. ... ¶ Forty-five paintings by Dutch, Flemish, British, and Italian artists of the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through May 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday, March 23, until 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS**, Lincoln Center—Sculptures by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—A cache of autographs, books, drawings, and manuscripts acquired during the last few years. Highlighted is the second part of the Hours of Catherine of Cleves with thirty-five transparencies. Through May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show examining the subject of drugs through photomurals, multiple screens, and other mediums; through May 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings; also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), who was a friend of Laurens. Through Sunday, March 21. ... ¶ A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing "the Swiss avant-garde"; through May 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Thirty large paintings by two

contemporaries—Robert Carter and Michael Singletary; through April 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Wednesday evening, March 17: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, and Raymond Michalski. ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 18: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Donald Gramm. ... ¶ Friday evening, March 19: "La Bohème," with Adriana Maliponte, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Gibbs. ... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 20: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jeannette Pilou, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Paul Plishka. ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 20: "Il Trovatore," with Lucine Amara, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, and Raymond Michalski. ... ¶ Monday evening, March 22: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Donald Gramm. ... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 23: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jeannette Pilou, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Paul Plishka. ... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 24: "La Bohème," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith DePaul, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Robert Goodloe. ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 25: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Colette Boky, Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, Mildred Miller, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. ... ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jeannette Pilou, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. ... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm. ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Lucine Amara, James King, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**NEW YORK CITY OPERA**—Wednesday, March 17, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Spiro Malas. ... ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8:15: "The Most Important Man," with Beverly Wolff, Joanna Bruno, Harry Theyard, and Eugene Holmes. ... ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Barbara Shuttleworth, Kenneth Riegel, and Spiro Malas. ... ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau. ... ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Deborah Kieffer, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. ... ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 1:15: "The Most Important Man," with Beverly Wolff, Joanna Bruno, Harry Theyard, and Eugene Holmes. ... ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 7:15: The company's première of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. ... ¶ Tuesday, March 23, at 7:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. ... ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and David Clatworthy. ... ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Dominic Cossa, Jerry Jennings, and Spiro Malas. ... ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau. ... ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Susanne Marsee, Richard Fredricks, Robert Johnson, and Robert Hale. ... ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Kay Creed, Barbara Shuttleworth, En-





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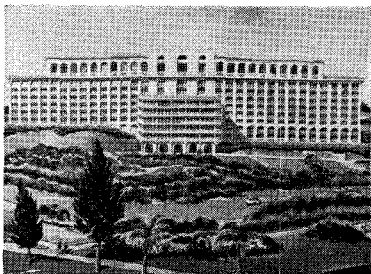
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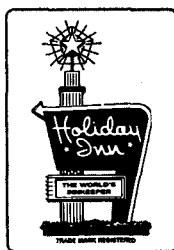
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rico DiGiuseppe, and Spiro Malas. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

**MANNES OPERA WORKSHOP**—Milhaud's "Trois Opéras-Minutes" and Bizet's "Doctor Miracle," staged by Fabrizio Melano. Paul Berl is the musical director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25, at 8.)

**JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER**—Benefit performances of the première of Harold Farberman's "The Losers," with a libretto by Barbara Fried. Directed by John Houseman, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by the composer. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 26, at 8, and Sunday, March 28, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

#### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Philharmonic Hall—Karl Böhm conducting on Thursday, March 18, at 8:30; Friday, March 19, at 2; Saturday, March 20, at 8:30; and Monday, March 22, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, March 25, at 8:30; Friday, March 26, at 2; and Monday, March 29, at 7:30 (all with David Nadien, violin.)

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 17, and Friday, March 19, at 8:30, with soloists. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, March 18, at 8:30, with soloists. . . . Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30, with Paul Zukofsky, violin.)

**MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA**—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Leontyne Price, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—André Previn conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8:15.)

**AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with William Masselos, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 2:30, and Tuesday, March 23, at 8:30.)

**SYMPHONY OF THE NEW WORLD**—Benjamin Steinberg conducting the final concert of the season, with Fred Alston, bassoon. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

**MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS**—Frederic Waldman directing a performance of Dvořák's Requiem, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; and Giorgio Tozzi, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 8:30.)

**OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK**—Eve Queler conducting the première here of Respighi's "Belfagor" in concert form, with Nancy Shade, soprano; James McCray, tenor; and Chester Ludgin, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

**MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**—George Schick conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

**DOCTORS' ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK**—Daniel Shulman conducting. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, March 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**CANBY SINGERS**—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

**HAMILTON COLLEGE CHOIR AND HAMILTON BRASS CHOIR**—A joint concert, with James Fankhauser and Albert Rodewald directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, March 23, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**AMOR ARTIS CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA**—Johannes Somary directing the second of two concerts, with soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

**ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**—David Randolph directing, with Karen Altman and Susan Belling, sopranos, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

**BENEFIT CONCERT**—Zubin Mehta conducting an orchestra composed mainly of musicians from the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, with John Grady, organ. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, March 21, at 8:30.

Tickets are on sale at the rectory, 460 Madison Ave.)

#### RECITALS

**NEW YORK PRO MUSICA CONCERT ENSEMBLE**—A program of German music of the Renaissance and early baroque. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 17, at 8:30.)

**EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC**—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 18, at 8:30.)

**WILLIAM MASSELOS**—Piano, with the Guarneri Quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**TEL AVIV QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**BERT LUCARELLI**—Oboe, in the last in a series of recitals, this one a program of five baroque concertos, with a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 9.)

**JONATHAN PURVIN**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, March 22, at 8:30.)

**BIRGIT NILSSON**—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**ARTHUR OZOLINS**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**LILI KRAUS**—Piano, in the last concert in a series entitled "The Viennese Masters," with commentary. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:40.)

**ALBERT FULLER**—Harpischord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 25, at 8:30.)

**JANOS STARKER**—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 26, at 8:30. . . . Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**CARLOS MONTOKA**—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 7:30 and 10.)

**NEW YORK CAMERATA**—Tony Pagano, flute; Charles Forbes, cello; and Glenn Jacobson, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

#### MISCELLANY

**PAUL HINDEMITH RETROSPECTIVE CONCERT**—A program of his music, performed by, among others, Jean Hakes and Diana Hoagland, sopranos; Michael Best and David Smith, tenors; John Graham, viola; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and the Janus Choral, directed by Robert Hickok. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 17, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

#### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**CACTUS, HUMBLE PIE, AND DADA**—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

**RICHIE HAYENS, MARK/ALMOND, AND MICHAEL GRANDO**—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 8 and 11:30. Michael Grando will appear at the late shows only.

**SEVENTH CENTURY**—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.

**ISAAC HAYES**—With Listen My Brother. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8 and 11.)

**BETTY CARTER**—With a trio. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

#### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**BOXING**—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

**HOCKEY**—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 21, at 8:35: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . Tuesday, March 23, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo.

**RACING**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30;



through Saturday, May 22. The Westchester. Saturday, March 27. . . **BOWIE, Md.:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17.

**TENNIS**—1971 Tennis Champions Classic. Thursday, March 18, at 7:30 (semifinals): Rod Laver vs. Dennis Ralston and Tom Okker vs. Roy Emerson. . . Friday, March 19, at 7:30: The final match of the series. (Madison Square Garden.) . . . **Virginia Slims Invitational Tennis Tournament of New York:** Billie Jean King, Françoise Durr, Rosemary Casals, Ann Jones, and others. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Wednesday, March 24, at 2 and 7; Thursday, March 25, at 3:30; Friday, March 26, at 5; and Saturday, March 27, at 6:30. For information about tickets, call MU 9-3560.)

**TROTting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22.

## FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERTS**—Yehudi Menuhin conducting the New York Philharmonic in the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 27, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

**BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS**—By the **CHILDREN'S BALLET THEATRE:** "The Inventor and the Comedians" and "Fern-Blossom." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, March 21, and Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28, all at 2:30. For information about tickets, call MU 5-7754.) . . . **PERCIVAL BORDE AND COMPANY:** "Talking Drums of Africa." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, March 27, at 1.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings," Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21, at 1 and 3:30. . . "Winnie the Pooh," Saturday, March 27, at 1 and 3:30. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21, at 2:30. . . "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, March 27, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **KINGS PLAYERS:** "Rainbow Junction." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 27, at 11 and 2.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 210 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, March 20, at 2:30. . . "Looice," Saturday, March 27, at 2:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.) . . . **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER:** "Young Tom Edison." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, March 20, at 1.) . . . **NICOLÒ MARIONETTES:** "Hiawatha." (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. GR 5-0830. Saturday, March 20, at 1 and 3.) . . . **TRIANGLE THEATRE:** "The Marvelous Adventures of Tyl." (316 E. 88th St. Friday, March 19, at 4 and 7:30; Saturday, March 20, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sunday, March 21, at 3 and 7:30. Admission is free.)

**JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Eskimo Art in Poetry and Pictures," an exhibition of drawings by the Eskimo artist Oonark, together with a selection of twenty Eskimo poems. Circulated by the Canadian Government and the National Museum of Man in Ottawa. Through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Steering by the Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

**NOTE**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, for the last time this season on Saturday, March 20.

## ET ALIA

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Build-

ing, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . **Hour-long** tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS**—Seamus Heaney reading from his own poetry, and Max Frisch reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 22, at 8:30.) . . . **Denise Levertov** reading from her own works. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 23, at 8. Admission is free.)

**LECTURES**—Vincent J. Scully, Jr., presenting a series of six lectures under the title of "Art and Environment in Human Art." (Cooper Union Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Wednesday through Friday, March 17-19, and Monday through Wednesday, March 22-24, all at 3. Admission is free.)

**FLOWER SHOW**—The Spring Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, March 17, from 10 to 9, and Thursday, March 18, from 10 to 4.

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 19, at 2: Medieval to eighteenth-century works of art, including chess sets, stained glass, sculptures, and arms and armor; from various owners. . . Saturday, March 20, at 2: English and Continental furniture, from several collectors. . . Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23-24, at 2: Russian works of art, comprising porcelains, glass, silver, bronzes, enamels, *objets de vertu*, and over two hundred icons; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, March 19. . . Thursday, March 25, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 20.

**FILM LIBRARIES**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by Allan Dwan. March 17 at 2 and 5:30: "High Tension" (1936), with Brian Donlevy and Glenda Farrell. . . March 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Joy Girl" (1927), with Olive Borden and Marie Dressler; Czech titles only. . . March 18 at 8: "While Paris Sleeps" (1932), with Victor McLaglen and Helen Mack. . . March 19 at 2 and 5:30: "The Three Musketeers" (1939), with Don Ameche and Gloria Stuart. . . March 20 at 3 and 5:30: "The Iron Mask" (1929), with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Marguerite de la Motte. . . March 21 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Chances" (1931), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . March 22 at 12:30: "Wicked" (1931), with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. . . March 24 at 2 and 5:30: "The Black Sheep" (1935), with Edmund Lowe and Claire Trevor. . . March 25 at 2: "While Paris Sleeps" (1932), with Victor McLaglen and Helen Mack. . . March 25 at 5:30 and 8: "Suez" (1938), with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. . . March 20 at 11:30: A program of four early Italian short films. . . March 22 at 6 and March 23 at 2: "The Pitfall" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara. . . March 23 at 5:30: A program of films by George Landow. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—The last three programs in a series of French films. Through March 18: Four short films. . . March 19-20: Three short films. . . March 21: Three short films. . . Starting March 24: A program of three short Swiss films. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreelred starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)  
Through March 23: "Trash."  
From March 24: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)  
March 17: "The Twelve Chairs" and "The Landlord."  
From March 18: "The Projectionist."

**CHARLES**, Ave. B. at 12th. (GR 5-4210)  
Through March 23: "Joe" and "Isabel."  
From March 24: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
Through March 23: "The Night Visitor" and "Borsalino."  
From March 24: "Get Carter."

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)  
Through March 18: "The Young Racers" and "The Undead."  
March 19-20: "The Trip" and "X—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes."  
March 21-22: "House of Usher" and "The Terror."  
March 23: "Teenage Caveman" and "Naked Paradise."  
March 24-25: "Tales of Terror" and "A Bucket of Blood."

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)  
"The Music Lovers."

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)  
"Get Carter."

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)  
"Little Big Man."

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)  
"The Priest's Wife."

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)  
"Bed and Board."

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
"Gimme Shelter."

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)  
"The Buttercup Chain."

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)  
Through March 20: "The Sporting Club."  
From March 21: "Making It."

**R.K.O. 59TH ST. EAST TWIN CINEMAS**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)  
"The Night Visitor."

**CINÉ MALIBU**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)  
March 17: "Joe."  
From March 18: "The Projectionist."

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)  
Through March 20: "Husbands."  
From March 21: "The Andromeda Strain."

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)  
"Wanda."

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)  
"Little Murders."

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)  
"Claire's Knee."

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)  
"Love Story."

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|    |    |    | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |    |    |

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED  
IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

"Midnight Cowboy" and "In the Heat of the Night."

**JULIET I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)  
"Women in Love."

**JULIET 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)  
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
"First Love."

**U. A. EAST**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)  
Through March 23: "M\*A\*S\*H" and "Patton."  
From March 24: "Vanishing Point."

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)  
Through March 23: "The Night Visitor."  
From March 24: "Brother John."

**LOEW'S CINÉ**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)  
"THX 1138."

**86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)  
"Cold Turkey."

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)  
March 17: "Groupies."  
March 18-24: "Joe."  
From March 25: To be announced.

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)  
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)  
Through March 23: "First Love."  
From March 24: "The Great White Hope."

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)  
"Ramparts of Clay."

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (920-3350)  
Through March 23: "Lovers and Other Strangers" and another feature, to be announced.  
From March 24: "Husbands."

**ELGIN**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)  
Buster Keaton festival.

**R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)  
To be announced.

**BIJOU CINEMA**, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)  
Through March 20: "I Want to Be a Shellfish" and "The Hidden Fortress."  
March 21: A program of Greek films.  
March 22-24: "This Transient Life" and "Kill!"

From March 25: "Silence Has No Wings" and "The Prodigal Son."

**CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)  
"Song of Norway."

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)  
"Lawrence of Arabia."

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
"I Never Sang for My Father."

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)  
"A New Leaf."

**ZIEGFELD**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)  
"Ryan's Daughter."

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)  
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

**CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)  
"Dead of Summer."

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)  
Through March 20: "Pigeons."  
From March 21: "The Conformist."

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)  
"The Body."

**LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)  
"My Night at Maud's."

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)  
Through March 23: "Road to Salina."  
From March 24: "Friends."

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)  
"Little Big Man."

**CINEMA STUDIO**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)  
Through March 23: "Midnight Cowboy" and "In the Heat of the Night."  
From March 24: "Get Carter."

**REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)  
"The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

**EMBASSY 72ND ST.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)  
Through March 23: "The Owl and the Pussycat" and "The Comic."  
From March 24: "Joe" and "The Landlord."

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)  
March 17: "Chikamatzu Monogatari" and "Au Hasard, Balthazar."  
March 18-24: "Band of Outsiders" and "The Milky Way."  
March 25: "Innocence Unprotected" and "Mandabi."

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)  
Through March 23: "The McKenzie Break" and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."  
From March 24: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)  
Through March 18: "The Stranger" and "Persona."  
March 19-21: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Brief Encounter."  
March 22-23: "Repulsion" and "Contempt."  
March 24-25: "Accident" and "One Potato, Two Potato."

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)  
Through March 23: "First Love."  
From March 24: "Pigeons."

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**ACCIDENT (1967)**—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuosos passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Thalia; March 24-25.)

**THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN**—A sci-fi film with Arthur Hill, David Wayne, James Olson, and Kate Reid, directed by Robert Wise. (Cinema I; starting March 21.)

**AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR (1966)**—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (New Yorker; March 17.)

**BAND OF OUTSIDERS (1964)**—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just like in the movies—and then try to carry it out, in Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical, romantic tragicomedy. Perhaps his most delicately charming film. With Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker; March 18-24.)

**BED AND BOARD**—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Fine Arts.)

**THE BODY**—A celebration of human biology—birth, sex, old age. Uplifting narration by Vanessa Redgrave. Roy Battersby directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

**BORSALINO**—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters.

Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Gramercy; through March 23.)

**BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)**—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Thalia; March 19-21.)

**BROTHER JOHN**—With Sidney Poitier, Will Geer, and Bradford Dillman, directed by James Goldstone. (Orpheum; starting March 24.)

**A BUCKET OF BLOOD (1959)**—Roger Corman made this inexpensive variation on the old "Mystery of the Wax Museum;" this time the setting is southern California, and the sculptor who kills in order to cover the corpses and exhibit them as art is a busboy in a Venice West coffee house. Unpretentious, and with some show of grisly humor in the midst of the bloodletting. (Kips Bay; March 24-25.)

**THE BUTTERCUP CHAIN**—The latest in British



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*Of young voices joined in a joyous old hymn,  
Of bonnets abob to the cadence of canes,  
And grandfather-watches on great gold chains.*

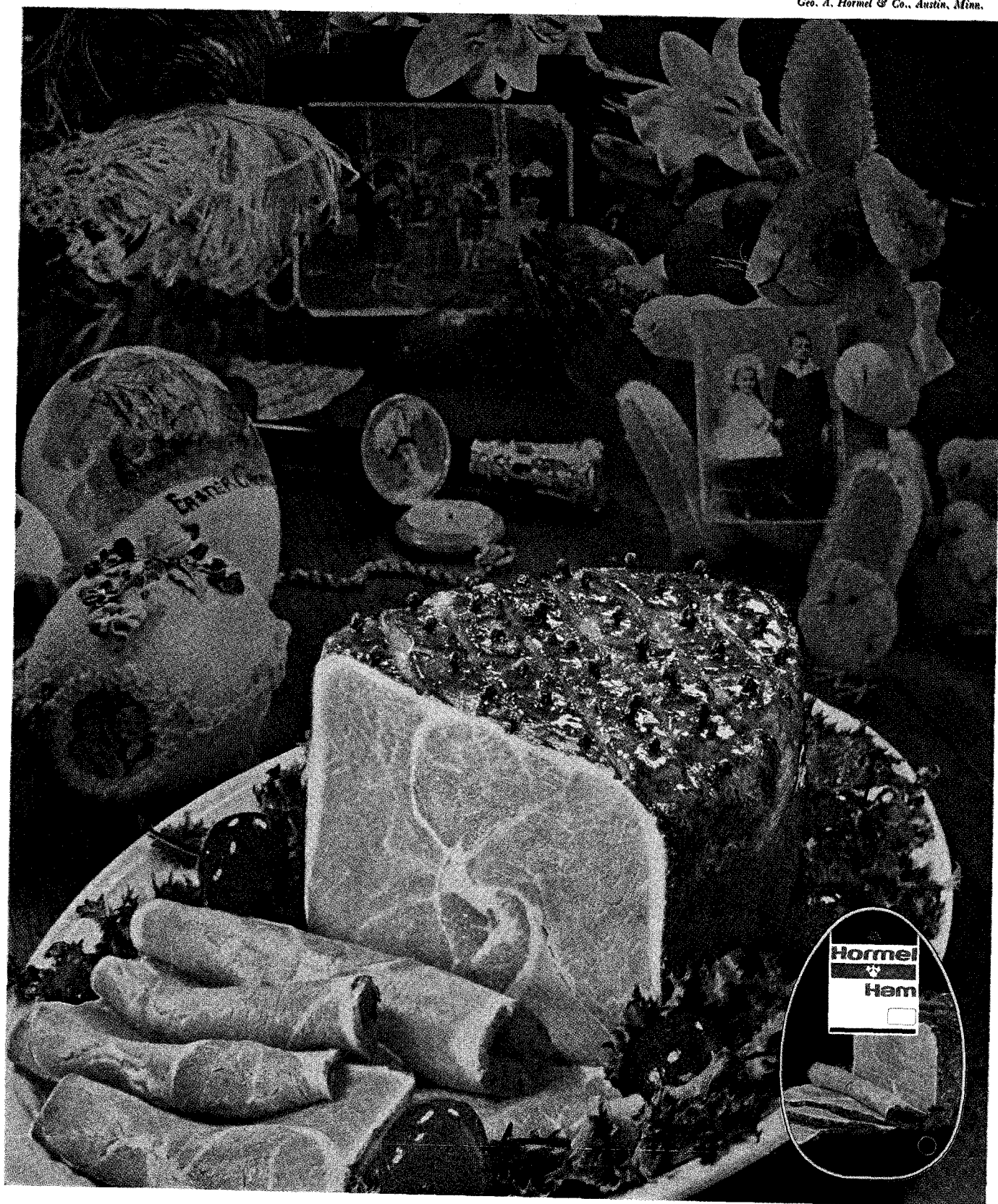
*Of sugar-shell eggs that held small, secret sights,  
And baskets brim-filled with a million delights,  
Of the elegant ham in its clove-starred glaze,  
For the family feast of our Easter Days.*

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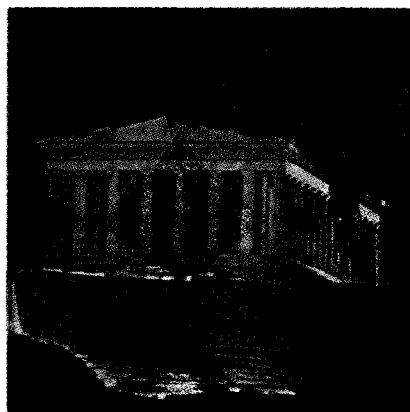
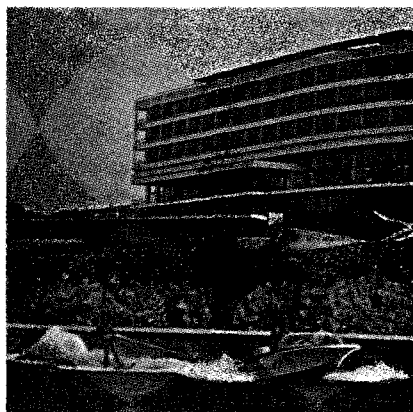
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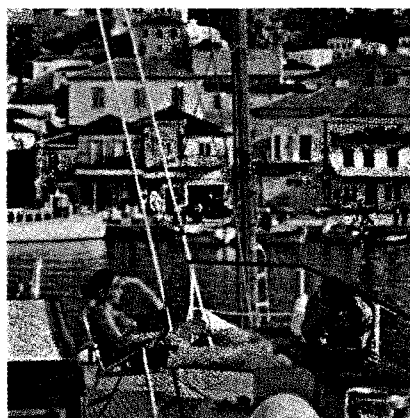
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bathos about the unhappy overprivileged. Hywel Bennett and Jane Asher, who love each other, are the children of identical twins; Sven-Bertil Taube is a Swede who swims nude; and Leigh Taylor-Young is an American girl who drives on the wrong side of the road. Robert Ellis Miller directed. (Baronet.)

**CHIKAMATZU MONOGATARI** (1954)—A sensitive psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (New Yorker; March 17.)

**CLAIRE'S KNEE**—The new film by Eric Rohmer, who made "My Night at Maud's," is a variation on the same theme. With Jean-Claude Brialy. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**COLD TURKEY**—About a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, and Tom Poston. Directed by Norman Lear. (86th St. East.)

**THE COMIC** (1969)—Carl Reiner is prodigiously facile, and his inventive re-creations of silent-comedy routines help to compensate for his unimaginative treatment of the life of a silent-film comedian (well played by Dick Van Dyke). With Mickey Rooney, Michele Lee, and the late Pert Kelton. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 23.)

**THE CONFORMIST**—Based on the Alberto Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting March 21.)

**CONTEMPT** (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia; March 22-23.)

**DEAD OF SUMMER**—A psychological suspense film, set in midsummer in North Africa, with Jean Seberg, who may or may not have killed her husband. Directed by Nelo Risi. "Elliptical" is a polite way of describing it. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

**FIRST LOVE**—Turgenev's fine novella about an adolescent boy's crush on his father's mistress, fragmented and made nearly incomprehensible by director Maximilian Schell's penchant for enigmatic passions and romantic gush. Dominique Sanda plays the mistress as some sort of high-strung decadent nympho. (Trans-Lux 85th St. ... 8th St. Playhouse and Midtown; through March 23.)

**FRIENDS**—Lewis Gilbert directed this story about teen-agers who fall in love. (Paris; starting March 24.)

**GET CARTER**—High-powered British crime film, viciously brutal. Michael Caine plays a London hood; Mike Hodges directed. (34th St. East. ... Gramercy and Cinema Studio; starting March 24.)

**GIMME SHE'ETER**—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

**THE GREAT WHITE HOPE**—The movie, directed by Martin Ritt, clunks along like a disjointed play, and James Earl Jones is not able to hypnotize the audience into accepting Howard Sackler's hit-them-with-everything dramaturgy. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 24.)

**GROUPIES**—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17.)

**THE HIDDEN FORTRESS** (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through March 20.)

**HOUSE OF USHER** (1960)—Roger Corman's version of the Poe story features Vincent Price at his most epicene as Roderick Usher, Myrna Fahey as the mad Madeline, and a lot of mold, cobwebs, and ghosts. Corman has a way of killing any imaginative involvement and reducing Poe to murky, cadaverous nonsense—but on that level, the film is moderately entertaining. (Kips Bay; March 21-22.)



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**HUSBANDS**—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Cinema 1; through March 20. ... Greenwich; starting March 24.)

**I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER**—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Guild.)

**INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED**—A Yugoslav film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—a melodrama featuring an acrobat—by bringing the character up to date. (New Yorker; March 25.)

**IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT** (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (72nd St. Playhouse. ... Cinema Studio; through March 23.)

**INVESTIGATION OF A CITIZEN ABOVE SUSPICION**—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Waverly and Festival.)

**ISABEL** (1968)—The setting is the Gaspé coast of Canada. Genevieve Bujold with her hair cropped is the sensitive young girl haunted by the mysterious violent deaths in her family. It turns out that she is probably the daughter of her mother's brother, and in the omens-of-doom dramaturgy of Paul Almond, who wrote and directed, this is sufficient excuse for her to give herself to a man who resem-

bles her brother. Not a movie for the tough-minded. (Charles; through March 23.)

**I WANT TO BE A SHELLFISH** (1959)—*Nobody*, in this film or outside it, wants to be a shellfish. The film was once known as "Lips Forbidden to Talk," which doesn't help much either. It's a political melodrama about a war criminal, directed by Shinobu Hashimoto, who is better known as the scenarist on "Rashomon" and many other films. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through March 20.)

**JOE**—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the free-loaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu; March 17. ... Charles; through March 23. ... Bleecker St. Cinema; March 18-24. ... Embassy 72 St.; starting March 24.)

**BUSTER KEATON FESTIVAL**—A rare collection of silent features and shorts. March 17: "The Three Ages" and two shorts. March 18: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. March 19: "Sherlock Jr." and three shorts. March 20: "The Navigator" and two shorts. March 21: "Go West" and two shorts. March 22: "Seven Chances" and two shorts. March 23: "Battling Butler" and two shorts. March 24: "The General" and two shorts. March 25: "College" and two shorts. (Elgin.)

**KILL!** (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 22-24.)

**THE LANDLORD**—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Cinema Village; March 17. ... Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 24.)

**LAWRENCE OF ARABIA** (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn in David Lean's most successful epic. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli.)

**LITTLE BIG MAN**—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

**LITTLE MURDERS**—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman.)

**LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS**—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Juliet 2. ... Greenwich; through March 23.)

**LOVE STORY**—The weeper. (Tower East.)

**MAKING IT**—With Kristoffer Tabori, directed by John Erman. (Coronet; starting March 21.)

**MANDABI** (1968)—A story set in modern Africa, directed by Ousmane Sembene. In Wolof. (New Yorker; March 25.)

**M\*A\*S\*H** (1970)—A fine, profane service comedy in the gallant, irreverent tradition of "What Price Glory?" and "Operation Mad Ball." With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (U. A. East; through March 23.)

**THE MCKENZIE BREAK**—Brian Keith in an entertaining adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (Symphony; through March 23.)

**MIDNIGHT COWBOY** (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (72nd St. Playhouse. ... Cinema Studio; through March 23.)

**THE MILKY WAY** (1970)—Luis Buñuel takes a playful look at some of the irrationalities



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

within Catholicism. In French. (New Yorker; March 18-24.)

**THE MUSIC LOVERS**—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Murray Hill.)

**MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S**—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Lincoln Art.)

**NAKED PARADISE** (1957)—Also called "Thunder Over Hawaii," but deservedly unknown under both titles. Roger Corman directed. (Kips Bay; March 23.)

**A NEW LEAF**—Walter Matthau as a fortune hunter, and Elaine May as a rich botanist. Directed by Elaine May. (Music Hall.)

**THE NIGHT VISITOR**—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas. . . . Gramercy and Orpheum; through March 23.)

**ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO** (1964)—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcee with a child has a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was shot, is a lovely town to look at. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Thalia; March 24-25.)

**THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT**—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a bookstore clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M\*A\*S\*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 23.)

**THE PASSION OF ANNA**—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Regency. . . . Art, Charles, and Symphony; starting March 24.)

**PATTON** (1970)—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed, in a handsome, almost imperial, style, by Franklin J. Schaffner. (U. A. East; through March 23.)

**PERSONA** (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Thalia; through March 18.)

**PIGEONS**—It has been said that this movie about an alienated youth turned New York cab-driver improves as it goes along, but who wants to stick around long enough to find out? Static direction by John Dexter. With Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Little Carnegie; through March 20. . . . Midtown; starting March 24.)

**THE PRIEST'S WIFE**—Sophia Loren as a pop singer, and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. Dino Risi directed. Probably no one wanted it to turn out the way it did. (Trans-Lux East.)

**THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Genevieve Page as the lady

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who outwits him. (Symphony; through March 23.)

**THE PRODIGAL SON** (1958)—Hiromichi Horikawa directed this story about family relations, based on a Chikamatsu play. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting March 25.)

**THE PROJECTIONIST**—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu; starting March 18.)

**RAMPARTS OF CLAY**—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

**REPULSION** (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl (Catherine Deneuve). (Thalia; March 22-23.)

**ROAD TO SALINA**—With Rita Hayworth, Robert Walker, and Mimsy Farmer, directed by George Lautner. (Paris; through March 23.)

**RYAN'S DAUGHTER**—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

**SILENCE HAS NO WINGS** (1966)—Kazuo Kuroki's film is about the meaning of love. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting March 25.)

**SONG OF NORWAY**—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**THE SPORTING CLUB**—Thomas McGuane's Surreal woodland comedy, in which the "aristocracy" of Michigan revert to base animality, fell into the hands of Larry Peerce, who has directed the entire picture in the style of the Jewish wedding party of "Goodbye, Columbus." An atrocity. (Coronet; through March 20.)

**THE STRANGER** (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia; through March 18.)

**A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE** (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Thalia; March 19-21.)

**TALES OF TERROR** (1962)—A group of grotesque and ghoulish Poe stories, directed in a literal-minded way by Roger Corman, and featuring Peter Lorre as a macabre madcap. Vincent Price leers his way through all of them, and in one turns into an oozing liquid. With Basil Rathbone and Debra Paget. Some of the horror effects are rather repellent. (Kips Bay; March 24-25.)

**TEENAGE CAVEMAN** (1958)—The title is not a joke; this really is about a teenage caveman (played by Robert Vaughn), who defies the elders of the tribe and explores forbidden

territory. (It turns out to be a post-atomic-age fable.) Roger Corman directed. (Kips Bay; March 23.)

**THE TERROR** (1963)—Roger Corman horror film, set during the Napoleonic period, with Jack Nicholson as an army officer lost on the Baltic coast. He meets a mysterious girl, and when she vanishes he goes to look for her in the castle of a mad baron (Boris Karloff). Lamentable. The whole picture is said to have been concocted and completed in three days, when Corman finished "The Raven" ahead of schedule and still had Karloff and some leftover sets. (Kips Bay; March 22-24.)

**THIS TRANSIENT LIFE**—A new film, directed by Akio Jissoji, which reflects a Japanese desire to return to a more nationalistic society. With Eiji Okada (the hero of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"). In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 22-24.)

**THX 1138**—Donald Pleasence and Robert Duval in a sci-fi story of the twenty-fifth century, directed by George Lucas. (Loew's Ciné.)

**TRASH**—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Art; through March 23.)

**THE TRIP** (1967)—Roger Corman takes his hero, Peter Fonda (playing a TV-commercial director who lives in Los Angeles) on an extended LSD trip, during which he is reborn. Fonda's hallucinations provide Corman with opportunities to imitate a great many styles of film, and to introduce what appear to be bits of his own earlier horror movies. With Dennis Hopper, Susan Strasberg, and Bruce Dern. (Kips Bay; March 19-20.)

**THE TWELVE CHAIRS**—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Cinema Village; March 17.)

**THE UNDEAD** (1957)—A Roger Corman job about a hypnotist and his patient who travel in time to a different life. Better travel to a different movie. (Kips Bay; through March 18.)

**VANISHING POINT**—With Barry Newman, directed by Richard S. Sarafian. (U. A. East; starting March 24.)

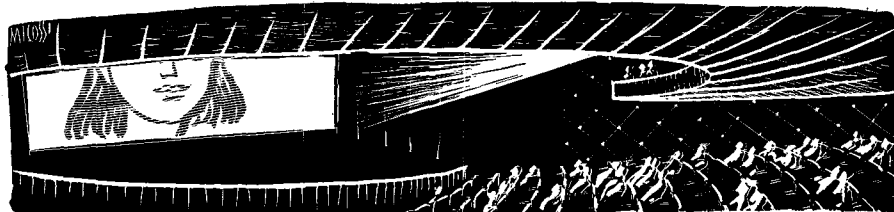
**WANDA**—Prize-winning movie about a woman who is a drifter, directed by, written by, and starring Barbara Loden. (Cinema II.)

**THE WILD CHILD**—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeenth-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Regency. . . . Art, Charles, and Symphony; starting March 24.)

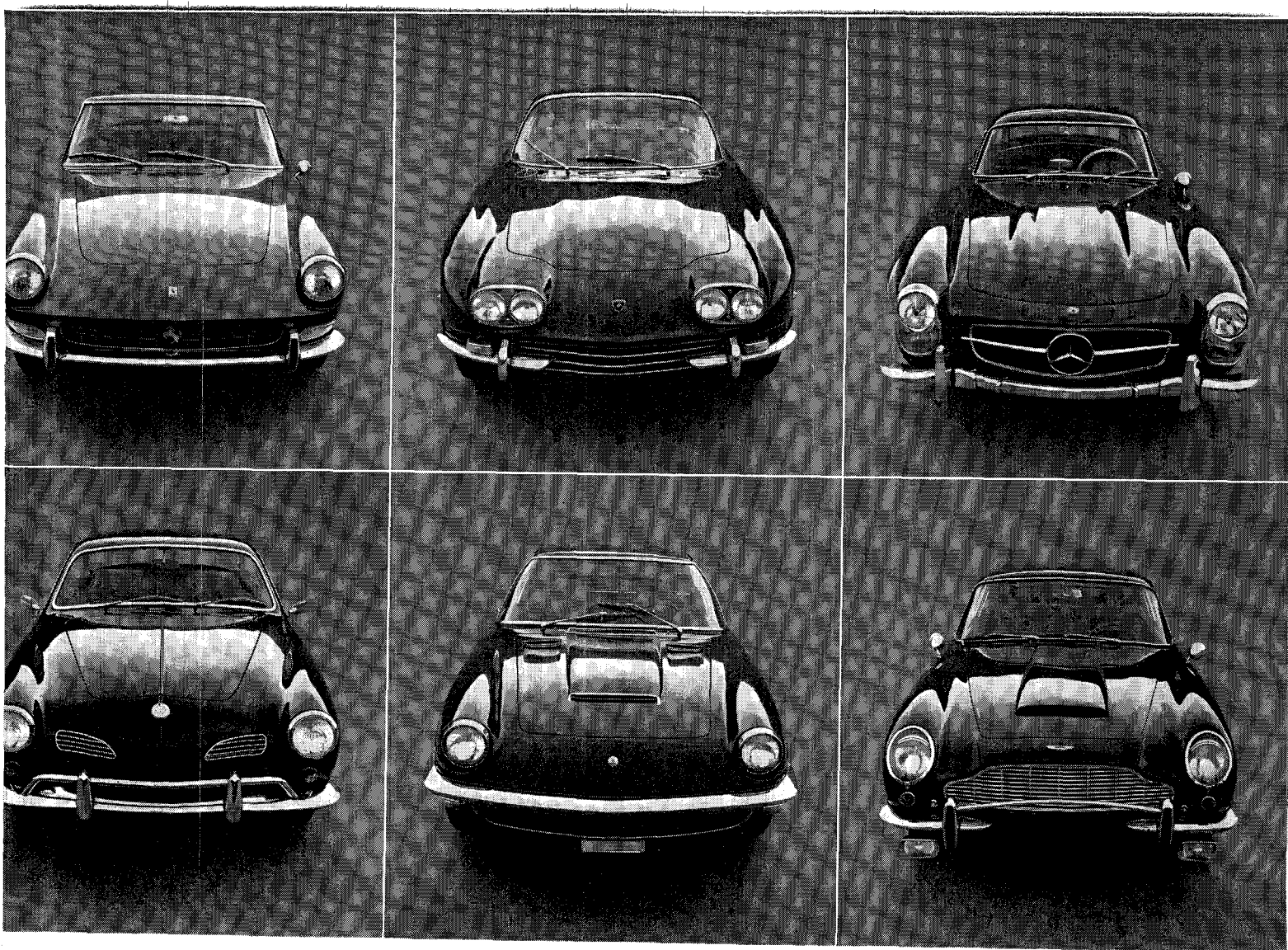
**WOMEN IN LOVE**—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Juliet 1.)

**'X'—THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES** (1963)—Not as cut and dried as most low-budget sci-fi thrillers; some novel ideas help to sustain interest in this Roger Corman movie, though eventually it goes the tired old moralizing route, and scientific "transgression" results in doom. A solemnly serious Ray Milland is the scientist whose experiments result in the X-ray vision that torments him; Don Rickles helps to redeem the stereotyped role of the carry man who exploits him. (Kips Bay; March 19-20.)

**THE YOUNG RACERS** (1963)—Fair-to-middling Roger Corman movie about a writer who sets out to do an exposé of a racer. The semi-documentary racing footage helps. (Kips Bay; through March 18.)







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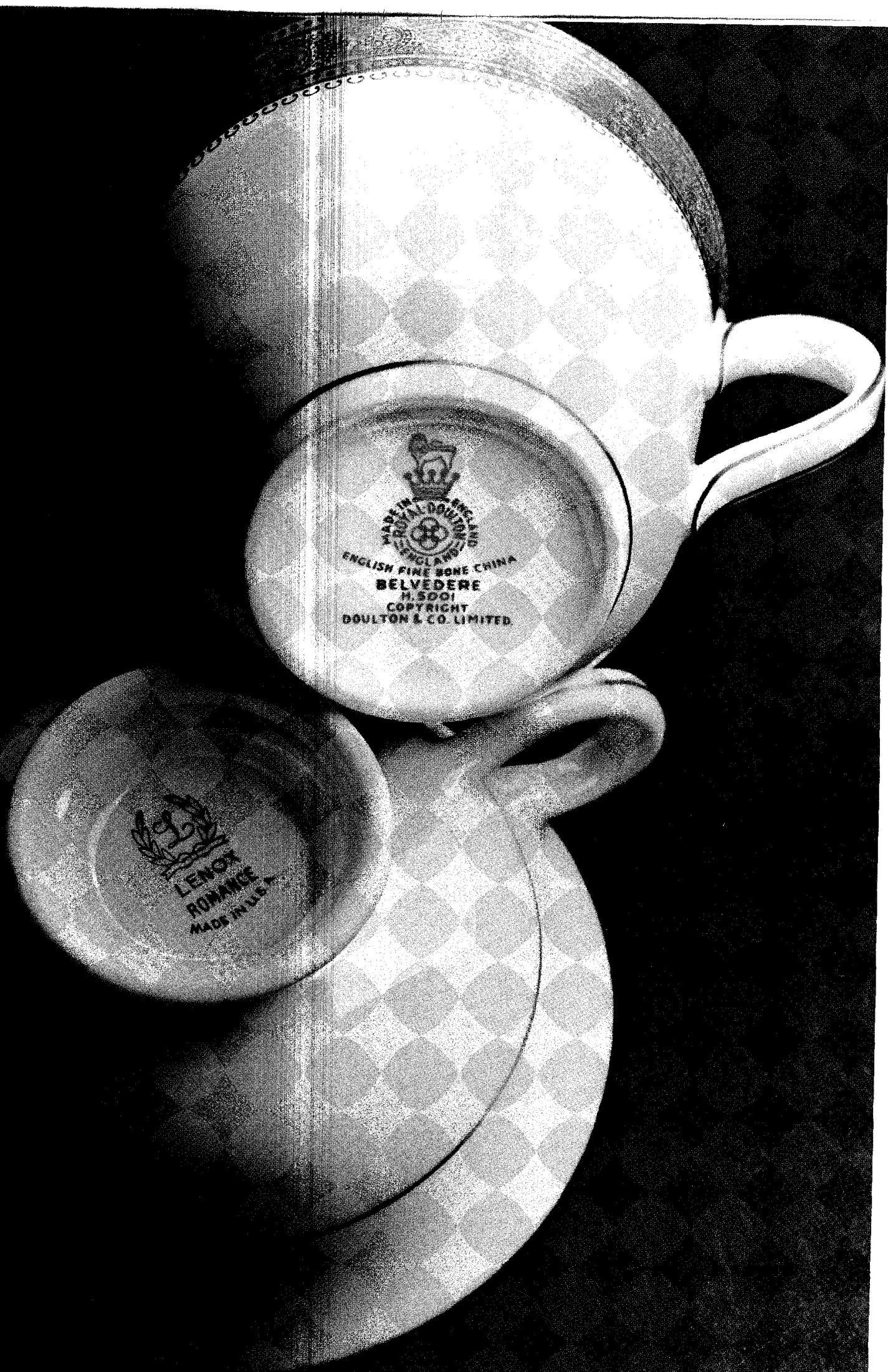
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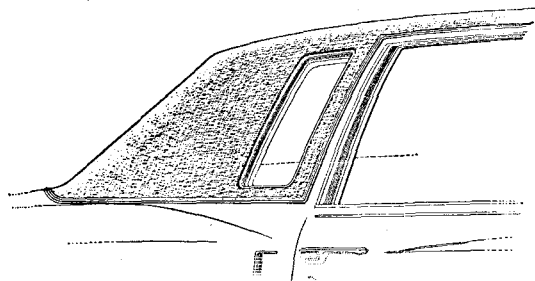




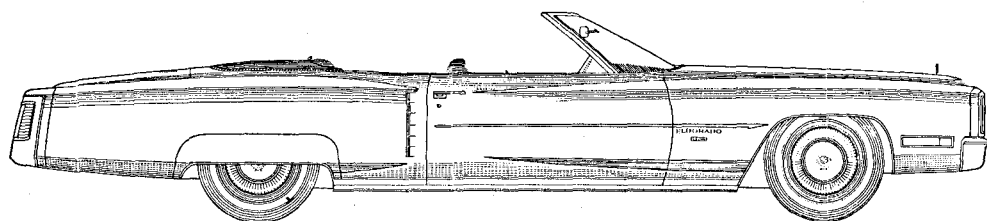
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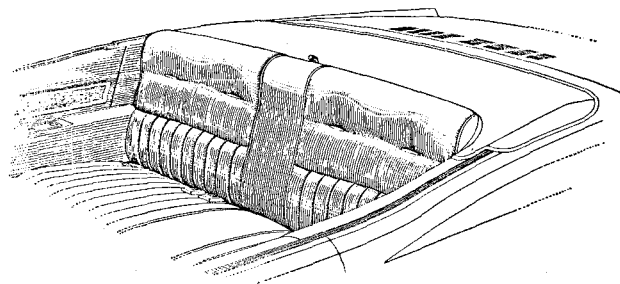


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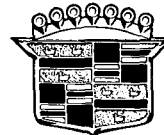
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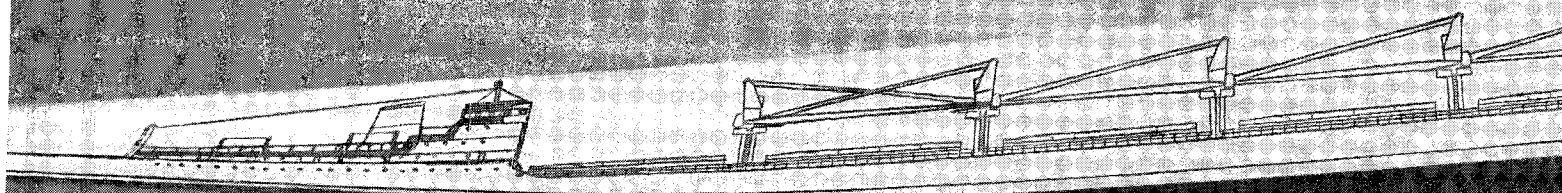
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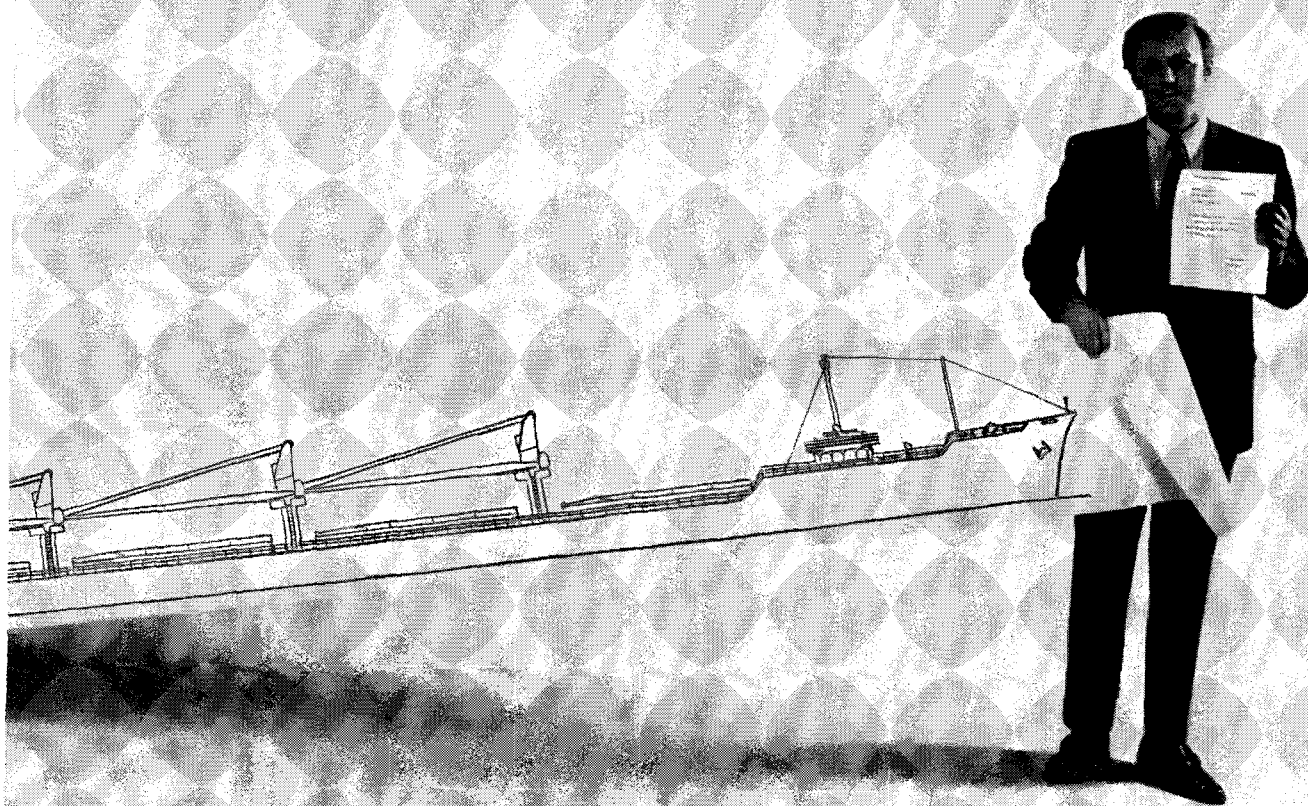
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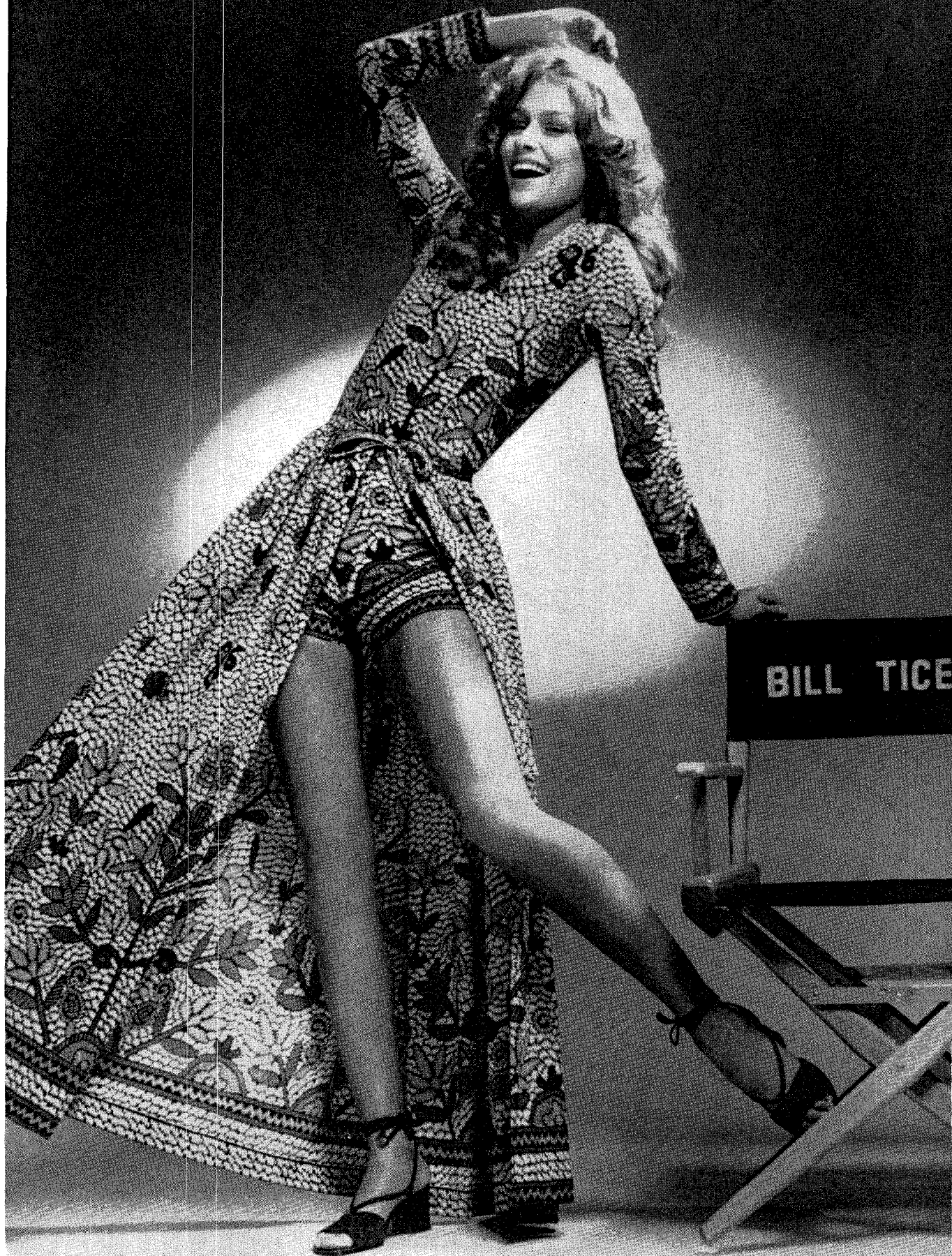


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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Notes and Comment*

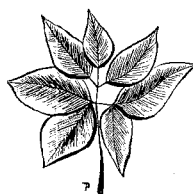
IN the winter of 1968, when an American officer explained the bombardment of the city of Ben Tre, in South Vietnam, by saying, "It became necessary to destroy the town to save it," it was almost immediately obvious that, with unwitting, insane brilliance, he had penetrated to the very heart of what was then the Vietnam war. And since then we have seen two more countries being saved in this same strange way. Recently, a second saying, with an equally broad and equally unintended meaning, emerged from the war as a companion saying to the first. This was Lieutenant Calley's remark, at his court-martial, that the alleged shooting by American soldiers of people they had just pushed into a ditch at My Lai "wasn't any big deal." Calley was talking about the extinction of one group of villagers—itsself hardly a small matter—but his remark, like the earlier remark, sums up a prevailing attitude toward the entire war. For ten years, the military, and government officials from the top to the bottom of three Administrations, have been trying to tell the American people that the war wasn't any big deal. This message has come in a hundred forms. It is behind that whole new lexicon of anesthetic language which has emerged from the war. At different times, we've been variously told that it wasn't a war but just a rather heavily armed aid program; that it was a war but that it was over, or virtually over; and that it was perfectly normal to fight a war for ten years, and if you thought that was too long, you were a "neo-isolationist." Denying the reality of the war has become a bureaucratized and institution-alized occupation. It is the full-time job of thousands of public-relations men. When we think of propaganda, we usually think of a maniac with a bullhorn shouting hysterical slogans to an excited mob; it's time we recognized that the American kind of propa-

ganda isn't like this. Ours is soothing. It puts people to sleep instead of stirring them up. It is quiet, persistent, and pervasive. Whereas the impassioned voices get tired, this voice goes on like interminable Muzak. In this soporific climate, the war intermittently vanishes and reappears. We read that South Vietnamese troops were accidentally bombed with napalm, and we suddenly realize that we had forgotten all about napalm, which is used no less than it was six years ago, when it seemed that all anyone talked about was how awful napalm was. The planes, too, disappear and reappear. On television, you hear Douglas Pike, a respected academic expert on contemporary Vietnamese society, say that the "military aspect" of the war ended in 1968, and that in the last five or six months there has been "very little American military offensive activity." Then you remember that the heaviest bombing campaign in history is at present under way in Indo-China. This scholar is able to give highly detailed descriptions of the power struggles within the North Vietnamese government, and is even willing to speculate on what the precise vote was in the secret meetings of the North Vietnamese Politburo, but the American planes over Indo-China—and there are more than a thousand of them—have become invisible to him. A few days later, we read that the President has described himself as "a pacifist." He predicts that this may be the last war we'll ever fight in. But just the previous day this pacifist sent up a thousand planes to bomb Indo-China. Had they been dropping stones instead of high explosives, the damage to the four countries they flew over would still have been great. The President says that the war is almost over—is getting smaller every day. Some generals go even further, and say that the war actually *is* over. In short, no big deal. But then what

are the thousand planes doing? Furthermore, to judge from the tepid response in our country to the growing danger of war with China, we can no longer see the threat of even the biggest deal of all—what would truly be the last war, for everybody. Like the war in Indo-China, that war would be fought for nothing. And if we reach that dread pass, and if any Americans survive, there may well be one among them who will say, "We had to destroy the world in order to save it. But don't worry. It wasn't any big deal."

### *Dawn*

WE want to report that we have been to the Sixty-eighth Annual American Toy Fair, held at the Statler Hilton and two or three other places around town, and that we are deeply impressed by a six-and-a-half-inch plastic doll named Dawn. Dawn is not an educational doll. We usually avoid educational dolls and educational toys of all kinds. At this year's Toy Fair, for instance, we pointedly avoided Princeton Playthings' Mod Stack Blocks (which "help child develop sensitivity for spatial sculpture") and Montessori Motivational Toys' Play-



things for Growing Minds (which teach "vital educational concepts necessary for children's success in early school years"). Dawn is the creation of the people at the Topper Corporation, makers of Johnny Lightning, Zoomer-Boomer, Ding-a-Lings, Suzy Home-maker, and Smartypants ("the first truly intelligent doll in the world").

The Topper Corporation says that Dawn is "the most successful doll ever." Dawn comes with many optional accessories, including three male friends, five female friends, a "personalized" pink convertible, a chaise longue, a music box, a peekaboo pocketbook, a beauty parlor, a boutique, a revolving fashion stage, removable



hairpieces, floral display stands, and a French telephone that actually rings. One can dress Dawn and her friends up in ninety-odd outfits. A four-million-dollar television campaign will be mounted to promote Dawn and her friends and their accessories. According to the Topper Corporation, this is "more than any manufacturer has ever spent on a single toy category in a single year." We were invited by the Topper Corporation to witness a live beauty pageant to promote its newest Dawn accessory, the Dawn Beauty Pageant. The Dawn Beauty Pageant is a miniature stage and runway that come with a Dawn doll, an m.c. doll, flowers, a gold bathing suit, a fur-trimmed cape, a "ruby"-studded tiara, and a sceptre for the Queen, all set off by a scrolled and escutcheoned arch. Batteries are not included. It is described as "every little girl's dream come true."

The live beauty pageant, which we were told was presented five times a day, was set in a room decorated, in pink and gold, to resemble the Dawn Beauty Pageant. We went to the fourth show, and found the seats filled with toy buyers, so we stood near the end of the runway. Before the ceremonies, members of the audience engaged in banter. "Stevie, behave yourself!" one man shouted across the room to another. Stevie countered, "Are you here again? Three times I saw him here already!" Then the master of ceremonies, dressed in a tuxedo and black patent-leather shoes, came out to start the show. Six girls, he explained, would compete for Beauty Queen, assuming the names of Dawn and her friends and wearing clothing like theirs. First out was Dawn herself, dressed in a "shimmering silver gown with a tantalizing checkered cape." When she had completed her walk down the runway, she held up, for all to see, a Dawn doll dressed in a little shimmering silver gown set off with a tiny tantalizing checkered cape. The audience applauded. Each of Dawn's friends followed suit, until there were six contestants onstage—Dawn, Glori, Jessica, Longlocks, Dale, and Angie.

The girls retired to change for the "bathing-suit competition," and the master of ceremonies demonstrated the toy Dawn Beauty Pageant. When he set the mechanism in motion, the Dawn doll and the m.c. doll walked down the runway; the m.c. doll stopped and the Dawn doll continued; the Dawn doll turned and walked back to the m.c. doll; the m.c. doll turned and escorted the Dawn doll back to their original positions. The audience applauded.

The six contestants returned wearing gold lamé bathing suits. Now the room was alive with banter. After all the girls had walked down the runway and back up, the audience was asked to vote for the Queen. We voted for Jessica, who had appeared as the Pride of the Prom, in a silver-and-white bodice with a billowing pink skirt. After the votes were tabulated, the master of ceremonies, heralded by a tape recording of thundering timpani, announced Dawn the winner. The audience burst into applause.

Once the show was over and the excitement had died down, we spoke to Dawn—née Dana Whealton, a professional fashion model—and asked if winning a show was indeed every little girl's dream come true. She said that it was. Miss Whealton is blond and very attractive. She looks exactly like a Dawn doll.

We were joined by Ron Aaront, a vice-president of the Topper Corporation. Mr. Aaront sports bushy gray sideburns. If there is one distinguishing feature of men involved in the manufacture of toys, it is bushy gray sideburns. Mr. Aaront pointed out the main advantage of the Dawn doll over Barbie, a similar doll manufactured by the Mattel Corporation. "Size," he said. "Dawn is only six and a half inches, as compared to Barbie's eleven and a half inches. Barbie just doesn't have the petiteness. Also, Dawn walks."

"Doesn't Barbie walk?" we asked.

"Not that I know of," Mr. Aaront replied.

We asked if the Women's Liberation movement would affect the sales of the Dawn Beauty Pageant.

Mr. Aaront said that it was "not a factor." He thought a moment, and added, "A girl five, six, seven doesn't know about Women's Lib. Now, if

I was pitching to their mothers, there might be problems."

## The Fight

WE'VE got five firsthand reports on The Fight. Here they are:

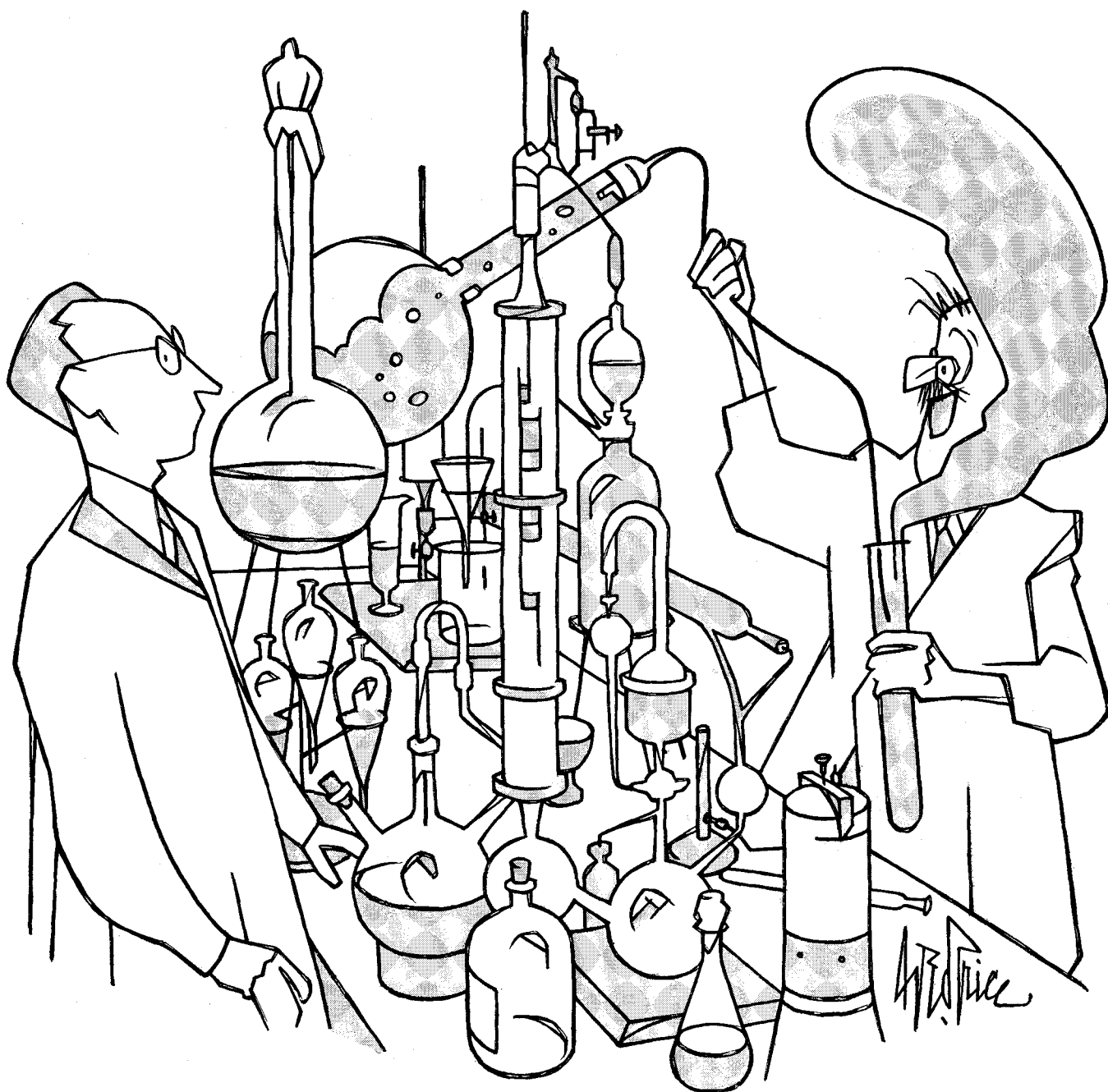
ROBERT FITZGERALD WHITE, executive vice-president of Management Television Systems, spent the day of the fight supervising the creation of a television network that would, later that night, bring the fight to four hundred closed-circuit-TV points in England, Canada, and this country, and to home screens in fifty-three other countries. For two hours, it would equal in number of viewers the three major American commercial networks taken together. Mr. White, a youngish man with red hair, a conservative twill suit, a frequent smile, and a high voice, was also pursuing two side deals—one involving another fight, and one centering on El Cordobés, the bullfighter. "For El Cordobés, the greatest bullfighter in the world, we will have a completely different spread—an ethnically promoted network here, going heavily into Latin America," Mr. White said. "El Cordobés will be at the Garden tonight. We will have Latin-American correspondents interview him. We have the fellow who plays El Exigente in the coffee commercials acting as liaison with the Latin-American correspondents. El Exigente is Carlos Montalbán, a bullfight critic and the brother of Ricardo Montalbán, the actor. We are using this enormous Ali-Frazier setup to create a demand for future product attractions."

Mr. White described the duties of the technical personnel in the "war room" at the offices of Management Television Systems, at 277 Park Avenue ("You'll notice Mr. Bernstein sitting behind the switchboard operator. Mr. Bernstein filters the calls that are technical in nature. The operator wouldn't know where to send them"), and explained that he had set out to create a foolproof network. "Take power, for instance. Only one-third of our power comes from Con Ed. The other two-thirds comes from two generator trucks outside the Garden. Power is taken from all three sources all the time, and the reserve is so great that if one should fail, it would take a light meter to notice the difference. Originally, we had a switchover system, but then there would have been a momentary blackout during the switchover in the event of a failure. That might be confusing to the fighters. Five million



le-Tan





*"Grab a beaker, Heubner! This breakthrough is big enough for both of us!"*

dollars is payable to the fighters when the first bell rings in a valid contest, whether or not the fight ends as a valid contest, so it is important that the fighters not be confused."

An associate of Mr. White's called from Madison Square Garden and consulted with him about correspondents from Portugal, saying that he had nearly run out of space.

"You can put them at the conference table in back of the monitors," said Mr. White. "Do they have the seventeen hundred dollars?"

"They don't have cash," replied Mr. White's associate.

"Then they don't get the service," said Mr. White.

In a car on the way to Madison Square Garden, with several associates,

Mr. White discussed arrangements for a post-fight party for employees of Management Television Systems ("I got Restaurant Associates to give us a room and a meal and free beer, and I got them twelve tickets to the fight") and arrangements for a special closed-circuit screening in an office of Shearson Hammill ("You know, that board where they post the stock quotations. I'd like to have M.T.S. the only stock listed up there tonight"). He asked an aide in the car if money had been received from the Brazilian and Yugoslav correspondents, and he talked about his career.

"I started out in life as a stutterer," Mr. White said. "I took elocution lessons, and I succeeded so well that I appeared on the 'Horn & Hardart

Children's Hour' and 'Let's Pretend,' another children's program. I did radio soap opera, the 'Henry Aldrich' series, Broadway plays, and two movies—'Stage Door Canteen' and 'Meet Miss Bobby Socks,' with Bob Crosby and the Bobcats. I resented those movies. I wanted control. I learned electronics in self-defense."

"Bob is regarded as an electronics genius," said a pretty girl in the car.

"I am running an intercom, and I want to look at all the possibilities," Mr. White continued. "Think about the Easter Show at Radio City Music Hall. I am thinking about a performance of 'Jesus Christ, Superstar,' with, conceivably, the Pope's Easter Message piped in from the Vatican. There is no reason why the Pope can't press his in-



tercom down and say *'Pax vobiscum'* to the world. I want to run the best intercom the globe has ever had."

ALI appeared in public at the Garden twice on the afternoon of the fight. The first time he appeared, it was early in the afternoon and the ring was just being set up, the loudspeaker tested, the bell rung. Technical people in green or yellow jackets with "The Fight" printed on the back constituted Ali's audience. "Get 'em ready. Get 'em *all* ready. I'll set them straight. I'll show you tonight how good I am. I can't wait to fight. I want to fight *now*," he said. Bragging is supposed to indicate pettiness and a foolish insecurity, but certainly Ali seemed quite grand, if quite vulnerable, standing with his entourage in the empty loges of Madison Square Garden, shouting at the technical personnel.

The second time he appeared, there were two young black fighters in the ring going through the motions of a fight, so that the technical people could tell how Ali and Frazier would look later that night. (It turned out that the canvas was too white, considering the blackness of the fighters, and a lot of people had to go into the ring and scuff it up to make it grayer.) The mock fight, with a boxer called Arthur Kettles impersonating Frazier, in green trunks, and a boxer called Baby Harold Weston impersonating Ali, in red trunks, had been choreographed and arranged so that Kettles, playing Frazier, would win. Halfway through this staged fight, Ali and his men came out. Ali shouted affectionately to the two kids. "Do the Ali shuffle, Joe Frazier can't hit you!" he shouted to Baby Harold Weston. "Shuffle, make him scuffle!" To Kettles he shouted, "Say, man! Joe Frazier ain't as fast as you! Slow down!" Then he shouted to Baby Harold Weston, "Dance on the ropes! Dance on the ropes and look pretty! Look pretty on them ropes!"

After Ali had gone and the mock fight had ended, we asked Baby Harold Weston how he felt about the mock fight.

"I felt bad, because I knew I had to fall," he said. "Ali's my man—I guess 'cause I'm pretty, just like him."

One of the people hanging around the Garden listening to Ali was our friend Sam, the avid fight fan who filled us in on the Ali-Bonavena bout. He presented us with a piece of paper on which he had written what sportswriters would call a "pre." He called it a "theorem," and this is what it said:

This is a strange affair. Not only do we have two co-reigning and concurrent heavyweight champions but, actually, we have three.

The quantity Smokin' Joe Frazier is quite well known to fight fans. I believe one of your articles referred to him as a "professional" boxer. He is.

The difficulty surrounds us when we try to ascertain who it is that Joe is fighting. Is it Muhammad Ali or Cassius

Clay? The difference is anything but rhetorical.

Cassius Clay, Golden Gloves Champ, 1960 Olympic Gold Medalist, the man who defeated Liston and Patterson, is among the greatest heavyweight champions in the history of the sport. He is smooth, almost too smooth, for his bantering insults and firefly fists presume a supreme confidence and skill; it is a just presumption.

However, it is Muhammad Ali who defeated an all too punchy Jerry Quarry, and who struggled through almost fifteen rounds with Oscar (Ringo) Bonavena. This is a good fighter, a stronger fighter than Clay but not nearly as fast, either with his hands or with his feet, though quite equal in insult.

The question tonight is not who will win but, rather, who will be in the ring. If it is Cassius Clay, then Joe Frazier had better bring forth every ounce of inner reserve he can muster, for this will be the fight of his life. If Ali, then he will have a less mobile, though harder-hitting opponent, and Frazier has always had good luck with sluggers.

Certainly Ali/Clay has the better physical assets, but counting ever so much more are the mental preparations for the fight. As one columnist pointed out, Ali/Clay for the first time showed some concern about losing this fight. If his addiction to braggadocio propels him toward success in his fights, then if and when he feels or hears within himself a false note, he could be doomed. All this is by way of saying that the fight is a toss-up, simple and plain.

ONE of the closed-circuit TV points was Hunter College Auditorium, where there were several loud arguments, and even a bit of shoving, when some holders of twenty-five-dollar tickets turned up before the fight and found their reserved seats occupied by forehanded twenty-dollar squatters. The management, Hunter College Concerts, briefly tried to close the doors to late arrivals while these disagreements were being ironed out; a small, determined-looking woman, who was wearing a hand-lettered "Staff" label pinned to her blouse, held off twenty or thirty ticket-brandishing men outside one of the doors to the mezzanine. "I have my orders," she muttered fiercely. But the telecast had begun, and when pre-fight sounds arose inside, one of the men carefully but im-



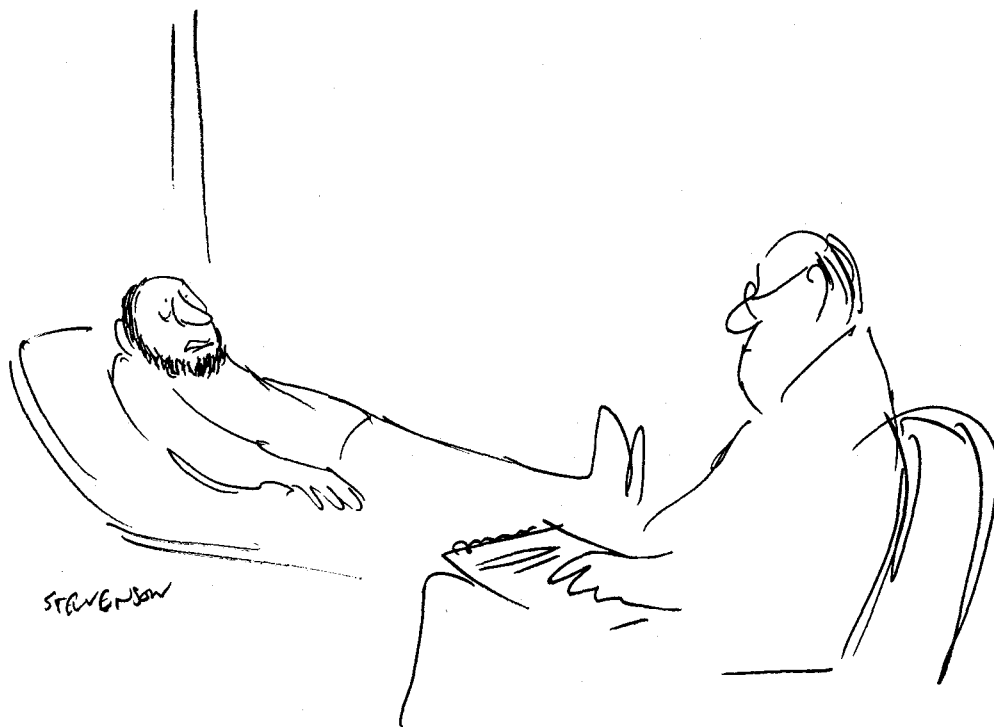
"'Then the Lord spake unto them, saying'—and I know this sounds a bit authoritarian . . ."



placably pried the staff lady's hand away from the door handle, and the crowd surged past her and into the darkened auditorium. As it turned out, there wasn't much worth surging for. The picture—black-and-white, in this case—was so faded and blurry that the figures on the screen could have been a couple of oculists seen through belladonna. Only their contrasting trunks and the total disparity of their styles made the two fighters distinguishable. The crowd clearly favored Ali, but the predominant noise of the evening was an irritated, chanted cry of "Focus! Focus!" Then, just after the seventh round, the picture vanished entirely. Angry shouts filled the air, and then, almost at once, loud shushings, and then everybody sat quietly in the darkness and tried to follow the fight by audio, listening to the excited but unspecific comments of the announcers, Don Dunphy and Burt Lancaster, and sometimes just to the grunts of the fighters and the splattering noise of punches landing. Now and then, a flashlight picked its way through the dark to the projector, which was set up in the middle of the orchestra; then, puzzled, it went away again. Finally, the lights came on. Some of the listeners went home before the fight ended, but most of them stayed to the end and the decision, standing in front of their seats with their coats over their arms or clustering up around the loudspeakers on either side of the stage. There was a scattered cheer when Frazier won, and a louder cheer when a man jumped up on the stage and announced that everyone would get his money back, on application by mail. The audience left quietly—a crowd of mostly white, mostly young-middle-aged, mostly longish-haired men, whose faces did not look enraged, or even especially disappointed, but instead wore the closed, unsurprisable city expression of people who know that almost nothing works anymore anyway.

AFTER the fight, a large crowd milled around in the corridor near Ali's dressing room. The police let a smaller crowd mill around Ali's dressing-room door, and they let Diana Ross, who was wearing black velvet shorts, into the dressing room. They pushed away a young black man in a suède suit. This angered a woman in red pants.

"Don't push my husband around," she said. "You let Diana Ross in. She ain't no different than I am. Diana Ross in there—I'm goin' in. You ask Ali. You tell him the Masons are out here. You see what he says."



*"Every night, lately, I dream that he hands me a trophy and says, 'You deserve this—not me,' and I say, 'Thank you, Mr. Bellow.'"*

Ali, his jaw puffed up, appeared and was taken quickly through the crowd.

"Ooh, he is really hurt," said Mrs. Mason.

The crowd moved quickly after Ali, through a jumbled storage area back of the stands. A middle-aged blond woman in a black mink coat and a young black couple in matching orange-and-yellow velveteen costumes moved skillfully through the supplies and debris and past the policemen. Other people stumbled into things and one another.

Ali was taken to a large black Cadillac. Almost a dozen people seemed to have got in the car with him before it headed off down the ramp out of the Garden.

SEVERAL days later, a letter came from Sam containing his reflections on the fight. This is the letter:

DEAR FRIENDS:

It was a sweaty, noisy, pushy affair. I'm talking about the closed-circuit-TV viewing at the 369th Regiment Armory, at 142nd Street and Fifth Avenue. There haven't been so many cops up there since the last numbers racketeer got shot down. The *Post* said there were eleven thousand people there; they were certainly packed in like hominy grits. For the first time in a long time, this was a fight that really meant something. It was more than two somewhat silly men trying to see who will say "Uncle" first, with heads bobbin', torsos weavin', and feet a-shufflin'. The folks uptown really were caught in a bind. A lot of them wanted to see the fight but couldn't hang with the big mon-

ey downtown as far as getting tickets was concerned. So they made their own mob, their own fashion show, their own little traffic jam within a Don Knotts shot-put of the Harlem River Drive.

The people assembled were hostile. There was no question that they were for Ali, and it might well be that a lot of them were prepared to store up disappointment should he lose. The grins and groans of the evening were predictable. Each time Ali's face flashed across the screen, the place erupted in cheers, and each time Frazier's countenance filled the house there were also cheers—Bronx cheers. By the way, the colors of the TV were peculiar; both fighters assumed an unaccustomed shade of chartreuse. An unfair burden had been placed on Frazier's shoulders. He is a professional, he is a killer, he is a Union Man, and he is no further from the ghetto in background and experience than Muhammad Ali. And yet the publicity and Muhammad's mouth have made Frazier out to be some sort of a Stepin Fetchit.

It seemed to be a relatively even affair. One local sportswriter, Phil Pepe, of the *News*, scored it 7 Frazier, 7 Ali, 1 even—a draw. Ali had the best of it in the early going, but Frazier apparently won the fight in the later rounds.

The promotion of the fight was gaudy, spectacular, wise. It had a built-in return-fight appeal before either man put on the gloves. They will have a rematch, and it will be called "Ali's revenge." For the fans at the Armory, the fight was a crusade of sorts. For me, it was two men sweating, punching, shoving, clinching, and gesturing for an hour, and walking back to the dressing room with two and a half million dollars apiece.

Yours,  
SAM



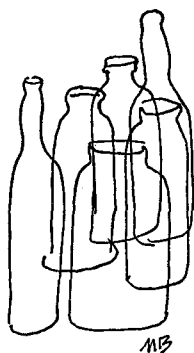
## STRANGE~DREAMING CHARLIE, COW~EYED CHARLIE

JAY came back to Celeste, to New York City, and to the start of his first year in medical school. He came from a summer in Europe that was highlighted by the tame sparrows of St. James's Park, the stag beetles of the Boboli Gardens, and a hedgehog discovered at midnight on a street in Copenhagen. He told Celeste about all of these, not forgetting to mention the remaining parts of the memory clusters—Jane, Sylvia, and Ingrid. (Jane, standing on a bridge, feeding sparrows from her hand, exclaimed to Jay, nearby with a camera, "Oh, Mother will never believe this!" Sylvia, anxious to leave Florence, said to him, "Let's go to Burgenland." And Ingrid was Jay's roommate for a week.) But he still thought he loved Celeste alone. She, on her part, told him about her summer at a New England art camp, about the pot she smoked, the dances she danced, and the artists she met, although she did not say a word about one artist in particular, whose name was Larry. She invited Jay for a weekend at her parents' place on Long Island, and this set his mind at ease. He spent his first night at the medical-school dorm in a friendly discussion of titration curves with his new classmates, Shaffer and Carapella.

He had been uneasy in Europe, because he had received only two letters from Celeste all summer. The letters, which followed him through several countries, were shortish, with a detached kind of cheerfulness. ("I am glad the wooing pigeons of London can go on wooing undisturbed by you.") Jay thought a lot that summer about a gift for Celeste, and finally, in Florence, he found just the right bracelet for her, but on the way back, in Innsbruck or perhaps in Vienna, the bracelet disappeared from his suitcase—a souvenir too tempting for one of the chambermaids in a succession of cheap hotels and student residences. Jay felt ashamed for suspecting them without proof, he felt ashamed for having anything worth being stolen, and he felt ashamed for returning in September with a gift as practical and nondescript as a leather handbag.

That weekend in the country, in the middle of September, Jay was still full of the summer, Europe, and the paintings of Carel Fabritius. Although Celeste appeared to be somewhat aloof, it could still happen then, while every-

one was resting or sprucing up for dinner, when the air was filled with lotions and notions. It could still happen then: he saw her small ear as an exotic conch, before tasting, with surprise, the bitterish taste of seashells. Earlier on that warm afternoon, they had gone for a swim, the last outdoor swim of the season, after a game of mixed, intergenerational doubles, in which Celeste proved to be a sulking partner, apparently resenting a certain flashiness in Jay's play (at the net, he jumped for some volleys that could have been reached easily), and her parents ended up winning the set. But it could still happen then, upstairs in the big house with Louis XVI furniture, when late-summer scents and stillness hung in the air, and the thick, mossy carpets swished and muffled all footsteps. In the room next to his, she stood half dressed and making funny little faces while she tried on her mother's long evening gowns (mother bustier), very low cut, that left her back and shoulders bare, and he helped her put them on and take them off, the soft carpet muffling their footsteps. Her door had been left ajar, and a mirror's glint shimmered through the opening; somewhere down the hall, faucets were turned on and off, and the voices of other guests rose from a distance. Her door was left ajar, and he entered, and the door sighed, and the mirror sighed, and the carpet swished and sucked its breath, long and deep. It could still happen then.



In a corner of the shuttered room upstairs, there is a pair of giltwood armchairs with oval backs and padded arms and elegant, fluted legs. Jay sits down in one of them.

"They are signed by Jean-René Nadal the Elder," says Celeste.

The period's leading cabinetmaker, she goes on to explain, was Georges Jacob. He worked mostly in mahogany, although the small oval writing table is made of kingwood and pearwood. Celeste points out the three slim drawers and the breccia marble top. Could it be that Maître Georges was also a poet on the side? That is a matter of sheer conjecture; the fact is that he worked mostly in mahogany.

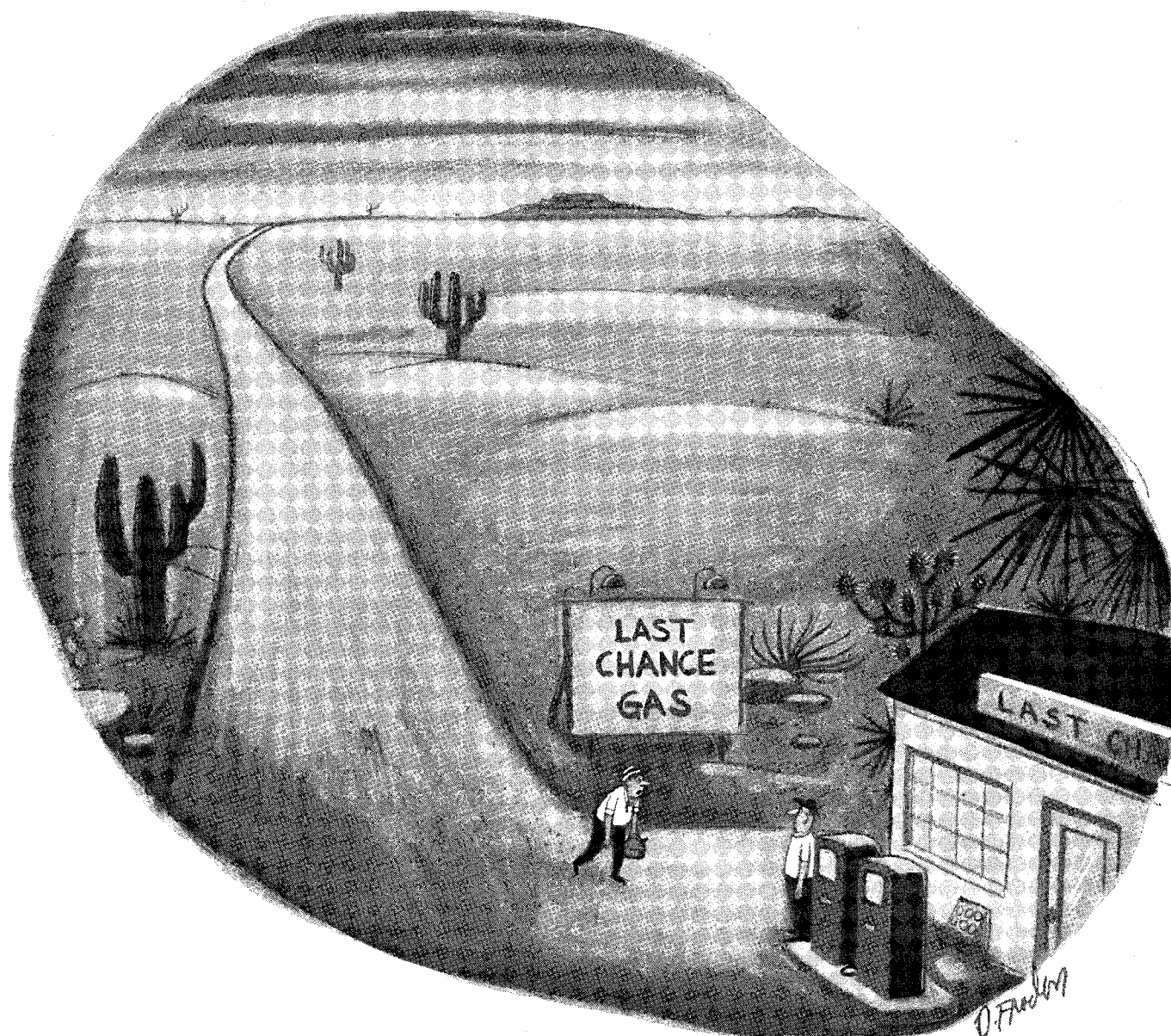
And what do we know about Carel Fabritius besides the fact that he died in the Delft explosion of 1654, at the age of thirty-two, and that less than a dozen of his paintings survive today? Well, we know that in his small self-

portrait at the Boymans-van Beuningen Museum in Rotterdam Fabritius devotes seemingly more loving care to the rough, gritty surface of the well-lit wall behind him than to his own face, which is bathed in semi-darkness. And when asked what is the first rule of good composition, Carel Fabritius answered, "To select and organize the finest things in nature" (*"de edelste natuerlijkheden"*). Jay would like to provide Celeste with more details, but it is time for dinner.

THE other guests that weekend were two actors, an art dealer and his wife, and a painter with a studio nearby. The actors by their sheer presence—Jay couldn't help but notice—somehow disqualified their performance. They seemed to vitiate their own existence by innumerable tiny exaggerations—a barely noticeable lilt of speech here, a slightly greater than expected tilt of the head there, or perhaps an ever so insignificantly heightened stress, or a somewhat teetering sway or shuffle. And that seemed to be catching. At dinner, Jay's right-hand neighbor, the art dealer's wife, turned to him with a sudden flash of her frosted blond hair and a challengingly engaging smile—her dark eyebrows knitted and her handsome steel-blue eyes narrowed into an ultra-intense glance that was at the same time not without an ambiguous tinge of irony—merely to pose a question about his field of study. Having found out that Jay was in his first year at medical school, she showed her apparent uninterest by resuming her conversation with her husband across the table, and discussing, with an air of burning urgency, the problem of whether their Christmas was to be spent in Switzerland or St. Croix. A few moments later, taking Jay by surprise, she shot in his direction a glance that appeared to be laden with significance and was perhaps even accompanied by a hint of a smile. Then, inexplicably, she performed an abrupt motion with her hips that, accidentally or not, hitched her short skirt even higher up on her nut-brown thighs.

Once, in his childhood, which was spent in a small country in Eastern Europe, Jay saw the single, smooth movement made by a gypsy woman as she opened her blouse and flipped out her breast to the child in her lap. Gypsies, he was told, wander in the night. Most of them live by begging, he was told. At times, they have been known to take children with them, and people say they can steal a chicken in the bat of an eyelash. Then, too, they are notori-





*"You weren't kidding!"*

ous for their hypnotic and magic powers, their rank sexuality, their crooked teeth. A gypsy woman hypnotizes a chicken by drawing a chalk line on the ground. Farm animals look on the gypsies with mistrust; they won't be marching with *them* on the winding road to Heaven, not with those gypsies. The winding road to Heaven is reserved for hussars—the handsome Blue Hussars, with their blue dolmans hanging from their shoulders in devil-may-care fashion, and the daring Red Hussars on their prancing steeds. They are on their way to Heaven, toward the high castle in the clouds. The farm animals also march with them in ranks of unbroken, devoted solidarity; some are even carrying banners. The chickens, the geese, the ducks, the pigs, the sheep, the cows, and the old faithful puli. Even the yellow canary marches along, carrying her cage. And none of these good domestic animals would

dare to be caught marching with a gypsy. But then, gypsies don't march much. They just go on telling fortunes, flaunting their sexuality, and sharpening their teeth with files. However, their musicians are superb. And why does Nanny sing the song "A gypsy woman nursed him, that is why he has wings"?

**E**VEN though Jay is too busy at medical school to see Celeste often, he sees her face every day. The childishly long bangs of her smooth dark hair hang with a Cleopatra straightness across her eyebrows, and her pose has an archaic, Egyptian frontality. Her solemn dark eyes look straight back at him, perhaps with a touch of mistrust. Her lips are set in a subtle pout, a hint of a pout in the manner of Leonardo. She sits there, immersed within herself, sunk back in an old wood-and-canvas garden chair, in the summer sun and shadows, wearing a tiny one-piece

bathing suit. Her knees are drawn up; her hands are clutching her ankles. The grainy black and gray shadows of leaves are fixed for all time on her smooth child's skin. Her shapely thighs are the thighs of a little girl. She looks at Jay in tones of silver, in soft gradations of gray and white, from the frame of the mirror on the dresser in his room; in the photograph, Celeste is five years old.

**I**N medical school, Jay and his colleagues, neatly dressed in ties and white jackets, go through the daily rounds of scientific worship. They meditate on twentieth-century Western koans. The pentose phosphate shunt. Polyfunctional catalysis of mutarotation by alpha-hydroxypyridine. The Meerwein-Ponndorf-Verley Reaction. How do the thalamic projection systems control the activity of corticospinal neurons? In matutinal sessions, the students



chant, "The terpenes are geraniol, limonene, borneol, pinene, camphene, farnesol, bisabolene, cedrene." They pronounce magic names: entropy, enthalpy. They ponder the mysteries of birdlike ornithine, deathly cadaverine, exotic shikimic acid. Jay's favorite amino acids are silvery arginine, asparagasy asparagine, hysterical histidine, proletarian proline, throbbing threonine, tyrannical tyrosine. His head bent over the physiology text, he hears his father's voice from the past: "What are you doing, my son? Drawing a diagram of the middle ear? Good, my son. Just keep working..." And the weight of his father's friendly hand remains on Jay's shoulder. He raises his head to recite the prayer of the senses: gustation, olfaction, vision, audition, taction, baresthesia, thalposia, algesia, kinesthesia, tickle sense, vibration sense, vertigo sense, sexual sense, fatigue sense, common sense. At lectures, additional cabalistic words and diagrams appear on the blackboard. The words are written out and they turn into observances, rituals; they fill lives, these signs and symbols written by the hand of a stranger who could be a maniac. The students sit and watch in silence, and learn their lesson. In the middle of the lecture, Jay writes on the margin of his notebook, "*Il pleut doucement sur la ville.*" And, "Earwax tastes bitter."

A patient, a balding, flabby man in his forties, sits in front of the students. He is complaining of complete ptosis of the right eyelid, absent left corneal sensation, greatly impaired pain, thermal, and tactile sense over the left side of the face, weakness and atrophy of the left temporal and masseter muscles, deviation of the jaw to the left on opening the mouth, coarse intention tremor with accompanying coarse intentions, dysmetria, and difficulty in performing rapid successive movements of the left extremities. The students are asked, after the man is led away, to decide which section of the brain stem contains the irreversible lesions that account for the above symptoms. Irreversible, that is, by means known to medical science.

Yet Jay wants to know each little part of the human body by its name. Volumes of Sobotta's "Atlas of Human Anatomy" lie scattered over his bed. Celeste, covered only by Jay's robe, is examining the illustrations of the body's hidden parts. Then, for a study break, they go down to the swimming pool in the basement of the dormitory building. Sitting by the poolside, Peter Hodgkin winks at Jay and eyes Celeste with admiration. He tells Jay, "I'll take her any time." Under his breath, Jay an-

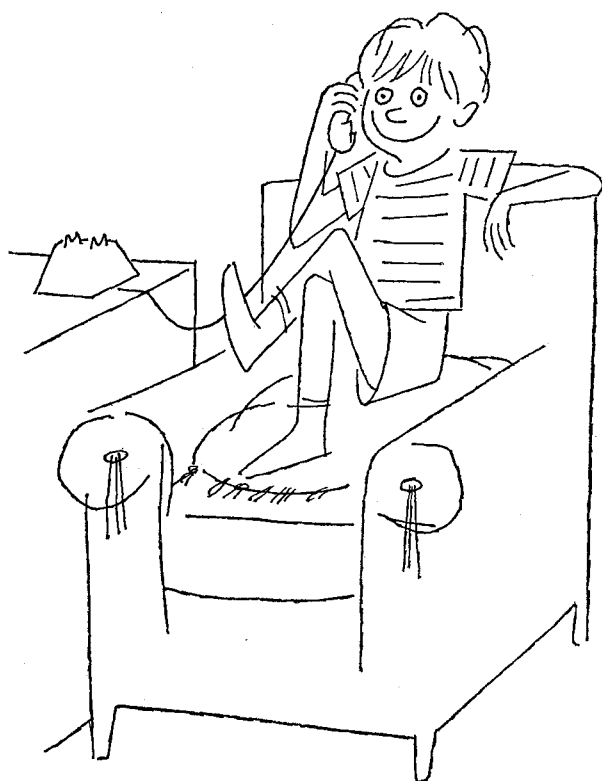
swers, "I wish I had her to give away."

LATE in October, Jay took Celeste to a little club in the East Fifties, where a devilishly soft and nonchalant trio was playing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." The people in the club spoke in low tones, smoked, drank, acted confidential and intimate. Everyone, without exception, would every once in a while touch his or her own face. That was fun to watch; it was a Fitzgeraldian game, new to Celeste. But then Jay lost concentration; the thought overtook him that somewhere around the corner there was another place, another *boîte* with even dimmer lights and even softer music, where a husky-voiced chanteuse was perhaps singing, "Huggin' and a-kissin', oh, what we've been missin'..."

Thinking of this infinitely near, infinitely distant and twilit place, Jay asked Celeste if it was possible to have a true and sincere friendship between a man and a woman—yes or no, and if no why not? She was insulted, and withdrew into her shell—a shell whose harsh calcium reality had just dawned upon Jay.

Then, for days on end, Celeste was unreachable. She was off hunting for an apartment, she said, and she didn't need his help. Jay found it difficult to study and began to spend more time at night working in the hospital laboratory, while Celeste was presumably resting from the exhausting task of combing midtown Manhattan for a suitable apartment.

The time they went to Lincoln Center, to the film festival, could perhaps be called their last date. After the movie, they had a drink. He shouldn't have asked her to come up to his place, but he did. She said no—not angrily but with a sullen force that shook his defenses and opened undefendable breaches in his inner bastions, through which the invading Turks could pour in with ease by day or enter under cover of dark. He already saw those hours of lonely waiting in the dark. His next question was a feeble effort to hold his position: "Are you going to



"This is a recording. When you hear 'beep,' please leave your message. Beep."

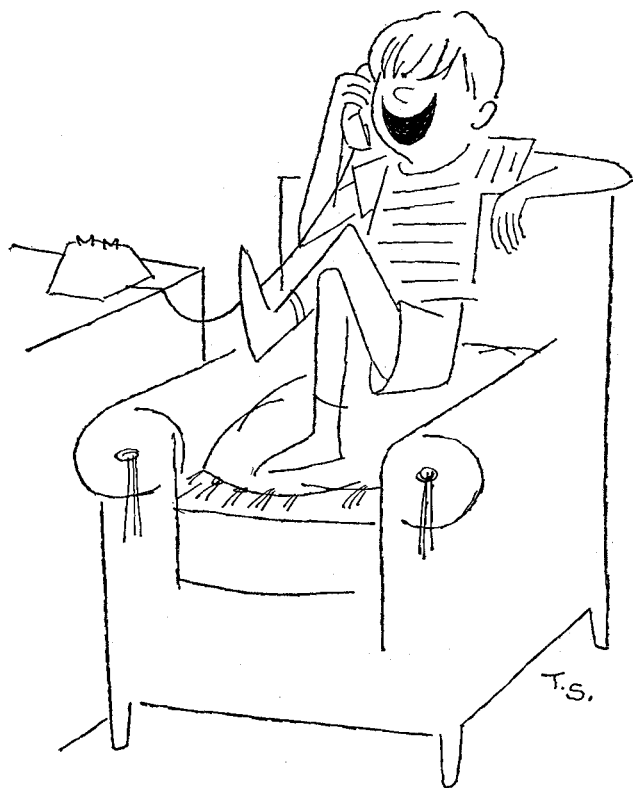
spend the weekend with your parents?"

"No," she said. "I am seeing someone else."

The cold satisfaction of her voice left him defenseless. There were no more walls to hide behind. A cold wind was blowing through everything. Her long dark hair was streaming in front of her face; she hid behind it and looked away. They had stopped walking—she stopped first—and he lit a cigarette for her with some trouble. "I'll take the bus from here," she said, and he was afraid to offer to take her home. He was afraid of another "No." Then the bus pulled up. She stepped inside, taking a last drag on her cigarette, which she then unexpectedly handed to him. There was a puzzling flicker at the corners of her mouth. And then he was alone in the wind on the corner of the avenue, with a half-smoked cigarette, which he smoked down to the butt. Its tiny glow of warmth explained nothing. What had happened to the light in her eyes? It was gone. Then it could be told by her eyes? Yes, you could tell by her eyes.

After that, there were a few barren telephone conversations, one of which resulted in an invitation to her new apartment. Jay was introduced to Larry, who sat on the sofa for a few minutes and then tactfully went out to buy





*"A grasshopper sitting on a railroad track,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;  
He sneezed so hard he broke his back,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day."*

a paper. Jay watched Celeste silently prepare a gin-and-tonic. She wore dungarees and a red jersey. He drank the gin-and-tonic in quick gulps, and acted insanely neutral, saying at first nothing, then making falsely cheerful comments about the new apartment.

"What do you do nowadays?" he asked.

"I meditate," she answered.

He left after a few minutes, not even waiting for Larry to come back. Then, on the street below, a relentless dry hand grabbed his chest from the inside, then formed a tightly clenched fist in his throat. In the darkness, he looked up at their window near the top of the building. He knew more about that window than any of the other passersby, he thought. But then, perhaps each one of them had his own lit-up window in the night.

**D**R. WARGOFF, whose eyelids were thick and semi-lunar, tapped his pipe on the lectern to begin his lecture on dreams. "We who speak of the psychophysiology of dreams know that salami, sodas, and stomach gases are the stuff dreams are made on, heh, heh. Contrary to what you might think, dreaming is not a random and fortuitous phenomenon. Why, today the very idea of non-dreamers is obsolete! In

showed that the same neuroanatomical centers control dreaming in man as in the cat. Of course, there remains the difficulty of defining dreaming itself, or, for that matter, the concept of 'depth of sleep.' But we have learned much from studies of sleep deprivation and dream deprivation. For example, after nights of dream deprivation there is a progressive increase in the number of 'dream attempts,' as seen from studies of cats on a treadmill. We hope that additions to our knowledge of dreaming will perhaps cast light on the nature of psychosis. Many researchers have already pointed out the similarities between psychotic episodes and dream-deprivation symptoms—such as visual, auditory, and somatic hallucinations, intrusive thoughts, bizarre verbal constructions and neologisms, paranoid delusions, and a failure to discriminate between fantasy and reality. In fact, Fisher and Dement in 1961 demonstrated that there is a striking increase in the number of dreams in the case of acute psychosis." Thus saying, Dr. Wargoff relit his pipe.

**D**EAN HERARDT and Jay had a sobering interview. As the Dean talked, Jay's thoughts ranged from the summer dance of the gypsies to the calm of Carel Fabritius's paintings and

back to the mad whirl of molecules with magic names.

"Jay," said the Dean, "we have been rather puzzled by your failure to live up to your potential. Is it a lack of interest, or could it perhaps be some special problem with which we could help you?"

Jay understood. But asking for psychiatric help seemed absurd; he knew that Abnormal Psychology defined the norm as "maximal personal and social adjustment in keeping with long-term social welfare." He already had more than enough of that. Now was the time to paint your hair blue and drive a yellow wagon all the way to L.A. This was quite impossible to explain to the Dean. And it would be awkward to drag in Celeste at this point. What would old Deano say?

"Otherwise, Jay, I am afraid I'll have to warn you about your academic standing."

"I see, sir. I'll try my best." He saw the Dean's three-piece gray Edwardian herringbone tweed suit, his modest tie-pin, and his superbly buffed black brogues. Were these things even worth noticing? But somehow they were already ineradicable in his mind.

**L**ATE one spring afternoon, after a demonstration of Einthoven's triangle, students stream out of Physiology Lab. Carrying their notebooks, they walk in the light of the setting sun, like a procession of ancient scholars bearing the hoarded wisdom of the ages down to the river. Jay, near the end of the line, imagines them followed by various stragglers, eidetic gypsies all—entertainers, gardeners, wanderers, who are calling to him to join them, to take his place with them. Then Sam Wickersham steps in front of him, and behind Wickersham is a black Rolls-Royce, parked by the curbside. It belongs to Wickersham's father, who is a physician. Wickersham is piling people into the Rolls, which is driven by a chauffeur named Mel. Jay gets in. The first stop is a bar on upper Broadway. When Wickersham offers Mel a drink, the chauffeur says, "But Mr. Sam, you know you shouldn't." He winks, grins, and drinks.

The Rolls sails up the West Side Highway to a girls' college on the outskirts of the city. On the way, they make one more stop, at Jay's request, to pick up his friend called the Duke, whose considerable bulk is squeezed into the back seat. And when they see the neatly landscaped little campus in the failing light, they are both impressed.

"Wouldn't you like to be a gardener here?" Jay asks. A year ago, the Duke



cut himself loose from school, and he has been living in freedom ever since. If he wanted to become a gardener here, he would really be free to do so. To be a gardener, to plant, to plow, to cultivate the shoots and gather the buds. Jay points to a flower. Ahead of them, on the gravel walk, a girl with solemn dark eyes is eating a chocolate candy bar in the last light of the evening.

JAY wanted to see a van Gogh exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum and, on an impulse, called up Celeste to invite her. To his surprise, she agreed to go. He was eating an ice-cream cone when she walked up to him in front of the museum, and he shivered in the heat of her sudden, voluntary closeness. Swallowing the ice cream became an incongruous, almost impossibly difficult task. He offered her some, but she refused. She wore a white dress and had an out-of-town suntan—Mediterranean, she explained. He found out that she and Larry had a new apartment and that they were going to Vermont for the summer, to build a house with another couple. Halfway through the museum, Jay realized that he was talking too much and with too much enthusiasm about the paintings. They stopped in front of a small oil—a dark branch with pink and white blossoms against a robin's-egg sky. The petals were painted in such thick impasto that they were in effect three-dimensional. Jay looked at the blossoms, trying to memorize each feature. Then he looked at Celeste. She was silent, and her mouth was set in an awkward, almost friendly expression. They walked on. Before they parted, she asked Jay if he still had her photograph, because she wanted it back. He promised to return it.

JAY first met Amy in the medical-school bookstore. Pretending to be thumbing through a book, he kept eying her blond hair. As he walked around the stalls, he kept looking back at her. She was small and slim, and her eyes made him think of a wildcat. Finally he settled on a Rembrandt book to buy. She was one of those girls with terrific legs and small breasts. (She knew all along that he was watching her, and he knew that she knew.) She flashed a bright smile at him. "What a pretty smile," he thought—and surprised himself by saying it out loud, looking straight into her eyes, facing her animal smile, her fox smile, her narrowing blue eyes and flashing teeth.

"Have we met somewhere before?" she asked.

"Perhaps in a dream," he answered,

## CONVENIENT TO VICTORIA

One night's stop at the Prince Consort Hotel  
Is quite enough to entertain grim dreams  
Long afterward of dissolute empires  
Cracked, checked, and crazed amid the dusty plush  
Of ottomans in the tall drawing room;  
Consumed in the ill-simulated flames  
Of the electric fire; flushed down the puce  
Throat of the toilet on the dais in  
The vast and drafty ballroom-shaped bathroom;  
Palpated, medicated, doctored, dead  
In the sprung, ruptured king-and-queen-size bed.

—L. E. SISSMAN

and felt proud, because it was good to find a girl who liked to be looked at and who showed her appreciation of appreciation; it was good to feel like a smooth conversationalist in early spring. She wore a nurse's uniform.

The hospital lab where Jay worked at night was constantly filled by a hum that was attributable to the air-conditioning, but that also contained the subtle undertone of the machinery of death. Over the hum, the patient voice of the paging system droned, "Inhalation Therapy, Inhalation Therapy." Someone always on his last breath. Through the microscope, Jay was studying blood cells—red blood cells, monocytes, lymphocytes. He was whistling softly. When he raised his head, he saw Amy, her little cap atop her blond hair, her impeccable figure in impeccable white. She smiled, and handed him a test tube. "I'm down in the Emergency Room," she said, and smiled.

During the night, behind the tangled curtains of dreamwork, the hospital corridors hide a secret enemy, the omniscient White Sheep. Jay is determined to find him. He progresses through the hum and whir of sardonic sighs in endless corridors, under the gray glare

Jay is locked in, trapped face to face with the benevolent, calm, fatherly visage of the White Sheep. "Give me your dreams, my son," says the White Sheep, who is expressionless and radiating doom.

Toward five one morning, Jay visits the Emergency Room, where things are slow, and Amy is knitting a sweater. She welcomes him with fresh coffee, and asks about his plans for the coming day, which happens to be her day off. At six, her hand touches his, not accidentally. At seven-thirty, they leave the hospital, having decided to have breakfast in her nearby apartment instead of at the hospital cafeteria. At nine in the morning, Amy smiles at him through a few tears; her record-player is on, her clothes mostly off. Disarray and early sighs.

Jay wakes toward midafternoon. List of classes missed: Anatomy, Histology, Biochemistry, Embryology. It is almost too late to show up for Anatomy Lab.

In Anatomy Lab, Melchior Sweat-ham, who has not been to a single class in weeks, shuffles up to Jay and blinks at him. His face is unshaven; his scaly lips seem to mutter dark prayers. Then

Sweatham invites him to a party. All around, people are bent over their dissecting tables, unwrapping dank cadavers from plastic bags for an afternoon's perusal of the prolapsed uteri of old age. The heavy smell of preservatives in the air. Jay looks at Melchior. Melchior nods his head of wild hair. Jay takes off his lab apron. He looks around. At the next table, Shaffer is patiently peeling fascia with scalpel and forceps. His four dissecting partners are completely engrossed in his work. Jay closes his dissecting manual with a snap: it is a goodbye.

THE party that night was on Riverside Drive. It was still early, so Jay, Amy, and Melchior strolled on Broadway, past grocery stores and veg-







etable stands offering cabbages, hyacinths, and young tomatoes. "Hiya, hiya, hyacinths!" said Jay, and Amy laughed. It was that time of the day when the darkened silhouettes of rooftops swim against the western sky, which shades from apricot rose to a pale plum green, the color of green-gage. The first lights blazed stark lemon yellow in the black bulks of buildings on 110th Street between Broadway and Riverside. When they got to the corner building, they found they had to climb eleven flights to the apartment—elevator out of order. Inside, people in every corner, and smoke, smoke, smoke. The Duke was there, swaying, with a Swedish girl on one arm and a Norwegian girl on the other. A girl's voice sang a song that was new to Jay: "Strange-dreaming Charlie, cow-eyed Charlie, don't go chasing those girls. . . ." Then the smoke took over.

Through the smoke, Jay saw that he and Celeste were at some kind of outdoor performance, sitting high up in an amphitheatre. A rock group was making music down below—music that held the audience in absolute command. Most of the people there were high, smoking pot and freely passing around the joints. Jay wasn't; he had the sensation that he was only an onlooker, the only onlooker. Then the singers sang about a wild wandering gypsy, and as they neared the end of the song they began to strip; the lead guitarist was already completely naked.

The audience, under a blazing sun, ecstatically followed their example. All around, people were jumping up, throwing off their clothes, and running down to the stage. Celeste, showing unusual energy, jumped up, too, and her clothes were off in a second. She cast a brief glance at Jay, who remained motionless, and then she vanished into the throng. The violence of loss vibrated in Jay's chest with the resonance of a painful twang on an electric guitar. He looked around in the smoke, and saw Amy embraced by someone. He did not care. He was far away.

Somewhere in the Park, he paused near a fence—the high wire fence behind the home plate of a baseball diamond—and suddenly found himself rising toward its top. He was flying! He looked down: a small group of people had already gathered below. They were pointing at him with agitated, outraged gestures, and he could hear a dark-uniformed official say, "There's another one of 'em!" They ran after him, having noticed that his flying ability was beginning to sag; he was dangerously close to the ground. But luckily his descent was only momentary, and just when a burly man in dark uniform was about to grab Jay's heel and bring him down to earth, he took off with a powerful kick and soared high, out of his reach. He flew by the museum, and, to his inexplicable delight, saw Dr. Wargoff walking on the Avenue. Jay, in the midst of his

flight, greeted Dr. Wargoff, but not with words and not with silence. He inscribed circles of joyous flight in the sky over the Park, over the city. As he flew, chaos subsided; order appeared. In his wake, poems and paintings dropped from the sky, but no sculptures; he still remembered the weight of gravity. As he soared higher and higher, summer blossomed out and exposed the heated heart of the city and tired people flocking to its cool extremities—to brooks, fields, lakes, beaches. High up there, Jay knew he was free to send back to Celeste her photograph. He floated above people's lives.

JAY landed unnoticed in a quiet corner of the Park, early in the morning, when the shadows were still very long. Pigeons and squirrels began their daily rounds near his feet. He was drunk with dawn, scared and alone. In a rumpled shirt and a crumpled jacket. His shoes full of dust. What's needed is a morning song. At six in the morning, each tree, each shrub, each blade of grass has such a long shadow. An inverted twilight. And what do the sparrows say? Chirple. Cheep. Christle. Creep. Pip. Chip. Wheep.

—JOHN BATKI

Infants paying 10% of the normal fare are not allowed to carry free baggage.

—BWIA ticket envelope.

No wonder they grow up lazy.



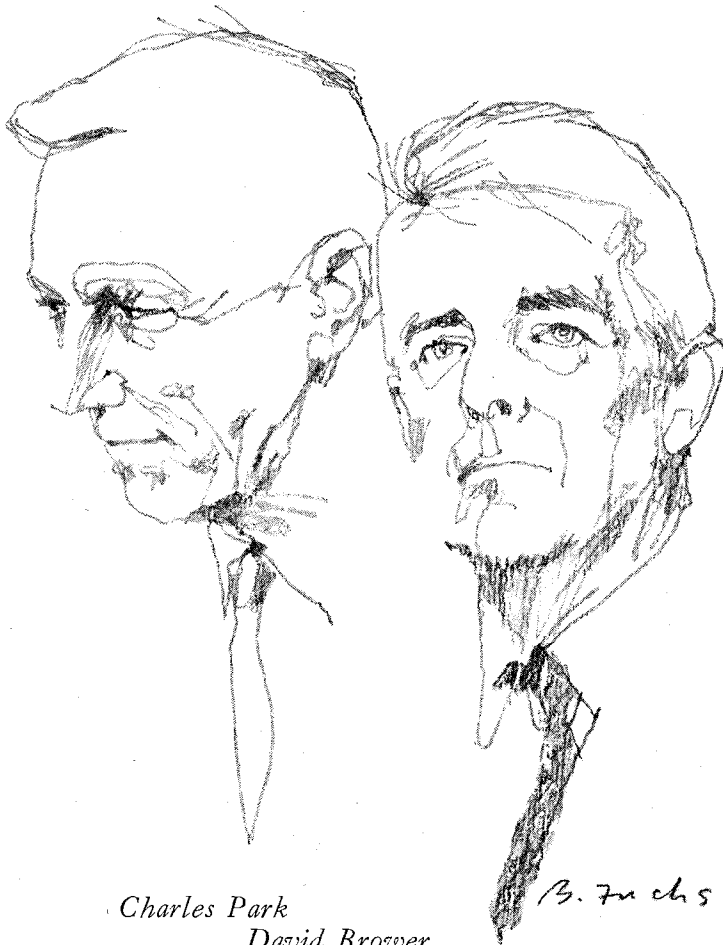
# PROFILES

## ENCOUNTERS WITH THE ARCHDRUID

### I-A MOUNTAIN

A SMALL cabin stands in the Glacier Peak Wilderness, about a hundred yards off a trail that crosses the Cascade Range. In midsummer, the cabin looked strange in the forest. It was only twelve feet square, but it rose fully two stories and then had a high and steeply peaked roof. From the ridge of the roof, moreover, a ten-foot pole stuck straight up. Tied to the top of the pole was a shovel. To hikers shedding their backpacks at the door of the cabin on a cold summer evening—as five of us did—it was somewhat unnerving to look up and think of people walking around in snow perhaps thirty-five feet above, hunting for that shovel, then digging their way down to the threshold. Men from the Chelan County Snow Survey use the cabin in winter while they measure snow depths and snow densities, and figure how much runoff to expect at the time of thaw. Because of the almost unbelievable amount of snow that can accumulate in that part of the state of Washington, what they do there is a vital matter to the people below and even far beyond the mountains.

What we were doing there was something else again. We were tired. We had walked seven and a half miles uphill since three that afternoon. One of us was in his sixties, another in his fifties, and all of us saw the cabin as a haven from what obviously would have been very cold ground. Until midsummer, the trails had been impassable, and to make the trip we had had to wait for the winter snows to melt. An entry in the register in the cabin said that snow had fallen one week earlier, August 5th. But we had been drawn to the Cascades in part because a great many people believed that they were the most beautiful mountains in the United States. A somewhat smaller and, on the whole, more parochial group felt that these huge, conical peaks, raised in vol-



Charles Park

David Brower

canic fire and later carved by moving ice, were the most beautiful mountains in the world. In 1964, the United States Congress set aside this region and others as permanent wilderness, not to receive even the use given a national park, not to be entered by a machine of any kind except in extreme emergency, not to be developed or altered or lumbered—forevermore. Within the structure of this so-called Wilderness Act, however, was a provision known as “the mining exception”: all established claims would remain open to mining, and new claims could be made in any wilderness until 1984. At the foot of Glacier Peak, in the center of this particular wilderness, is a copper lode that is half a mile from side to side. The Kennecott Copper Corporation has a patented claim on this deposit and could work it any time. We wanted to have a look at the region while it was still pristine. The others left it to me to add their names to the register in the cabin: Charles Park, geologist, mineral engineer, who believes that if copper were to be found

under the White House, the White House should be moved; David Brower, who has been described by Stewart Udall as “the most effective single person on the cutting edge of conservation in this country,” leader of a conservation organization called Friends of the Earth; and Larry Snow and Lance Brigham, medical students from the University of Washington, who were along to help with the logistics of the trip and perhaps incidentally to give first aid.

A mouse ran out from under the cabin, made a fast move among the packs, and went back under the cabin. We collected firewood and water. There was a cascade, white and plummeting, beyond the cabin. We changed into warmer clothes and lighter shoes. Brower, who hiked in twill shorts and a T-shirt and soft gray Italian boots, put on a long plaid shirt, trousers, and a pair of basketball shoes. Although he was out of shape, Brower was a prepossessing figure. He was a tall man. He had heavy bones, thick wrists, strong ankles. And he had a delicate, handsome, ruddy face, its features all finely proportioned but slightly too small, too refined, for the size of his frame, suggesting delicacy. His voice was quiet and persuasively mellifluous. He had an engaging smile and flashing white teeth. He was in his late fifties, and he had a windy shock of white hair. Brower had dropped out of college when he was nineteen, and disappeared into the Sierra Nevada. He had spent his life defending mountain ranges and what, by extension, they symbolized to him, and one of the ironies of his life was that his love of the mountains had long since drawn him away from them and into buildings impertinently called skyscrapers, into congressional corridors, into temporary offices in hotel rooms, into battle after battle, and out of shape. (In the idiom of conservation, “battle” is



the foremost term for what conservationists do, and conservationist publications are "battle tracts.") Brower's skin was pink from the work of the climb, and when he was taking off his soaked T-shirt he had revealed a fold across his middle. The mouse ran out again from under the cabin, looked around, its nose vibrating, and retreated.

Lance Brigham said, "Stick your head out once more, mouse, and it's curtains for you."

Brower said softly, "It's we who are the intruders."

Park had been taking off his boots—made in Canada, of heavy leather—and was putting on a pair of sandals. He grinned cryptically. He, too, had a shock of white hair. He was in his sixties, and he was as trim and hard as a college athlete, which he had once been, and nothing about him suggested that he had ever been out of breath. From his youth to the present, he had spent a high proportion of his life in the out-of-doors, and a high proportion of that in wilderness. Going up the trail that afternoon, with his geologist's pick in his hand, he whacked or chipped at half the boulders and rock faces we passed, and every once in a while, apparently for the sheer hell of it, he rapped the pick's hammer end on the stump of a tree that had been taken to clear the trail.

"That's a habit I developed long ago—banging on rocks and stumps," he said.

"Why?"

"Kodiak bears. I never wanted to take one by surprise. The same is true in Africa of leopards and gorillas. In other words, never take an animal by surprise."

Park spoke slowly, not because he was hesitant but simply in a measure that seemed compatible with geologic time. He had an almond face, alert gray eyes, and a mobile smile that tended to concentrate in one or the other corner of his mouth. He was even taller than Brower, and he wore khaki from head to foot. He had a visored khaki cap.

Not far into the mountains from their eastern extremity, at Lake Chelan, we had come to an oddly formal landmark. It was a sign that said, "You Are Now Entering the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area." In other words, "Take one more step and, by decree, you will enter a preserved and separate world, you will pass from civilization into wilderness." Wilderness was now that definable, that demonstrable, and could be entered in the sense that one enters a room.

Park said, "Will they let me carry my pick in there?"

"Until 1984," said Brower.

We stepped across the line. I said, "If we get lost in here with that pick, we may discover a new copper deposit."

Brower said, "If you make a new discovery, I'm here to see that you don't get out."

We moved on into the wilderness. The trail was dusty. It was covered with a light-brown powder too fine to be called sand. Park said it was glacial flour—finely ground rock coming out of the ice, ice of the past and ice of the present. Far above us in the high cirques were glaciers—the Lyman Glacier, Isella Glacier, Mary Green Glacier, and, perhaps prophetically, the Company Glacier on Bonanza Peak. The sky was blue and cloudless, a day to remember in the Cascades. Brower said he was disappointed that it was not raining. He explained that he did not like dry duff but preferred the feel and the beauty of a wet and glistening forest, vaporous and dripping. He said that he hoped we would be fortunate enough to have a good rain before the trip was over. He labored slowly up the trail, taking it conservatively, eating thimbleberries and huckleberries as he moved along.

"There are no really old rocks in the

Cascades," Park said, nicking a rock in passing. He picked up and admiringly turned in his hand a piece of pistachio-green epidote. Two hundred yards up the trail, he rapped at an outcropping with his pick and said, "That is volcanic." Minutes later, he swung again, sent chips flying, and said, "That is contact rock." This in some way entertained Brower, who laughed and shook his head. I remembered once driving through the Black Hills with Park, and how he would stop his car from time to time and just sit there looking at rocks. As a boy in Delaware, Park used to collect rocks and think about the West. While he was still in Wilmington High School, he had fifty ore minerals in his collection—hematite, malachite, galena, chromite. "I wanted to study mining, not particularly geology—mining," he said. "I just wanted to get into rocks. Mining has always appealed to me. It's in the out-of-the-way places."

A serrated ridge several miles from the trail had a reddish glow in the late-afternoon light. "See that color? That's pyrite," Park said, pointing. "Copper often comes with it. If I were in here looking for copper, that's where I'd head." The copper terrain we wanted to see was still more than ten miles away,



*"I'm sorry about this, but I'm afraid I just can't wait till April 15th."*



however, and we stayed on the trail.

We passed a big Douglas fir, at least six feet in diameter, that had crashed to earth in the recent past, and Brower said how nice it was to see it there, to know that some lumber company had never had a chance at it, to see the decay stage of a natural cycle—the forest reclaiming its own. If dead trees are not left to rot, he said, the ecology of the wilderness is disturbed. Park kept his reactions to himself. His eye wandered to a square hole in a cedar stump. He waved his pick in the direction of the stump and said, "Pile-ated woodpecker." We moved on.

After a series of switchbacks had lifted us seven hundred feet in less than a quarter of a mile, we stopped to rest by a stream that was alternately falling through the air and racing down the mountainside. Everywhere, from every slope, the Cascades cascade. Water shoots out of cracks in the rock, it falls over the edges of cliffs, it foams, sprays, runs, and plunges pure and cold. Enough snow and rain fall up there to irrigate Libya, and when water is not actually falling from the sky the sun is melting it from alpine ice. Down the dark-green mountainsides go streamers of white water, and above the timberline water shines against the rock. In every depression is a tarn, and we had passed a particularly beautiful one a

little earlier and, from the escarpment, were looking back at it now. It was called Hart Lake and was fed by a stream that, in turn, fell away from a high and deafening cataract. The stream was interrupted by a series of beaver ponds. All around these free-form pools were stands of alder, aspen, Engelmann's spruce; and in the surrounding mountains, just under the summits, were glaciers and fields of snow. Brower, who is an aesthete by trade and likes to point to beautiful things, had nothing to say at that moment. Neither did Park. I was remembering the words of a friend of mine in the National Park Service, who had once said to me, "The Glacier Peak Wilderness is probably the most beautiful piece of country we've got. Mining copper there would be like hitting a pretty girl in the face with a shovel. It would be like strip-mining the Garden of Eden."

Park wiped his forehead with his hat. I dipped a cup into the stream and offered him a drink. He hesitated. "Well, why not?" he said, at last. He took the cup and he drank, put the cup down with a smile, wiped his lips, and said, "That's good stuff."

"It's melted glacier ice, isn't it?"

Park nodded, and swallowed a little more.

Brower drank from a cup that was almost identical to mine—stainless

steel, with low, sloping sides, a wide flat bottom, a looped wire handle—with the difference that in raised letters on the bottom of Brower's cup were the words "Sierra Club." Brower for seventeen years had been the executive director of the Sierra Club—its leader, its principal strategist, its preëminent fang. In the mountains, a Sierra Club mountaineer eats and drinks everything out of his Sierra Club cup, and in various wildernesses with Brower I had never seen him eat or drink from anything else. In the past, in the High Sierra, he had on occasion rubbed pennyroyal-mint leaves over the embossed letters in the bottom of his cup and added snow and whiskey for a kind of high-altitude julep, but he rarely drinks much in the mountains and there was no whiskey at all on this trip. That night at the snow cabin, we ate our dinner from our cups—noodles, beef, chocolate pudding—and hung our packs on high rafters and were asleep before nine. We slept on bunks that had been tiered in the improbable cabin. At two in the morning, we were all awake, with flashlight beams crisscrossing from various heights in the compact blackness.

"What the hell is going on?"

"What is it?"

"What's there?"

"Four very beautiful little tan-and-white meadow mice," Brower said.

"Aw, for heaven's sake," Park said, and he went back to sleep.

Park, throughout his career, had not made a religion of camping out, and he had been particularly pleased when we found the cabin and its bunks, although they were little more than stiffly woven wire in frames. His general practice on trips of exploration for minerals had been to sleep in a bed if there was one within five miles, so he had managed to keep his lifetime total down to something like nineteen hundred nights on the ground. On foot and alone, he had hunted for copper in the Philippines, in Cuba, in Mexico, in Arizona, in Tennessee. He had hunted for silver in Nevada and Greece, for gold in Alaska, gold in South Dakota,





and—on one curious assignment for the United States Geological Survey—gold in Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. He had found what he was looking for. During the Second World War, there was a working gold mine in Rock Creek Park, in Washington, D.C. Such is Park's feeling for where ore bodies are that some of his friends think he has occult powers. For fifteen years or so, he used his skills in the name of the Geological Survey. Then, in the late nineteen-forties, he began to teach geology and mineral engineering at Stanford University, where he eventually became Dean of the School of Earth Sciences. From one base or the other—Washington or Palo Alto—he has never stopped hunting the earth for metal, sometimes as a consultant to various companies. He has looked almost everywhere for iron and manganese. He once set up a base camp at fifteen thousand feet in the Chilean-Bolivian Andes and, working up from there, found iron at seventeen thousand feet. In 1956, he was taken in a pirogue up the Ivindo River, in Gabon, to a point from which he took compass bearings and walked for two weeks through jungle. On relatively high ground, elephant trails were so wide and hard they were like roads, but in swamps the elephants' footprints were like postholes. The canopy was so thick it obscured the sky. Park had had serious back trouble for some time, and one day he fell to the ground and could not get up. He lay there for two hours until something jelled, and he got slowly to his feet again and moved on. He was hunting for iron, and he found a part of what is now called the Belinga Deposit. Even in the United States, he usually stayed out, alone, for about two weeks at a time. He went light, eating out of his frying pan and drinking from a small tin cup. He has used the same pick for twenty years. He speaks of the rootlessness of the life of an exploration geologist and says that many people tend to be discouraged by it. "You're just wandering. You're on the loose." He has planted gardens spring after spring and never seen his plants in bloom. Instead, he has drawn from the



"Hey! Isn't that ours?"

earth its mercury, lead, zinc, uranium, fluorspar, phosphate, nickel, molybdenum, manganese, iron, lithium, tin, copper, silver, and gold.

In the morning, soon after we were again on the trail, we went around the north edge of a lake that had a surface of at least ninety acres and was almost as big as the glacier that was dripping into it from fourteen hundred feet above. The effect of glacial flour in still water is to turn it green. As we moved uphill, and looked back, we saw that there were three other green lakes closer to the glacier. In them, small icebergs were drifting. Ahead of us and far above, was a ridge that ran north-south and dipped at one point to form a shallow notch. This was our immediate destination, and it had been named Cloudy Pass, because the most distant view a person usually has there is of his own groping hands. On this day, though, the sky was without clouds anywhere. The climb was steep toward the pass and we tended to string out.

Brower, in the lead, said again that he wished it were raining.

I asked him if, by his own standards, he would describe the terrain we were in as wilderness. "Yes, it is wilderness," he said. "The Sierra is what I love, but these mountains are perhaps the most beautiful we have." Then he accelerated his

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land, the sea, and the air.  
Brower was not the leader in



they are dying from the inside out. It's a shame not to use big trees like that." He waved his pick at a stand of spruce. "I am not a member of the Sierra Club," he went on. "I don't approve of their policy. To me, they are preservationists, not conservationists. You can't avoid change. You can direct it, but you can't avoid it. I like Sierra Club books, though."

In 1960, in Yosemite Valley, Brower helped put together an exhibit of landscape photographs and accompanying swatches of prose. Then he developed the idea of circulating the exhibit in book form. The result was the Sierra Club's Exhibit-Format series—big, four-pound, creamily beautiful, living-room-furniture books that argue the cause of conservation in terms, photographically, of exquisite details from the natural world and, textually, of essences of writers like Thoreau and Muir. Brower was editor and publisher. He selected the photographs. He wrote the prefaces. In this way, as in others, he brought the words "Sierra Club" into the national frame of reference. He published Exhibit-Format books on everything from the Maine islands ("Summer Island—Penobscot Country") to the Grand Canyon ("Time and the River Flowing"), the region of his own youth ("Gentle Wilderness—the Sierra Nevada"), and the mountains we were now crossing ("The Wild Cascades"). Within nine years, people had paid ten million dollars for Exhibit-Format books, and Brower said he had been surprised to find that people were willing to pay that much for beauty. Brower himself was certainly willing to spend money on it. Once, a set of picture proofs did not look quite right to him and he had ten thousand dollars' worth of plates thrown out. Udall gave "Time and the River Flowing" to Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson for Christmas, 1964. At twenty-five dollars a copy, the books were, in a sense, investments, and rich conservationists bought them in round lots. Struggling conservationists could buy them in compacted form as three-dollar-and-ninety-five-cent paperbacks.

With Brower as its executive director, the Sierra Club grew from an organization of seven thousand members to an organization of seventy-seven thousand members. The figure seems small. There are more members in the Audubon Society than there are in the Sierra Club. Nonetheless, the club became an effective legislative force in the use of the atmosphere. In every

## THE GREEN-SAILED VESSEL

We are like doves, well-paired,  
Veering across a meadow—  
Children's voices below,  
Their song and echo.

Like raven, wren, or crow  
That cry and prophesy,  
What do we not foreknow,  
Whether deep or shallow?

Like the tiller and prow  
Of a green-sailed vessel  
Voyaging, none knows how,  
Between moon and shadow;

Like the restless, endless  
Blossoming of a bough,  
Like tansy, violet, mallow,  
Like the sun's afterglow.

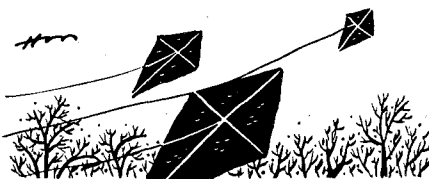
Of sharp resemblances  
What further must I show  
Until your black eyes narrow,  
Furrowing your clear brow?

—ROBERT GRAVES

battle. He concentrated on certain foes, and many were in the Department of the Interior. To the Bureau of Reclamation, he is the Antichrist. They say there that Brower singlehanded prevented the construction of two major dams in the Grand Canyon for at least two generations and possibly for all time. On the Green River in Utah, Brower stopped cold a dam that would have inundated parts of Dinosaur National Monument. In the cause of mountains, he and lieutenants in the state of Washington fought loggers, miners, and hunters, and won a North Cascades National Park. For nearly twenty years, Brower has crossed and recrossed the United States campaigning for conservation before every kind of audience. The federal government's Outdoor Recreation Resources Review was his idea. He was a primary force in the advancement of the Wilderness Act. His counterparts in other conservation organizations long ago acknowledged him as "the spokesman for protected wilderness." Once, when Brower had driven for several hours through wretched fog and rain to attend a meeting and make a speech in Poughkeepsie, I asked him if he could say why he did all this, and he said, "I don't know. It beats the hell out of me. I'm trying to save some forests, some wilderness. I'm trying to do anything I can to get man back into balance with the environment. He's way out—way out of balance. The land won't last, and we won't."

Having moved above the trees into a clear area, Park stopped to look back over the forest, the green lakes, the

glacier, the snowfields, and the white peaks beyond. I asked him if, from his experience, he would call this wilderness. "No," he said. "Not with this trail in it." He agreed that what we were looking at was almost incomparable, and he said he doubted if Brower saw anything he didn't see. "That is a beautiful view," he went on. "And these are magnificent mountains. They remind me of the Chilean Andes. But how is a mining company operating a pit on the other side of this ridge going to hurt all this? I don't see it. My idea of conservation is maximum use. I think preserving wilderness as wilderness is a terrible mistake. This area is one of the few places in the country where copper exists now in commercial quantities, and we just have to have copper. The way things are set up, we can't do without it. To lock this place up as wilderness could imperil the whole park system, because in ten years or so, when copper becomes really short, people will start yelling and revisions will have to be made. Any act of Congress can be repealed." Park was speaking slowly, and we were making our way up through open alpine meadows that were splayed with streams and full of heather, lupine, horsemint, daisies, and wild licorice. "I'm in favor of multiple use of land," he continued. "Have you ever been in the Harz Mountains? With proper housekeeping, you can have a mine and a sawmill and a primitive area all close together. When the Kerr-McGee Corporation wanted to mine phosphate on the coast of Georgia, conservationists howled. A hearing was held, and twenty-six people, most of them representing groups, testified against Kerr-McGee. No one testified for them. This shocked me. It was like people standing around watching a man get beat up. When Texas Gulf Sulphur drilled three holes and found an ore body in Ontario, peo-







*"What really grvels me is that the thing I need most is group therapy."*

ple accused them of hiding information. I testified before the S.E.C. on their behalf. The image of copper companies is bad today, with all this conservation poop. There's a Clark's nutcracker!" The nutcracker, in flight, was a hundred feet above us.

We were now about to top the final rise to Cloudy Pass, where Brower was waiting. We looked back again over the eastward view—lakes, peaks, beaver ponds, cascades, snow, ice, white-ribbon streams, and dark-green forests. Again Park said, "I don't see it. I don't see how a mine on the other side of this ridge is going to affect that." Park lives in a trim, attractive, solid-looking one-level house on a dead-end street in Palo Alto, and beside his front door is a decorative grouping of green rocks—copper ore—and an old pick with a broken handle. With his present pick, he swung at an outcropping with what seemed to me to be unusual curiosity and force.

"What are you looking for?" I said.

A grin came into the corner of his mouth. "Nothing," he said. "I just haven't hit one in a long time."

**M**OST of the pass was covered with snow, but there were some patches of bare ground, and these were

blue, green, red, yellow, and white with wild flowers. The air felt and smelled like the first warm, thaw-bringing day in spring in Vermont, and, despite the calendar, spring was now the season at that altitude in the North Cascades, and summer and fall would come and go in the few weeks remaining before the first big snow of September. Brower had dropped his pack and was sitting on a small knoll among the flowers. Park and I and Brigham and Snow dropped our own packs, and felt the sudden coolness of air reaching the sweatlines where the packs had been—and the inebriate lightness that comes, after a long climb, when the backpack is suddenly gone. The ground Brower was sitting on was ten or fifteen feet higher than the ground on which we stood, and as we went up to join him our eyes at last moved above the ridgeline, and for the first time we could see beyond it. What we saw made us all stop.

One of the medical students said, "Wow!"

I said slowly, the words just involuntarily falling out, "My God, look at that."

Across a deep gulf of air, and nearly a mile higher than the ground on which

we stood, eleven miles away by line of sight, was Glacier Peak—palpable, immediate, immense. In the direction we were looking, we could see perhaps two hundred square miles of land, and the big mountain dominated that scene in the way that the Jungfrau dominates the Bernese Alps. Glacier Peak had originally been a great symmetrical cone, and that was still its basic shape, but it had been monumentally scarred, from within and without. It once exploded. Pieces of it landed in what is now Idaho, and other pieces landed in what is now Oregon. The ice sheet mauled it. Rivers from its own glaciers cut grooves in it. But it had remained, in silhouette, a classic mountain, its lines sweeping up beyond its high shoulder—called Disappointment Peak—and converging acutely at the summit. The entire upper third of the mountain was white. And below the snow and ice, black-green virgin forest continued all the way down to the curving valley of the Suiattle River, a drop of eight thousand feet from the peak. Spread around the summit like huge, improbable petals were nine glaciers—the Cool Glacier, the Scimitar Glacier, the Dusty Glacier, the Chocolate Glacier—and from each of these a



white line of water ran down through the timber and into the Suiattle. To our right, on the near side of the valley, another mountain—Plummer Mountain—rose up about two-thirds as high, and above its timberline its snowless faces of rock were, in the sunlight, as red as rust. Around and beyond Glacier Peak, the summits of other mountains, random and receding, led the eye away to the rough horizon and back to Glacier Peak.

Brower said, without emphasis, "That is what is known in my trade as a scenic climax."

Near the southern base of Plummer Mountain and in the deep valley between Plummer Mountain and Glacier Peak—that is, in the central fore-

ground of the view that we were looking at from Cloudy Pass—was the lode of copper that Kennecott would mine, and to do so the company would make an open pit at least two thousand four hundred feet from rim to rim.

Park said, "A hole in the ground will not materially hurt this scenery."

Brower stood up. "None of the experts on scenic resources will agree with you," he said. "This is one of the few remaining great wildernesses in the lower forty-eight. Copper is not a transcendent value here."

"Without copper, we'd be in a pretty sorry situation."

"If that deposit didn't exist, we'd get by without it."

"I would prefer the mountain as it is, but the copper is there."

"If we're down to where we have to take copper from places this beautiful, we're down pretty far."

"Minerals are where you find them. The quantities are finite. It's criminal

to waste minerals when the standard of living of your people depends upon them. A mine cannot move. It is fixed by nature. So it has to take precedence over any other use. If there were a copper deposit in Yellowstone Park, I'd recommend mining it. Proper use of minerals is essential. You have to go get them where they are. Our standard of living is based on this."

"For a fifty-year cycle, yes. But for the long term, no. We have to drop our standard of living, so that people a thousand years from now can have any standard of living at all."

A breeze coming off the nearby acres of snow felt cool but not chilling in the sunshine, and rumbled the white hair of the two men.

"I am not for penalizing people today for the sake of future generations," Park said.

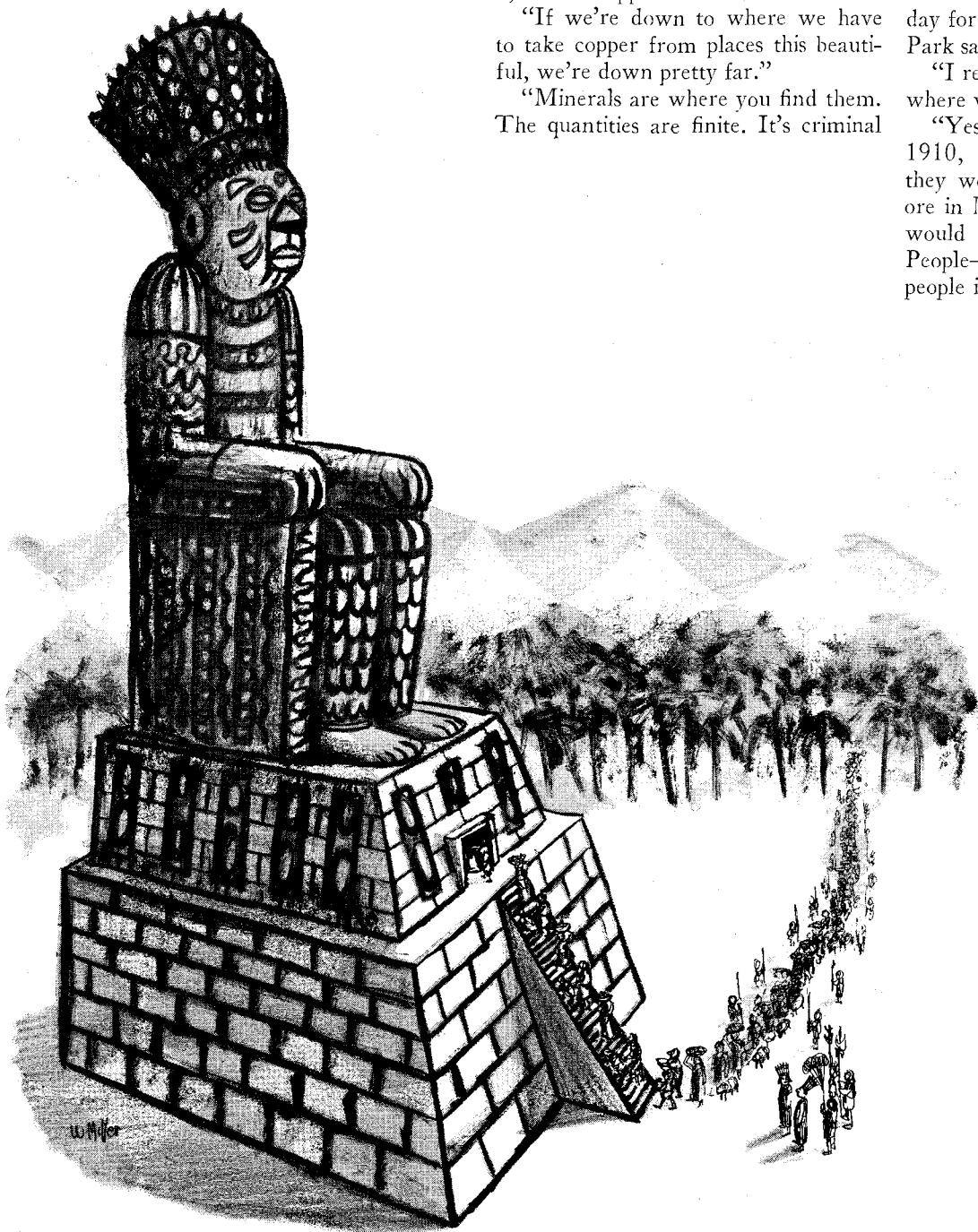
"I really am," said Brower. "That's where we differ."

"Yes, that's where we disagree. In 1910, the Brazilian government said they were going to preserve the iron ore in Minas Gerais, because the earth would run short of it in the future. People—thousands and thousands of people in Minas Gerais—were actually starving, and they were living over one of the richest ore deposits in the world, a fifteen-billion-ton reserve. They're mining it now, and people there are prospering. But in the past it was poor consolation to people who were going hungry to say that in the future it was going to be better. You have to use these things when you have them. You have to know where they are, and use them. People, in the future, will go for the copper here."

"The kids who are in Congress in the future should make that decision, and if it's theirs to make I don't think they'll go for the copper here," Brower said.

"Sure they will. They'll have to, if people are going to expect to have telephones, electric lights, airplanes, television sets, radios, central heating, air-conditioning, automobiles. And you *know* people will want these things. I didn't invent them. I just know where the copper is."

Brower swung his pack



*"If all you can think of is the upkeep, then I'd say you've lost your faith."*





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CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED



BY DROP



up onto his back. "Pretend the copper deposit down there doesn't exist," he said. "Then what would you do? What are you going to do when it's gone?"

"You're trying to make everything wilderness," Park said.

"No, I'm not. I'm trying to keep at least two per cent of the terrain as wilderness."

"Two per cent is a lot."

"Two per cent is under pavement."

"Basically, our difference is that I feel we can't stop all this—we must direct it. You feel we must stop it."

"I feel we should go back, recycle, do things over again, and do better, even if it costs more. We mine things and don't use them again. We coat the surface of the earth—with beer cans and chemicals, asphalt and old television sets."

"We *are* recycling copper, but we don't have enough."

"When we knock buildings down, we don't take the copper out. Every building that comes down could be a copper mine. But we don't take the copper out. We go after fresh metal. We destroy that mountain."

"How can you ruin a mountain like Glacier Peak?" Park lifted his pick toward the mountain. "You *can't* ruin it," he went on, waving the pick. "Look at the Swiss mountains. Who could ruin *them*? A mine would not hurt this country—not with proper housekeeping."

Brower started on down the trail. We retrieved our packs and caught up with him. About five hundred feet below us and a mile ahead was another pass—Suiattle Pass—and to reach it we had to go down into a big ravine and up the other side. There were long silences, measured by the sound of boots on the trail. From time to time, the pick rang out against a rock.

Brower said, "Would America have to go without much to leave its finest wilderness unspoiled?"

We traversed a couple of switchbacks and approached the bottom of the ravine. Then Park said, "Where they are more easily accessible, deposits have been found and are being—or have been—mined."

We had seen such a mine near Lake Chelan, in the eastern part of the mountains. The Howe Sound Mining Company established an underground copper mine there in 1938, built a village and called it Holden. The Holden mine was abandoned in 1957. We had hiked past its remains on our way to the wilderness area. Against a backdrop of snowy peaks, two flat-topped hills of

earth detritus broke the landscape. One was the dump where all the rock had been put that was removed before the miners reached the ore body. The other consisted of tailings—crushed rock that had been through the Holden mill and had yielded copper. What remained of the mill itself was a macabre skeleton of bent, twisted, rusted beams. Wooden buildings and sheds were rotting and gradually collapsing. The area was bestrewn with huge flakes of corrugated iron, rusted rails, rusted ore carts, old barrels. Although there was no way for an automobile to get to Holden except by barge up Lake Chelan and then on a dirt road to the village, we saw there a high pile of gutted and rusted automobiles, which themselves had originally been rock in the earth and, in the end, in Holden, were crumbling slowly back into the ground.

Park hit a ledge with the pick. We were moving up the other side of the ravine now.

The going was steep, and the pace slowed. Brower said, "We saw that at Holden."

I counted twenty-two steps watching the backs of Brower's legs, above the red tops of gray socks. He was moving slower than I would have. I was close behind him. His legs, blue-veined, seemed less pink than they had the day before. They were sturdy but not athletically shapely. Brower used to put food caches in various places in the High Sierra and go from one to another for weeks at a time. He weighed two hundred and twelve pounds now, and he must have wished he were one-eighty.

Park said, "Holden is the sort of place that gave mining a bad name. This has been happening in the West for the past hundred years, but it doesn't have to happen. Poor housekeeping is poor housekeeping wherever you find it. I don't care if it's a mine or a kitchen. Traditionally, when mining companies finished in a place they just walked off. Responsible groups are not going to do that anymore. They're not going to leave trash; they're not going to deface the countryside. Think of that junk! If I had enough money, I'd come up here and clean it up."

I thought how neat Park's house, his lawn, and his gardens are—his roses, his lemon tree, his two hundred varieties of cactus. The name of the street he lives on is Arcadia Place. Park is a member of the Cactus and Succulent Society of America. He hit a fallen tree with the hammer end.

"It's one god-awful mess," Brower said.

"That old mill could be cleaned up," Park said. "Grass could be planted on the dump and the tailings."

Suiattle Pass was now less than a quarter mile ahead of us. I thought of Brower, as a child, on his first trip to the Sierra Nevada. His father drove him there from Berkeley in a 1916 Maxwell. On the western slopes, they saw both the aftermath and the actual operations of hydraulic mining for gold. Men with hoses eight inches in diameter directed water with such force against the hillsides that large parts of the hills themselves fell away as slurry.

"Holden was abandoned in 1957, and no plants of any kind have caught on the dump and the tailings," Brower said.

Holden, in its twenty years of metal production, brought out of the earth ten million tons of rock—enough to make a hundred thousand tons of copper, enough to wire Kansas City.

Park said, "You could put a little fertilizer on—something to get it started."

When we reached the pass, we stood for a moment and looked again at Glacier Peak and, far below us, the curving white line of the Suiattle. Park said, "When you create a mine, there are two things you can't avoid: a hole in the ground and a dump for waste rock. Those are two things you can't avoid."

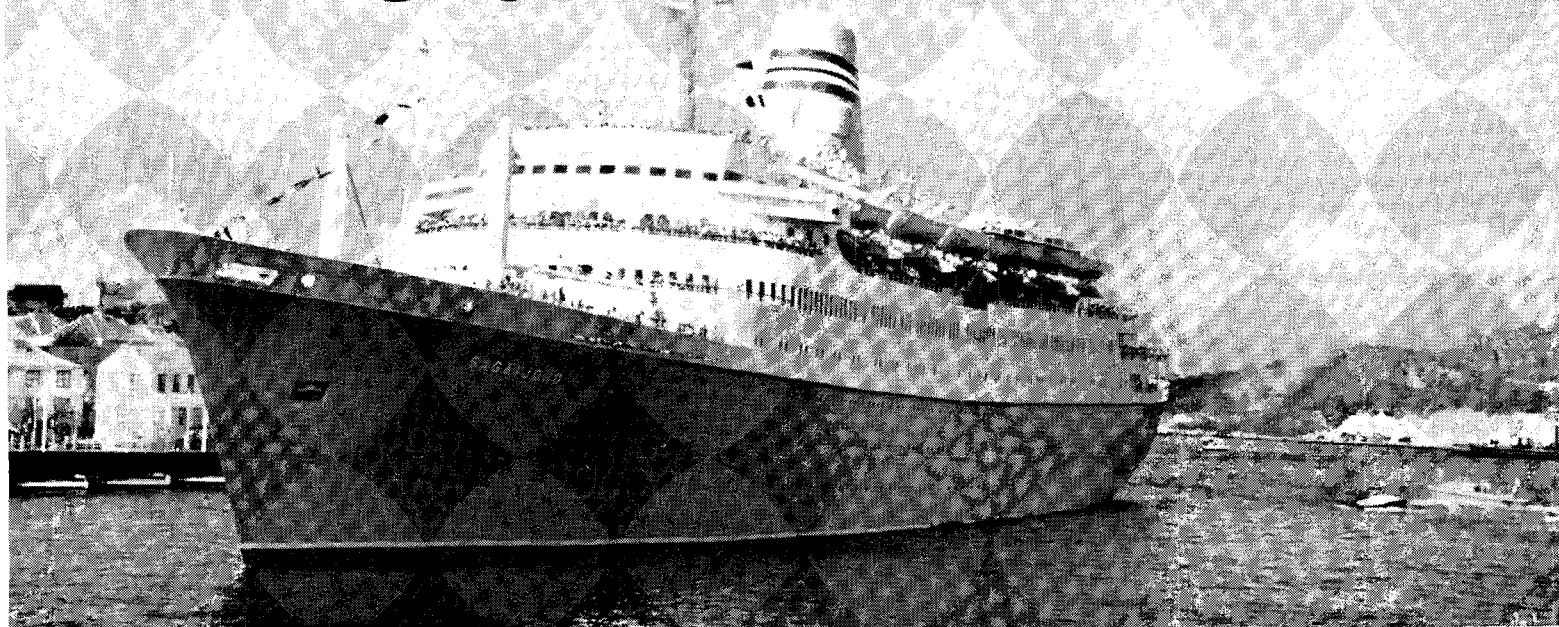
Brower said, "Except by not doing it at all."

IN a bottle gentian, Brower found a butterfly drinking. With a quick but precise move of his hand, he picked it up. He said it was a monarch and that it had a flying range of two thousand miles. "Monarchs almost have a sense of humor," he went on. "They play with the wind." He let the butterfly go, and it went up into the wind, looped, dipped, and sailed off on an oblique tack through voids of air against the backdrop of the big mountain. Noting patterns, habits, frequency of wingbeat, Brower can identify butterflies in flight. He will be moving along a trail and his eyes will be attracted by flutterings sometimes hundreds of yards away, and he will say, for example, "Parnassian." I was with him once near Piute Pass, in the Sierra, when he saw a Parnassian beating its way west, and he said he was impressed by its being at that altitude, which was twelve thousand feet. On the same day, he found a California tortoiseshell butterfly—orange, black, and yellow—sitting on a rock. He picked it up. It was so cold it couldn't

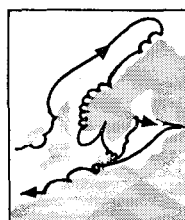




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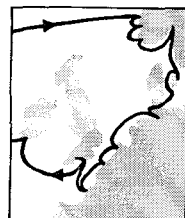
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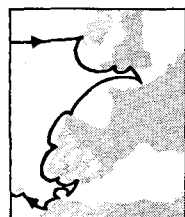
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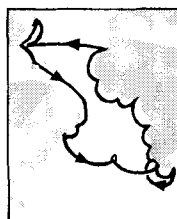
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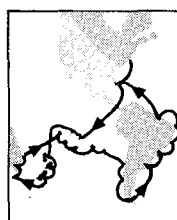
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move. Brower warmed it up, and it flew from his hand.

There is a butterfly called *Anthracaris sara reakirtii broweri*. Brower discovered it, when he was fifteen years old. He was a solitary boy, a collector of butterflies, and he knew he had something unusual when he saw that its primaries were black and white and the undersides of its secondaries were green. He found it near Grizzly Peak, in the Berkeley Hills, where he used to go for long walks after school as a boy, sometimes leading his mother by the hand. She was blind, and he would describe to her the terrain they were moving through and the plants and animals he saw. His mother was a tall, attractive woman. She had an advanced degree in English literature. An inoperable brain tumor had blinded her when he was eight.

Brower was born in Berkeley, in 1912. When he was a year old, his mother went shopping one day at a Red Front store and left him for a few minutes in a baby carriage on the sidewalk. Squirring around, he fell to the pavement, and smashed out several of his front teeth, damaging also the wall of the gums. His second set of front teeth did not come in until he was twelve, and when they did they were awry. He was ashamed, embarrassed,

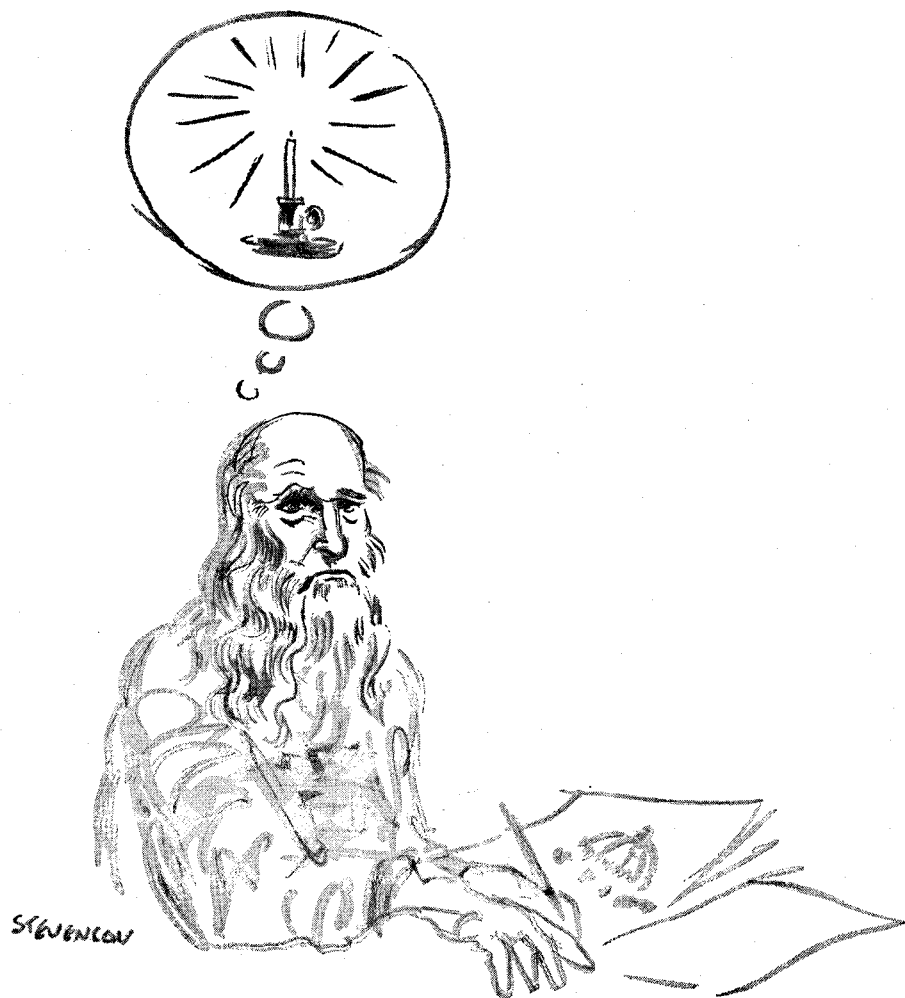
unsure of himself, shy. He was afraid to smile. In school, he was known as the Toothless Boob. He withdrew into the Berkeley Hills—which are now covered with houses, including his own house, but were wild then. He also liked to go to Two Rock Valley, some fifty miles north of Berkeley, to the chicken ranch where his mother had grown up. The place was a haven for both of them. Brower avers that he could hear the chickens growing there. He also says he learned to talk with chickens. He believes that tones cross the barriers of species. There was a mare at Two Rock Valley that no one could handle, but whenever Brower went near her she whinnied cordially and did as she was told.

Brower's father taught mechanical drawing at the University of California. He was a small man (five seven), with a rock-ribbed face and stern habits. His first name was Ross. He never smoked. He did not drink, even coffee. One traumatic day, he came home with the news that he had lost his instructorship. Home was 2232 Haste Street, where the family had two frame houses, one behind the other, that had been partitioned into eleven apartments. For the rest of his life, Brower's father managed and janitored the apartments. Things became, in Brow-

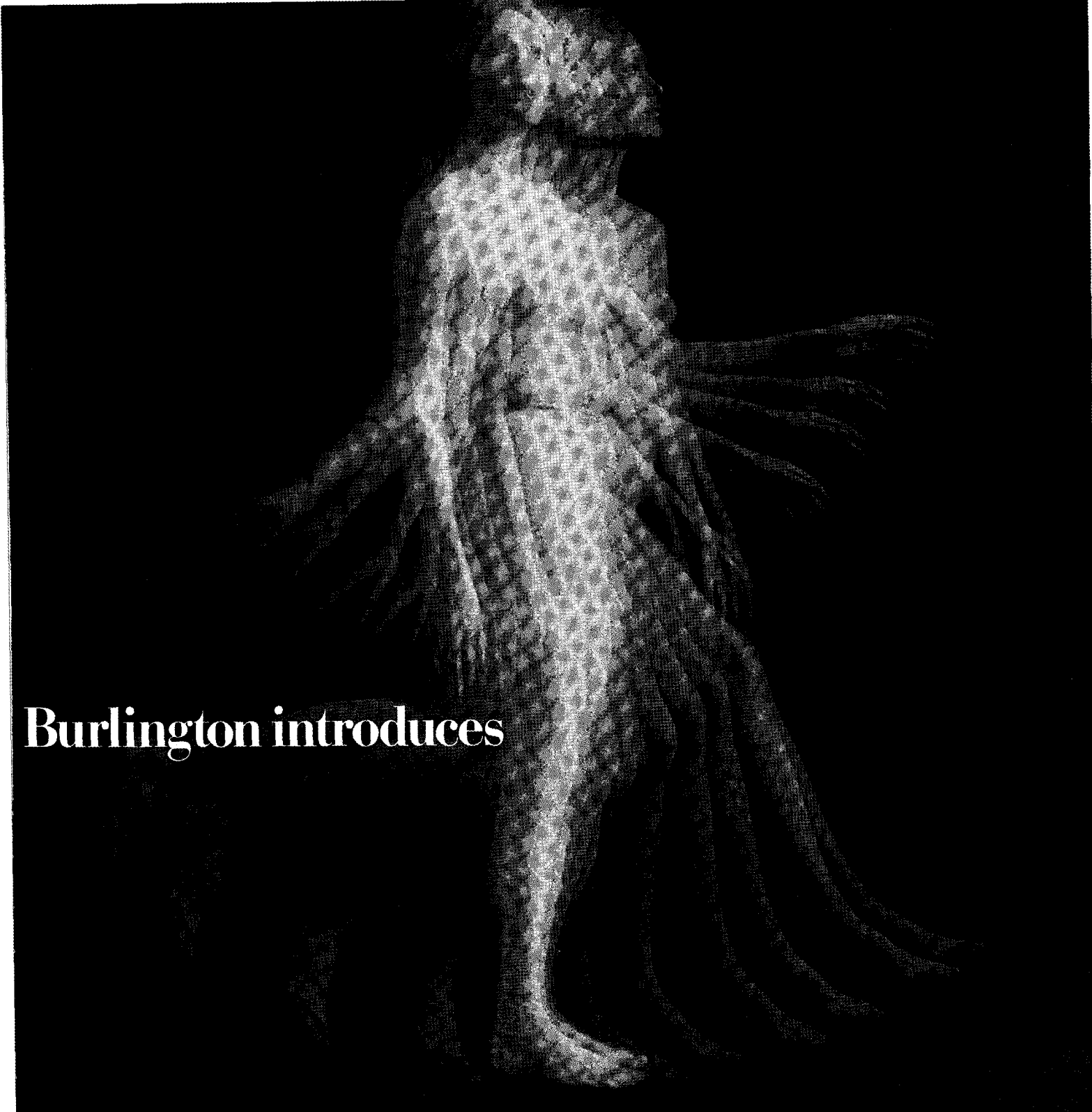
er's words, "pretty thin," and he remembers holes in his sweaters, holes in his shoes, and paper routes. His father's mother moved in to help with the apartments. She was a high-momentum Baptist who had seen to it that her grandson David was underwater when presented to God. She also saw to it that he always had plenty of housework to do. He washed clothes. She banned card games. She permitted the drinking of hot jello.

The family's escape zone was the Sierra Nevada. Ross Brower had made something he called a camping box. It fitted on the running board of the Maxwell—and, later, of the Willys Knight—and it held food and utensils; one side of it let down on chains and became a table. In Berkeley, the camping box was kept in the basement, and frequently young David would go down there just to look at it. To Donner Summit was a three-day drive. (It is now a three-hour drive.) They would spend the first night in a campground in what is now metropolitan Sacramento, and the second near Colfax, on the American River. The river was potable then. As if he were there still, Brower remembers lying on the ground inside an arrangement of blankets and blanket pins—his mother at one end, his father at the other, his two brothers and his sister with him in the middle—listening to the elegiac whistling of the big Mallet engines of the Southern Pacific. He developed an extraordinary affection for trains. Malapropos as it may seem at this point in his career, he still has it. The force of nostalgia in Brower is such that it can in some instances bend logic. A railroad over the Sierra is all right. It was there. An interstate highway is an assault on the terrain.

At Donner Summit, Brower once pointed out to me the road he and his family had used. It was a dirt road seven feet wide and as tortuous as the contours of the mountains. On almost every trip, they camped in the wild country at the south end of Lake Tahoe, in a forest of big pines, white fir. He would wade in the cold, clear, notoriously blue lake and catch minnows. He stood there one day not long ago and took in the scene as it is now. Just up the street were Jimboy's Tacos, Pettyjohn Realty, Shakey's Pizza Parlor, Harrah's casino, Harrah's Thrifty Gambler, Shell, Texaco, Phillips 66, Standard, Enco, Stoddard the Jeweler ("Wedding Rings"), and the south-shore offices of O. R. "Bode" Martin, Real Estate. We went into Harrah's Thrifty Gambler, where Brower dropped a dollar and five cents at nickel







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roulette and ten-cent craps, then on into the big casino. "These people were perfectly happy in Las Vegas, Carson City, and Reno," Brower said, looking around. "They didn't have to come to this lake."

I remarked that the people in Harrah's looked young and fresh-faced, and not made of ochre suède, like the people in downtown Las Vegas.

Brower said, "Maybe that's because they go out and look at the lake once in a while."

On the precise spot where Brower and his family used to camp when he was a boy now stands the Royal Valhalla Motor Lodge—Diners Club, BankAmericard, Carte Blanche, Master Charge, American Express, sunbathing balconies, and an eight-foot Anchor fence to keep undesirables away from the lake. People with oil-glistening skins were languid on the balconies.

"These are people who got on the wrong subway and missed Coney Island," Brower said. "This is Jones Beach West. I'm glad there's a Jones Beach. I'm sorry this happened to Lake Tahoe."

Brower was standing by the Anchor fence, which had barbed wire along its top, and through it a stiff north wind was whistling. Visible through the fence were high whitecaps on the lake. The water was noticeably green. By a process called eutrophication, algae build up as a result of the accumulation of various human wastes, and even lakes that are famous for being blue will turn green. Brower said, "When Lake Erie started to die, it went in twelve years. This lake is a lot smaller than that. I can't think of a scenic climax in the world more polluted, and in more ways, than this one. Oh, is this ever grim!"

I asked him, "What do you think would happen if you were to address an audience collected out of these motels?"

"They would understand. They would be with me," he said. "People love the land."

"Do you really believe that?"

"Yes," he said. He pointed to a small bush. "Look at that plant," he said. "There has been *some* attempt at landscaping here."

"It's plastic."

"O.K.," Brower said, "I take it back. This long ago ceased to be my country anyway. You can see into my country." He pointed. "Pyramid Peak is just visible, in the Desolation Wilderness."

"Have you been up Pyramid Peak?"

"Seven times. Three times in the

winter, on skis. But by the time I was twenty even *that* was behind me. I found bigger peaks, wilder places, higher country."

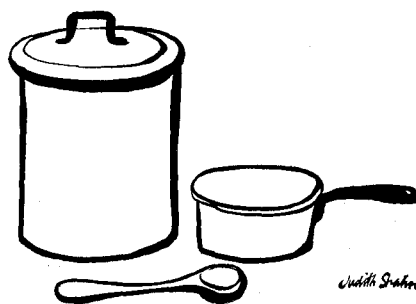
As a child, he had at times been frightened in that country. The family had always headed south after Tahoe, into the higher mountains, higher than the Rockies—the High Sierra, tallest mountain range in the contiguous United States. To minor summits—Gaylor Peak, Sentinel Dome, Vernal Fall—the family would scramble, but David was afraid to go, and he sat in the car, sometimes trembling, while the others were away. At Glacier Point, a look-off reachable by road—and three thousand two hundred and fifty-four feet up a cliff face from the floor of Yosemite Valley—the family always went out to the lip to have a look. David stayed behind, terrified even by the thought of looking over the rim. Not many years later, though, with rope and pitons, he started up that cliff from the bottom, and he was two thousand feet off the valley floor when rocks and beer cans started to fall around him, tossed down by tourists above. Afraid for his life, he shouted until his voice was gone, but the tourists did not hear him. He says that beer cans in that situation make a light and Christmassy tinkle, while rocks go by with a Doppler effect—*peeeeenyow*. By pure luck, nothing hit him, but he was discouraged and gave up the climb.

Theodore Roosevelt, when he was President of the United States, slept one night at Glacier Point, a bit of blanket over him, and when he awoke in the morning he was covered with four inches of snow. He said later that it was the greatest day of his life. Brower told me this while we ourselves were standing at Glacier Point one day. A bronze map there shows what you are looking at—Mount Starr King, Grizzly Peak, Mount Clark, Mount Lyell, Mount Maclure, Half Dome, North Dome, Clouds Rest, Mount Hoffmann, Mount Watkins, Mount Broderick, Liberty Cap. Brower had been to the summits of all these mountains. Glacier Point is a scenic climax and a half—fathoms and fathoms of air down to the green valley and up

the granite on the far side to Yosemite Falls and beyond to the sharp outlines of the peaks. We shared the scene with a cluster of tourists, all adults, who were making paper airplanes and sailing them to the valley. By paper airplane, that is a long flight; and for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes at a time all these people, some of whom had driven three thousand miles to be there, kept their attention fixed on the paper airplanes. A National Park Service ranger tried to persuade them to have a look at the view. He also politely noted that what they were doing was against the law. To Brower he said that there were worse troubles than that, up there. The trail out to Glacier Point is lighted at night by fixtures placed in clefts and crevices of rock. Tourists unscrew the bulbs and throw them over the cliff.

By the time Brower reached high school, he thought that he wanted to be an entomologist, but he gave up that ambition, because at Berkeley High School people who were interested in things like entomology were considered odd. Brower had had enough of that. He was still afraid to smile, because of his teeth. As manager of the lightweight football team, he had found the beginnings of a kind of social life, and he feared losing it. He was sixteen, though, when he entered the University of California. He felt out of step, too young. Quiescent sensitivities renewed. He kept "trying for approvals here and there." He lived at home, and when he was eligible for fraternity rushing he saw from within his house one day a group from a fraternity coming up the street. They stopped and looked at the place in apparent dismay—a narrow lot in a poor section, an ersatz-Victorian clapboard-and-shingle run-down embarrassing house. The boys from the fraternity moved on without coming up the walk. Brower dropped out of the university in his sophomore year. "Because of the Depression," he said. "The Great Depression—it was a convenient excuse." He went into the mountains. Before ten years had passed, it was being said of him that if he were to be set down at night anywhere in the Sierra Nevada, with the coming of morning he would know just where he was.

Now, at Suittle Pass, Brower was still talking about butterflies. He said he had raised them from time to time and had often watched them emerge from the chrysalis—first a crack in the case, then a feeler, and in an hour a butterfly. He said he had felt that he wanted to help, to speed them through the long and awkward procedure; and he had once tried. The butterflies came





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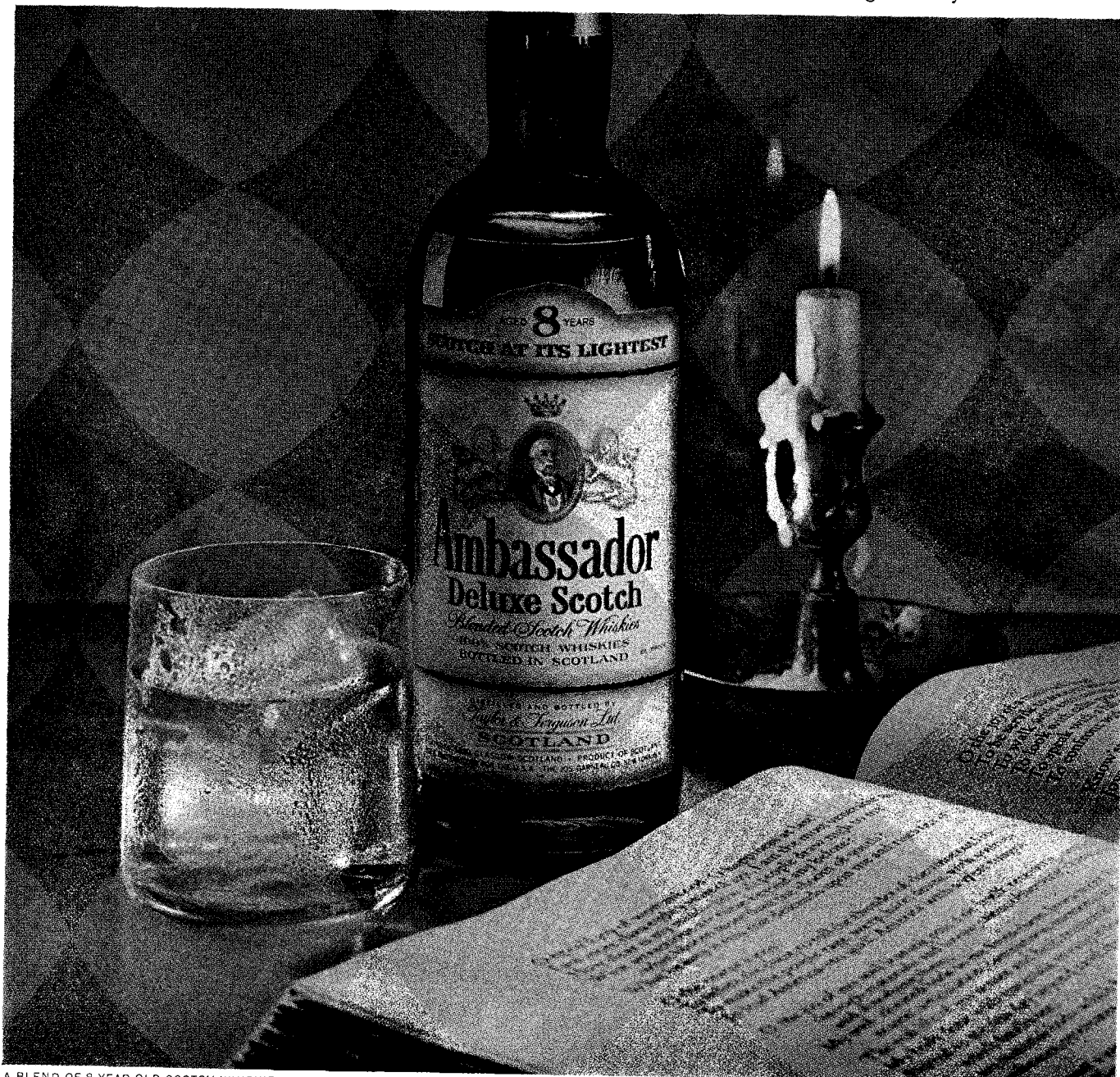
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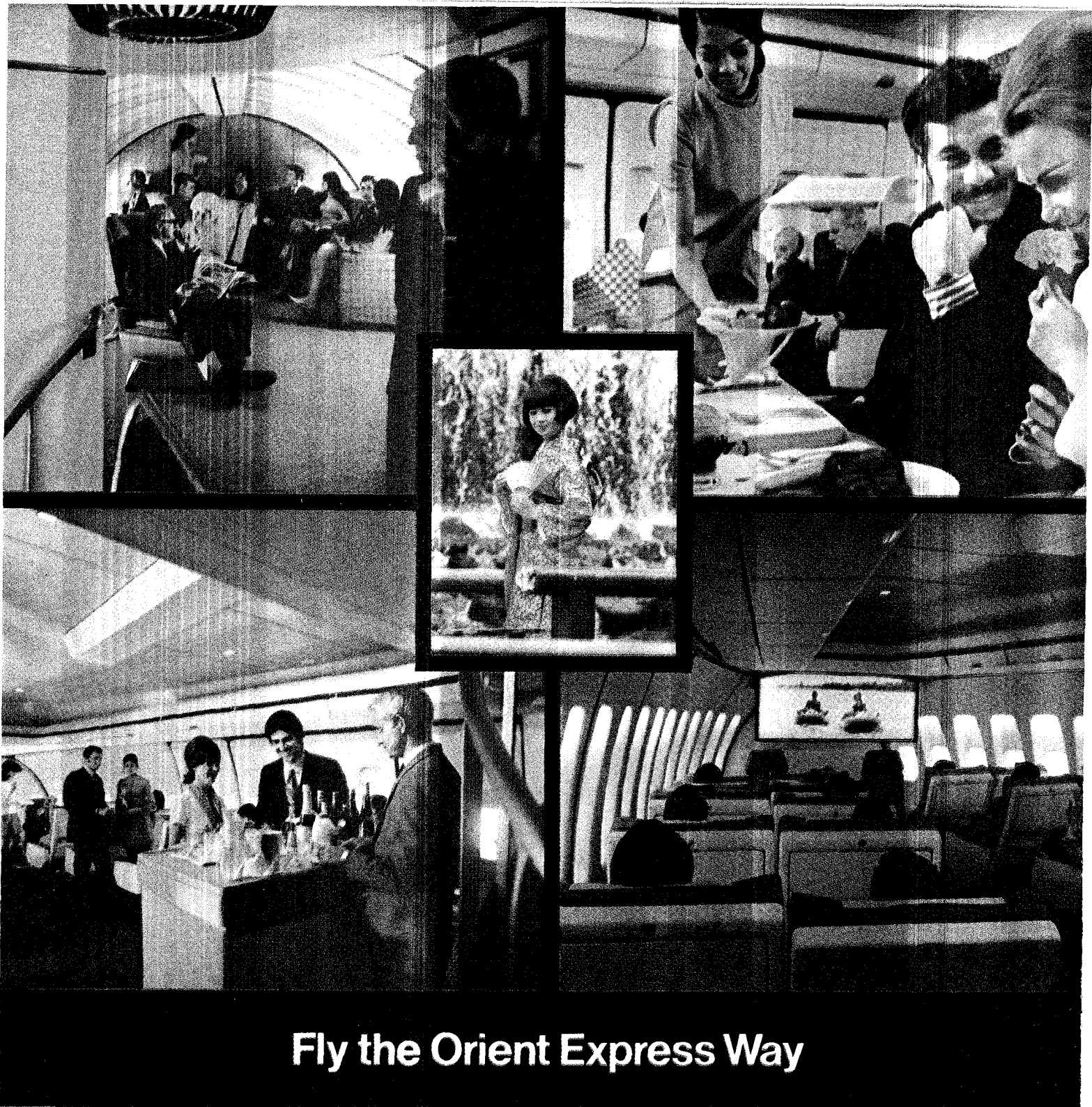


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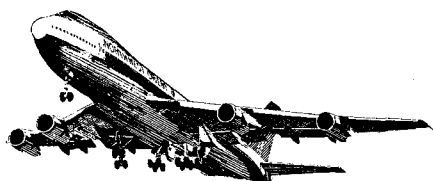
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out with extended abdomens, and their wings were balled together like miniature clenched fists. Nothing happened. They sat there until they died. "I have never gotten over that," he said. "That kind of information is all over in the country, but it's not in town."

WE left the trail and went off to the right, toward Plummer Mountain, in order to attempt to find our way to the center of the area of the copper lode, and to see for ourselves—if possible—evidence of its presence. Park took the lead. The problem was to try to stay on a contour and still move in a generally westerly direction in landscape that was full of thick vegetation, ledges, ravines, and cliffs. It quickly became apparent that Brower thought Park had no idea where he was going. Our feet hurt—at least, Park's and mine did. I had developed a bone spur under one heel earlier in the year, and Park had made a bad choice with his new Canadian boots, which were stiff and were beginning to wear away parts of his ankles and feet. This fact emerged later. He said nothing at the time. Picking the shortest or easiest route—and assessing the one against the other—was of obvious importance to all of us. Although Brower seemed to be getting stronger with every added mile, he nonetheless was hardly indefatigable. Park had simply assumed command—aggressive, perhaps, because he was so uncomfortable—and we followed him, but Brower kept craning toward other possibilities, other routes. So close up, and so rough in character, the terrain was hard to read. Two or three times, Brower suggested that we try a gulch or a ridge that Park was having no part of, but Park kept moving and paid no attention, perhaps because he does not hear well.

What we all feared was that we would come out onto some impossible ledge or up against a cliff face and have to turn back and add perhaps miles to our day. After a time, we got into the beginnings of what appeared to be a descending, curving cul-de-sac; at least, it appeared that way to me and to Brower. We imagined that if we were to go down into it, we would end up facing cliffs and have to climb back out the way we went in. Brower said he wanted to stay on high ground and go to even higher ground to get around the problem. Park kept on walking, downhill and to his right, around the curve, whacking boulders with his pick. With no trail to keep us threaded together, we had to follow. Around the bend, the "cul-de-sac" came open, and

the landscape spread out into broad alpine meadows interspersed with stands of spruce and reaching out in gentle gradients toward the talus slopes of Plummer Mountain.

This place had been named the Golf Course, apparently by explorers for Kennecott—or so we gathered from a crude property map we had with us, the "property" being the corporation's patented claims. With very little bulldozing, the Golf Course could in fact become one of the seven wonders of sport, with the red wall of Plummer Mountain above it, the deep valley of the Suiattle falling away beside it, and the sparkling, spectacular imminence of Glacier Peak in full view from every tee, fairway, and green. Brower's response to this conception was that each and every round would have to be played over his remains.

Park said that we had apparently reached the outermost lens of the copper deposit. He looked up at Plummer Mountain, all rusty and tawny and jagged in the air, and described what he was looking at as intrusive rock impregnated with pyrite and, he assumed, with copper—a porphyry of disseminated copper in granitic intrusive material. He said this mountain glacial topography reminded him of Greenland—sharp peaks sticking up through the ice pack. He could almost see the ice that had been there in the past.

Brower said he could see the hole in the ground that would be there in the future. He said that it would be a man-made crater so large it would be visible from the moon.

"Aw, Dave, it wouldn't be that bad," Park said.

While Brower was executive director of the Sierra Club, the organization became famous for bold full-page newspaper ads designed to arouse

the populace and written in a style that might be called Early Paul Revere. One of these ads called attention to the Kennecott Copper Corporation's ambitions in the Glacier Peak Wilderness under the headline "AN OPEN PIT, BIG ENOUGH TO BE SEEN FROM THE MOON." The fact that this was not true did not slow up Brower or the Sierra Club. In the war strategy of the conservation movement, exaggeration is a standard weapon and is used consciously on broad fronts. Beneath the headline was an aerial photograph of an open pit that Kennecott has created in Bingham Canyon, Utah. It would be difficult to exaggerate that one. Bingham Canyon is the largest copper mine in the United States. Two miles from rim to rim, it goes down into the earth





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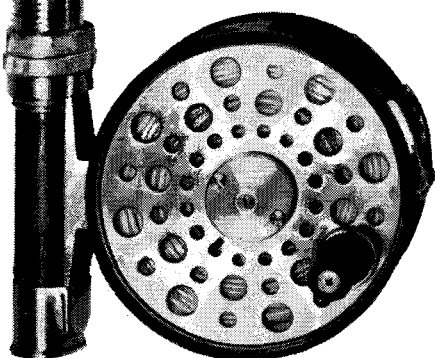
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in some fifty concentric circular terraces, so that from the air it looks very much like a thumbprint pressed into the ground—the thumbprint, it works out, of a man well over a hundred miles tall. The Internal Revenue Service eventually reacted to the Sierra Club ads by declaring contributions to the Sierra Club no longer tax deductible. Organizations that tried to influence legislation could not have tax-deductible status. That didn't slow up Brower, either. He went right on with the ads.

"Well, with a small telescope," Brower said.

We moved up the fairways toward Plummer Mountain, walking through buttercups and vetch. Park said cheerfully, "I wouldn't object at all to seeing a nice open pit here, improving the standard of living."

"Improving the standard of living for a short time," Brower said.

"For a hundred years," said Park. "And fifty years after that it's all covered over. There's a beach in New South Wales where the deep sands have rutile, zircon, and other rare things. National Lead and some Australian companies got permission to mine the beach. There was a hullabaloo. They mined it, and now the beach is *better* than it was before. It's been rebuilt. Swamps and mosquitoes are gone. The shorebird habitats were untouched. The Australian government wants more beaches to be mined elsewhere."

Brower let the beach go. He once wrote and narrated a film about the North Cascades, and, with "America the Beautiful" softly rendered behind his own soft-toned voice on the sound track, he said that these mountains were among "the few surviving samples of a natural world, to walk and rest in, to see, to listen to, to feel the mood of, to comprehend." The narration continued, "There isn't much of it left. What there is is all all men will ever have, and all their children. It is only as safe as people want it to be." That must have been more or less what he was thinking at that moment. At length, he said, "The pit is only a small part of what else they do."

"Every mine in the country has someone objecting to it," Park said. "Where are you going to get your metals?"

"Nevada, Arizona—Bingham Canyon."

"People object *there*."

We stepped around several piles of fresh dung. Brower said he didn't know what it was. Park said, "It's bear dung."

A plumbing waterfall, hundreds of

feet high, fell from the east face of Plummer Mountain, and, for lack of a more specific goal, we were homing on it.

"This scenic climax is of international significance," Brower said.

"That may be, but as long as you've got copper here, pressure to mine is going to continue."

"Well, I'll give up when copper has to be used as a substitute for gold. The kids will decide then. And I think they'll decide not to mine it."

"A mine would remove the mining area from wilderness—anyone in his right mind would admit that," Park said.

"You're going to have people, equipment, machinery. You're going to blast. You're going to have a waste dump. You're also going to get copper, which contributes to the national wealth and, I think, well-being. And all that can't possibly affect Glacier Peak."

"The mine will affect anybody in this whole area who *looks* at Glacier Peak. One of the last great wildernesses in the United States would have been punctured, like a worm penetrating an apple. There would not only be the pit but also the dumps, the settling ponds, the tailings, the mill, machine shops, powerhouses, hundred-ton trucks. Good Lord! The mood would go. Wilderness defenders have to get into abstract terms like mood and so forth, but that is what it is all about. How are the people and equipment going to get in and out of here? A road? A railroad?"

"I think cost would have to enter into that."

"O.K. I put a price of ten billion dollars on the Glacier Peak Wilderness. Actually, that is facetious. There is no price. The price of beauty has never been evaluated. Look at that mountain! What would it *cost* to build an equal one?"

A galvanized pipe rising about a foot out of the earth stopped the conversation, and stopped us where we stood. Only three inches from rim to rim, it seemed somehow, to me, in the surprise of coming upon it, to reach far out into the surrounding wilderness, to be the mine itself. It had been marked as Kennecott's Drill Site No. 3. Park said it probably went down about five hundred feet, and that the core samples that had been removed through it must have been three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The core samples would have shown not only whether copper was there, in that spot, but also the concentration of it in the porphyry. Earlier in this century, if copper ore



T. G. Gaddard



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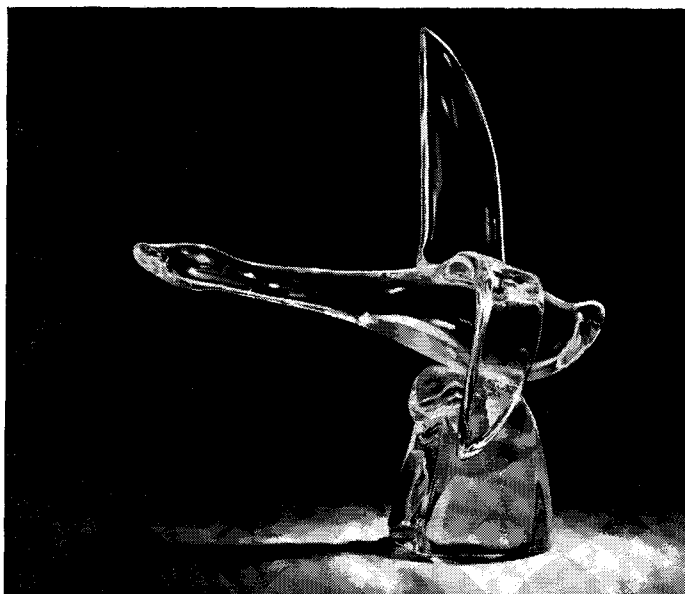
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was not at least two or three per cent copper it was bypassed. Now if it is seven-tenths of one per cent copper it is mined. We sat down, roughly in a circle, around the pipe. We each had a plastic bag full of a mixture of peanuts, raisins, and chocolate, and we opened the bags and ate while we looked at the pipe, although there was so little to see. Around it spread the meadow grass, the vetch, and the buttercups, undisturbed.

"What per cent of the world's known copper is under here?" Brower asked.

"I don't know," Park said. "Kennecott hasn't told me."

For a time, the only sound was from the wind and from the waterfall on the mountain. Then Brower said, "We don't know the size of the reserve."

"That's true."

"If you start with point seven per cent and work down, say, to point three five—if that level becomes commercially feasible, then there's no telling how big the pit will be."

"That's true."

"The theory of economic growth is doomed on a finite planet."

"It has to be."

"We have to figure out how to cool it. I think a major change in thinking is around the corner."

Park took off his cap and smoothed his hair. "I hope your optimism holds," he said. "I'm a pessimist."

"I *have* to be an optimist. It keeps me in business. Otherwise, I'd open a waffle shop."

Of all the things Brower swallows, the two he seems to like most in the world are Tanqueray gin and whipped-cream-and-strawberry-covered waffles.

"Copper affects the international balance of payments," Park said. "We are net importers of copper."

"I can't get excited about that."

"Again, what you're saying is that you're willing to lower the standard of living."

"Very much so."

"Then you increase ghetto problems in cities."

"There is a gap between a lowered standard and the ghetto," Brower said. "One thing we could do, to begin with, is stop copper roofing."

"That's not a great amount. It's mostly in wiring."

"A lot of copper goes into coinage. Quarters are sandwiches of nickel and copper."

"Yes. We could get rid of that."

"We could use aluminum coins."

"Aluminum coins are horrible," Park said. "They're dirty."

"Well, then, I'd rather have a hole



in a coin than a hole in Plummer Mountain. A mine in this wilderness is horrible, too."

"The mine has to come. Population pressure is irresistible."

"Population is pollution spelled inside out."

"I agree. At least, I agree that it is a very real problem."

"Families with more than two children should be taxed," Brower said.

"I agree with that, too. Everything is hopeless without population control."

"How many children do you have?"

"Three. How many do you have?"

"Four," Brower confessed.

They both turned to me.

"Four," I said.

The medical students looked on with interest.

"Seven billion people are going to be on the earth in the year 2000," Park said.

"It is wrong to assume so. Demographers make a projection like that and then we all assume it's inevitable and we go ahead and make it so."

Brower has a metaphysical or perhaps superstitious belief in the idea of the self-fulfilling prophecy. He also has no regard for the extrapolations of social scientists.

"India? Africa? Have you seen the figures?" Park asked him.

"I think there will be a massive pestilence."

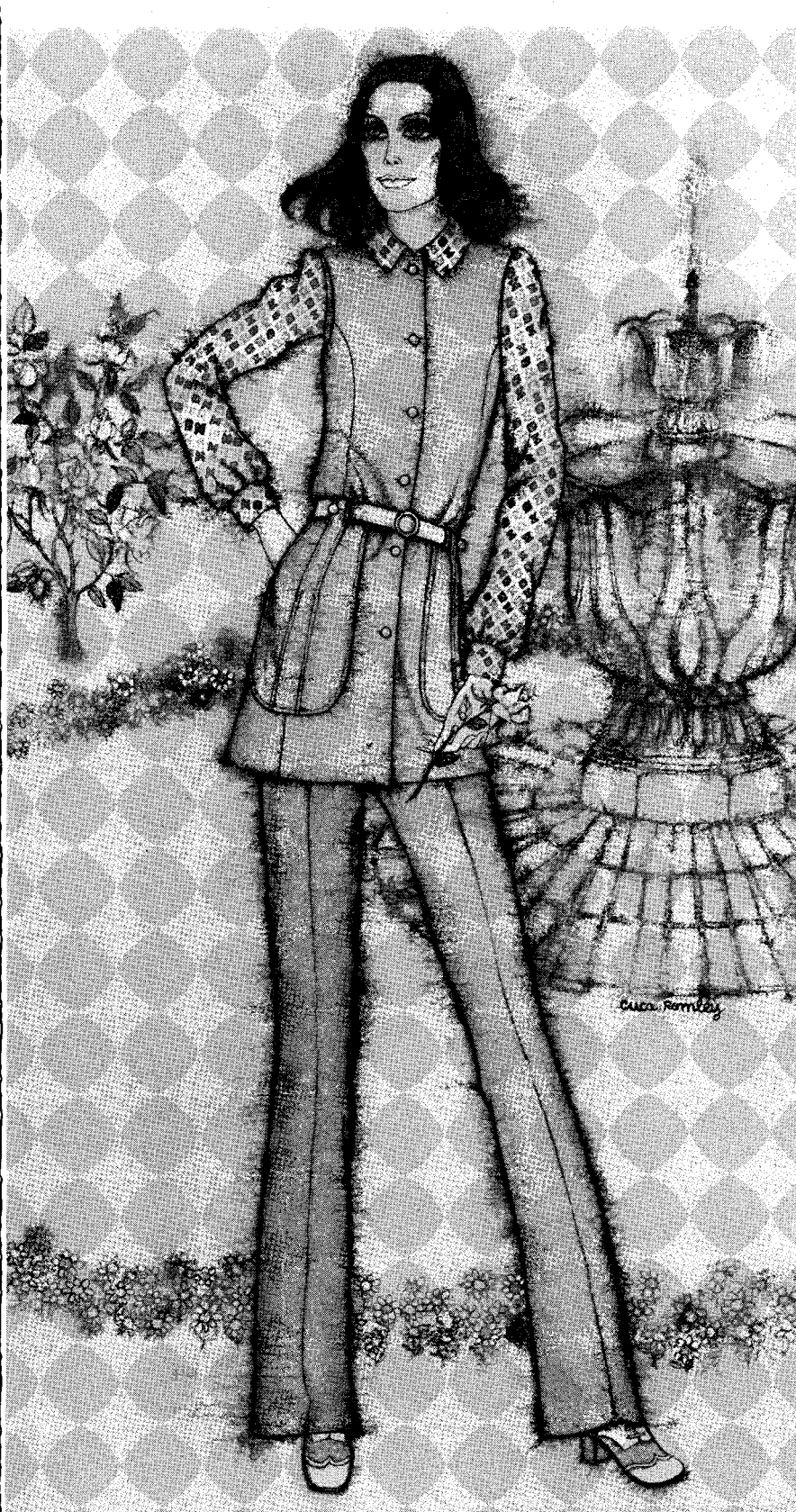
"Perhaps so, but meanwhile population pressure is irresistible."

"Central Park and the Adirondacks have resisted it pretty well."

Adirondack State Park is the largest park, state or federal, in the United States. It was created in 1892, principally as the result of the efforts of a group of conservationists in Brooklyn, who put into the constitution of the State of New York this guarantee: "The Forest Preserve shall be forever kept as wild forest lands."

Park put on his cap. "There was a titanium mine in the Adirondacks during the Second World War," he said.

AROUND the galvanized pipe, there was no evidence that copper ore had in fact come through it. We moved on. Our eyes began to hunt—in a sense, to forage—for green rock. The alpine meadows ended abruptly at the edge of an extremely steep escarpment above the stream that ran from the waterfall off Plummer Mountain. We picked our way down the face of the escarpment. Park was wielding his pick with more intent than whimsy, and when he hit something we all looked around, as if we were expecting him at any moment to crack open the vaults of the

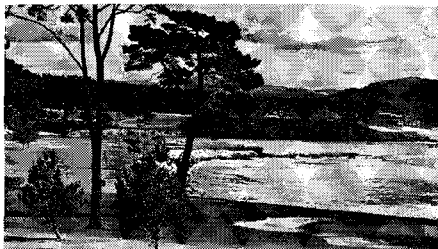


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Glacier Peak Wilderness. Halfway down the incline, he split off a hunk of gray rock about the size of a book and looked with interest at the part of it that was newly exposed to light.

"What did you find?"

"Nothing. Just a good streak of mineral. We're in the mineralized area."

"But no copper."

"None there. Copper is water soluble. It leaches out and precipitates below. This is certainly your ore horizon."

"Will we actually see copper ore?"

"Maybe. Who knows?"

We inched on down toward the stream, which had the pools, the clear water, the smooth water-magnified rocks, and the airy white rips of a perfect trout stream. A spring spilled into it from a ledge about eight feet above it. We paused there. Looking far up to the level where we had begun our descent to the stream, Park said, "We're locked in here now. I wouldn't go back up there for anything." Our intent was to cross the brook and try to work our way around the mountain-side along a kind of welt that was known as Miner's Ridge—so named for prospectors who had worked small claims there in an era when open pits were ten feet deep.

Brower filled his Sierra Club cup and offered it to Park, who thanked him, drank the water, and said, "If you stuck a nail in that spring and came back in two years, I think you'd have a copper nail."

"Is there copper in seawater?" I asked him.

"Very little," Park said.

"Harrison Brown thinks seawater is a viable source of copper," Brower said. "And he is considered a leading authority on resources for the future."

"That depends on who you talk to," Park said. "Anyway, I'm sure he doesn't think there is that much copper in seawater."

One of the medical students said, "Who is Harrison Brown?"

Park and Brower described Brown as a geochemist at the California Institute of Technology who believes that in energy lies the answer to the problem of diminishing resources. Minerals are almost everywhere for the taking if we can develop the energy and technology to extract them. In a mere cubic mile of seawater, for example, is more magnesium than has yet been mined in the history of metallurgy. According to Brown, uranium can be drawn from the granite of

mountains. Thus, said Brower with irony, a kind of total mine could be made of the Sierra Nevada, starting at one end and consuming the entire mountain range until the area between the Nevada Desert and the orchards and vineyards of California consisted only of a vast gray peneplain.

I said that a conservationist in Seattle had told me that one method Kennecott might use to extract the copper from where we stood was to insert a nuclear bomb in Plummer Mountain, bring the mountain down in shards into the Suiattle Valley, then pour rivers of chemicals over it to leach out the copper.

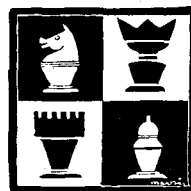
"Operation Plowshare," Park said. "It wouldn't level the mountain. That's a gross exaggeration. It would hardly show on the surface. But it wouldn't work well, either. They can't direct their blast. They make a cylinder. Most ore deposits are not cylindrical, to say the least. They're on an angle. The nuclear blast goes straight up."

Brower said, "If Harrison Brown can get so much out of granite, he ought to be able to get something out of concrete. He could start with the Embarcadero Freeway."

I once drove across the Mojave Desert with Brower, and to help pass the time in the hundred-degree heat I asked him if he could make a list of places for Harrison Brown to grind up. Where, if anywhere, would Brower find such megamining acceptable? "The Mojave Desert," Brower said, and then fell silent in thought. Brower's son Ken, who was twenty-three, sat up in the back seat and said, "He's

hard-pressed. It's going to be a short list. He likes everything." The list was less than short. Brower began to look around the Mojave, his eyes taking in the plumbing-fixture weirdness of the Joshua trees, the zigzag fissures in the earth, the curls and crests of desiccated waves. "I take that back," he said. "There are some nice shapes here."

In the streambed we found another galvanized pipe. This one had been bored into the earth at a forty-five-degree angle. Again there was no tangible evidence of copper. Other than the pipe, the only evidence that men had been there was a number of crushed fuel cans among the boulders in the stream. A helicopter must have delivered the drill, later flying away heavy with core samples, cuprous and green. I noticed that Park was limping, and, as it happened, I was limping,





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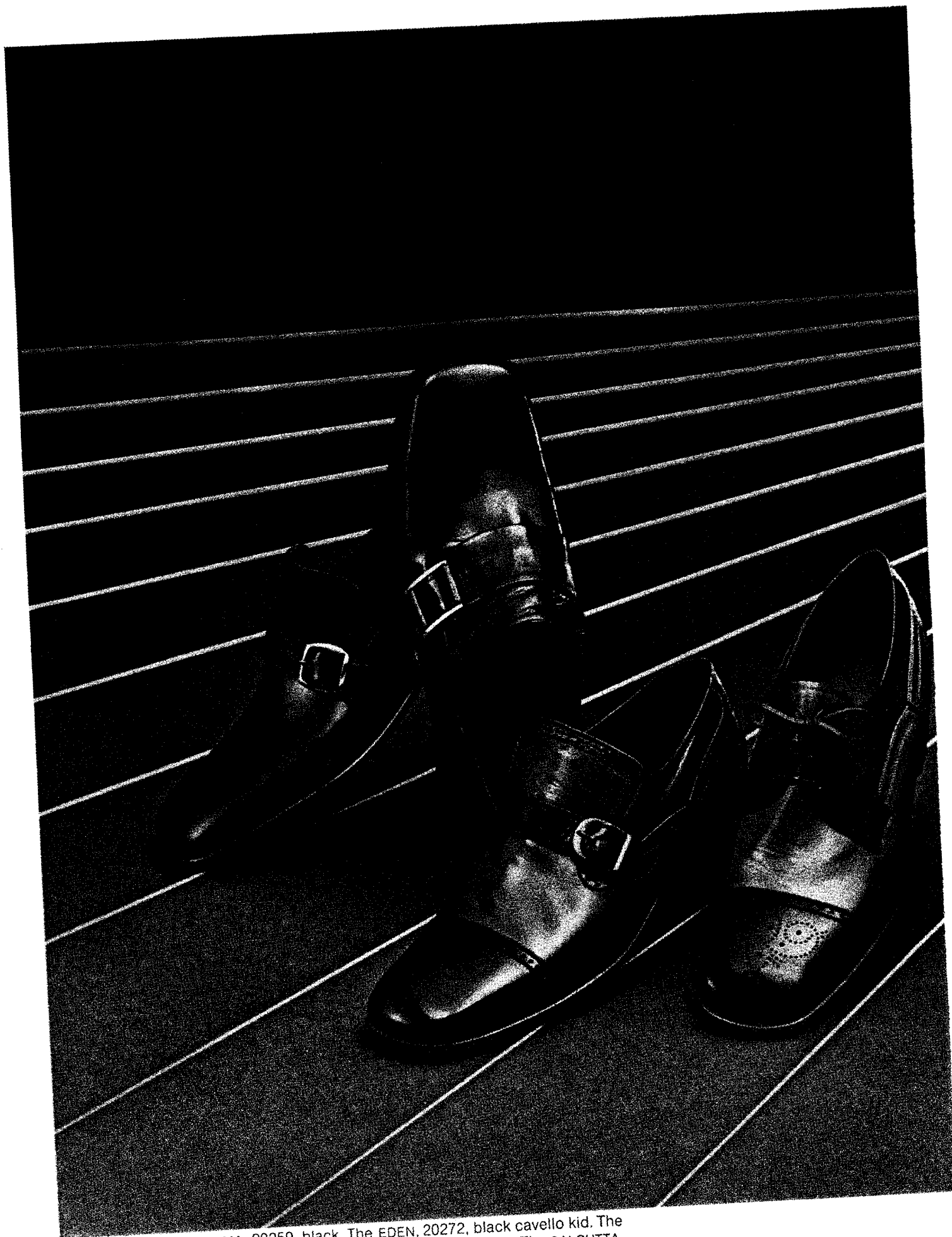
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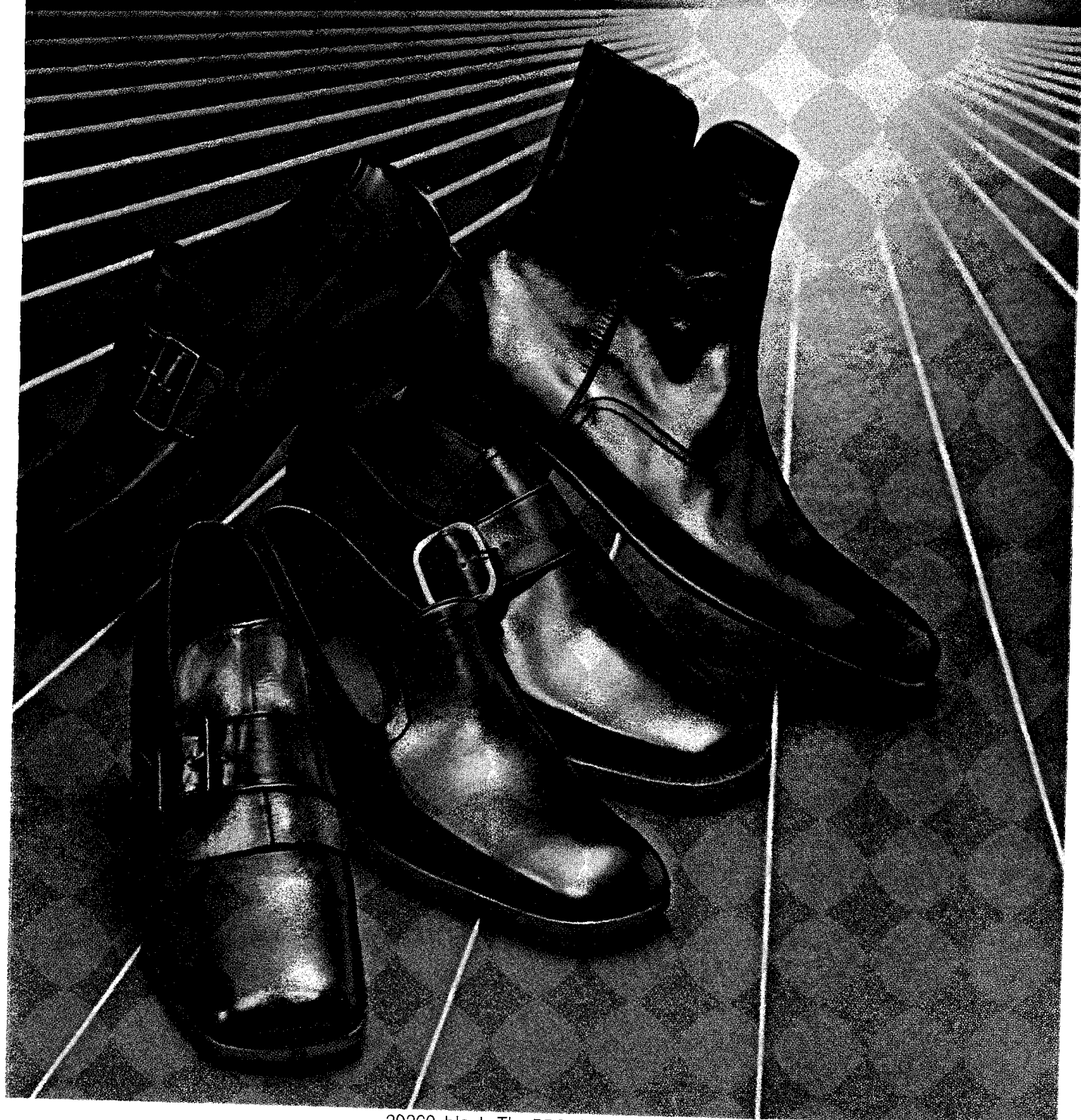


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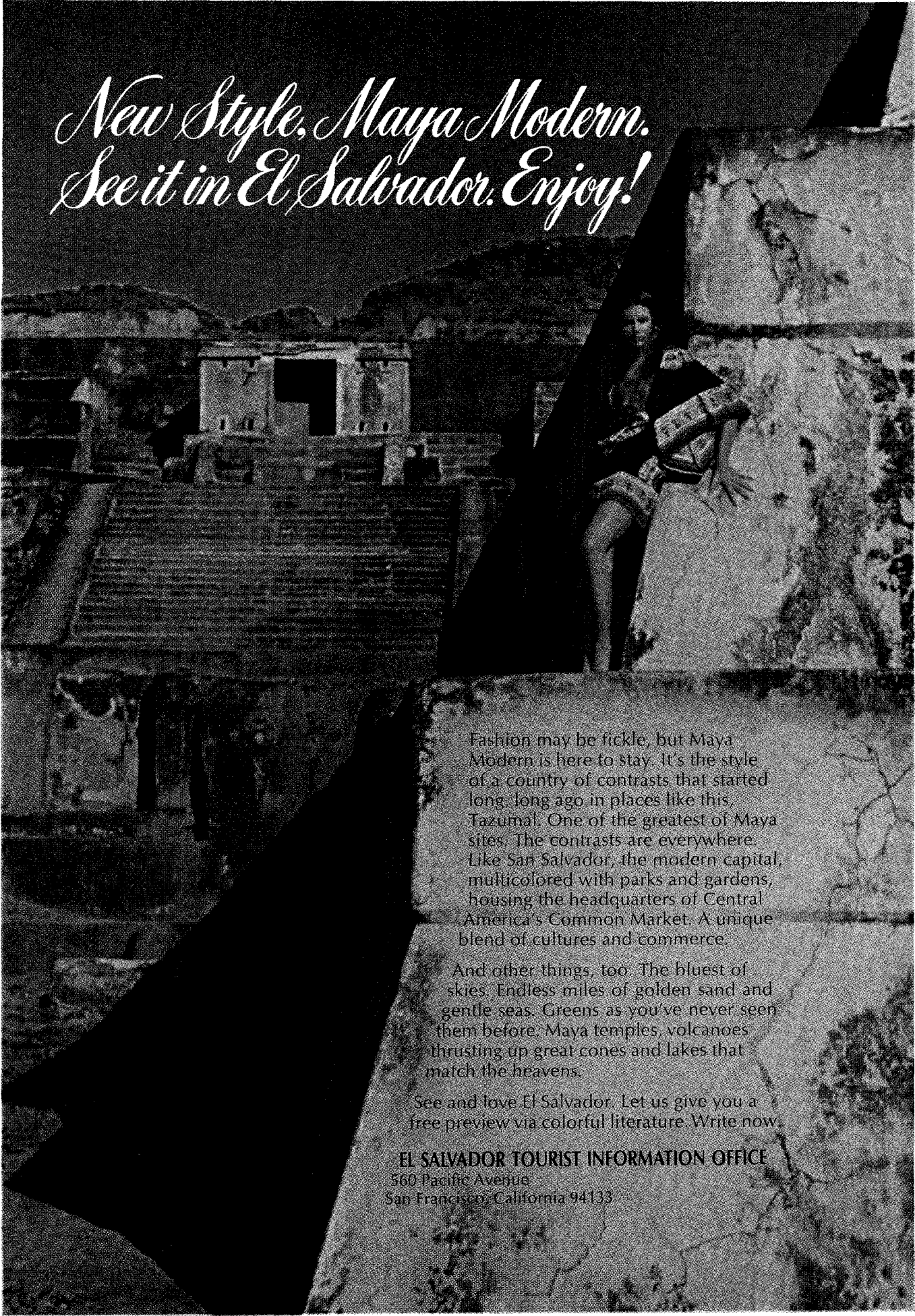
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too. We had a long way to go even to return to the trail, let alone to reach the place where we had planned to stop for the night, a scenic climax of much renown—Image Lake, a mirror-surfaced mountain tarn so situated that it reflects and even magnifies Glacier Peak. Park was not much interested in going there, since a detour would be involved. Brower felt that the lake should not be missed. Meanwhile, we would hunt for copper along Miner's Ridge, which at that point was the most uninviting piece of terrain I had ever seen, being thickly vegetated, trailless, chopped with rock walls and ravines, and generally so steep that the use of hands would obviously be necessary most of the way. Park moved quite slowly, hunting the best route, making his way downhill, breaking through meshed branches, and continually chipping at rocks. Somehow, he and I became separated from the others. We shouted and heard them shout back. They were above and behind us. We waited for them to join us.

Park said, "Dave lives in a house, doesn't he?" Park had a grin in the corner of his mouth, and I developed one in mine. I told him I had once heard a man in an audience in Scarsdale tell Brower that to be consistent with his philosophy he should wear a skin and live in a cave.

I thought of Brower's house and how it clings to a steep hillside far above the campus at Berkeley. It is a simple structure, made of redwood. Although it is far from large, it almost completely fills Brower's lot, which he acquired in 1946, at the start of the postwar building boom. He sketched a plan on the back of an envelope, showed it to a contractor, and told him to build what he saw—thus the first house in what quickly became a neighborhood. There is almost no front yard—just a concrete apron for Brower's Volvo and his Volkswagen bus. In back is a patch of ground, Brower's private claim on the out-of-doors—the eighty-seventh part of an acre. Filled with vegetation—loquat, lemon, fuchsia, apricot, peach, camellia—it is an infinitesimal jungle. From the front windows of Brower's house the view of San Francisco Bay is panoptic—the Golden Gate, the Bay Bridge, the Marin Peninsula, the white city—and would be a breathtaking view were it not for a high telephone pole, directly across the street, where lines come in from four or five directions and have been looped and bunched into something that suggests a huge tumbleweed hanging in the air,

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an enormous ganglion of copper wires.

"Yes, he does live in a house," I said.

We could hear Brower and the medical students crashing through the undergrowth and coming closer to us.

"Is it painted?" Park asked. "Most people don't think about pigments in paint. Most white-paint pigment now is titanium. Red is hematite. Black is often magnetite. There's chrome yellow, molybdenum orange. Metallic paints are a little more permanent. The pigments come from rocks in the ground. Dave's electrical system is copper, probably from Bingham Canyon. He couldn't turn on a light or make ice without it. The nails that hold the place together come from the Mesabi Range. His downspouts are covered with zinc that was probably taken out of the ground in Canada. The tungsten in his light bulbs may have been mined in Bishop, California. The chrome on his refrigerator door probably came from Rhodesia or Turkey. His television set almost certainly contains cobalt from the Congo. He uses aluminum from Jamaica, maybe Surinam; silver from Mexico or Peru; tin—it's still in tin cans—from Bolivia, Malaya, Nigeria. People seldom stop to think that all these things—planes in the air, cars on the road, Sierra Club cups—once, somewhere, were rock. Our whole economy—our way of doing things, most of what we have, even our culture—rests on these things. Oh, gad! I haven't even mentioned minerals like manganese and sulphur. You won't make steel without them. You can't make *paper* without sulphur. By a country's use of sulphuric acid you can almost measure its industrial capacity. The top of Mount Adams has been prospected by sulphur companies. Did you know that?"

Mount Adams is one of the great beauties of the Cascades, a volcano of the storybook kind, its curving lines sweeping to a pointed white summit. The mountain is owned by the government of the United States, but its apex could be mined. The top is where the sulphur is.

Brower and the medical students caught up with us, and Brower asked how we were doing.

"Fine," said Park. "But, to tell you the truth, I wish these boots were still in Canada. My feet are in bad shape."

"Did you find any copper?" one of the medical students asked.

Park shook his head. "It's down in here, though," he said, pointing straight down. "That's for sure." With no trail, and without much energy, we

continued along the face of Miner's Ridge, and the going became even slower as we encountered a greater concentration of ravines, but no copper. The desire to see evidence of the copper lode was mere curiosity—no one doubted that copper was inside the mountain—but the curiosity, the sense of hunting, was compelling nonetheless.

Park talked about minerals. Few minerals are found in their native state, or, as he put it, free in nature; among them are silver, platinum, and gold. Zinc comes from sphalerite, tin comes from cassiterite, cobalt comes from smaltite, mercury comes from cinnabar. Each year, in the United States, about fifteen hundred tons of silver—about a third of all that is used—goes into photographic film and paper. For the price of a pound of hamburger,



you can buy ten pounds of steel, and if it were not that cheap there would be economic problems all over the earth. Vanadium comes from sedimentary rock and may be an answer to air pollution; vanadium somehow defeats the toxicity in exhaust fumes. Titanium exists in the rutile of Georgia and Florida beaches, and is needed for the skins of supersonic aircraft, because aluminum without titanium would melt in the friction heat. Almost all mercury comes from three places: Almadén, Idria, Monte Amiata (Spain, Yugoslavia, Italy). Mercury is essential to any instrument intended to measure or control temperature or pressure. There is no known substitute for it, and there is very little of it. Japan buys iron ore from Nevada and coal from strip mines in West Virginia. In many places in the United States, it is impossible to buy nails that were not made in Japan. No nation has an adequate supply of all the minerals it uses. Since 1900, more minerals have been used than in all previous time.

Park had recently published all this, in less random form, in a book titled "Affluence in Jeopardy," which is in part a primer on minerals and their uses and significance and in part an exhortation to mankind to husband what we have. Introducing minerals one by one, he says in clear and fascinating detail what they are, where they come from, what we do with them, and, ultimately, how we are locked into a system of living that is fuelled by them and founded upon them and would collapse without them. He quotes Lord Dewar, who said, "Minds are like parachutes. They only function when they are open," and he goes on to define conservation (at least with





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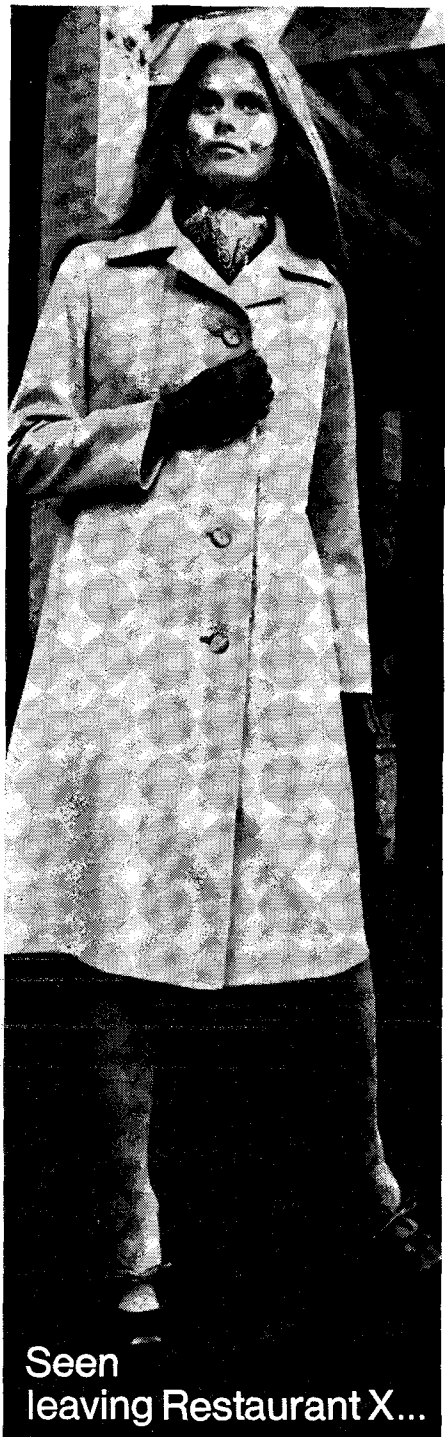


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regard to minerals) as the complete use of natural resources, with as little waste as possible, for the benefit of all the people, and not merely for industrialists, on the one hand, or preservationists, on the other. He says that the search for energy, being vital to the extraction of minerals, and thus to the survival of the society, is far more important than exploration of the back of the moon, and he says that each nation should have a mineral policy that involves the intelligent exploration and development of mineral resources and an acceptance of fully reciprocal international trade. Copper, he reports, is used in the United States at the rate of at least two million tons a year. "As we look at the nonferrous metals, we note that, in spite of the value of mercury and the great demands for aluminum, copper remains the giant of the group. There has been an unbelievable amount of searching for copper, much of it in recent years, and there are entire nations whose economies depend upon this metal. . . . No substitute for copper is as satisfactory as the metal itself."

At about half past three that afternoon, we came to a small stream that ran straight down the steep mountain-side. We shook off our packs, removed our boots, and set our feet in the water. "Oh, gad, that feels good," Park said. Our feet were as white as fish flesh in the cold water—so cold that I could barely stand it. This was a way to keep going, though. A cold stream offers a kind of retread. The pain goes away for a while afterward, and miles can be added to a day. Reaching upstream, Brower dipped himself a cupful of water. "Wilderness is worth it, if for no other reason than it is the last place on earth where you can get good water," he said. No one else said anything. We were too tired. We stared into the stream, or looked across the deep Suiattle Valley at the virgin forests on the lower slopes and the snow and ice on the upper slopes of Glacier Peak. Park's attention became fixed on the pebbles at the bottom of the stream, and after a moment he leaned forward and reached into the water, wetting his sleeve. He removed from the water a blue-and-green stone about the size of a garden pea. He set it on the palm of one hand and passed it before us. "We have been looking all day for copper," he said. "Here it is."

**T**HE beauty of the mountain across the valley was cool and absolute, but the beauty of the stone in Park's hand was warm and subjective.

It affected us all. Human appetites, desires, ambitions, greeds, and profound aesthetic and acquisitional instincts were concentrated between the stone and our eyes. Park reached again into the stream, and said, "Here's another one. The blue is chrysocolla—copper silicate. The rest is malachite—green copper carbonate."

All of us, Brower included, knelt in the stream and searched for stones. Brower found one. He was obviously excited by it. Brigham found one. Snow found one. Park found one as large as a robin's egg, mottled blue and green, with black specks of cupric oxide.

"My God, look at that!"

"Malachite and chrysocolla in altered intrusive rock," Park said.

"I've got another one," Brower said. "Good Lord, look at them all!"

"Hey, there are even more up here!" Snow called out.

"The rock is probably monzonite—a granite with equal parts of potash and soda feldspars—altered by hydrothermal solutions. I'd have to take it into a lab to know for sure. The copper came way up out of the earth's core when these mountains were fluid."

Larry Snow was shouting from above. He had a green rock in his hand the size of a golf ball. The slope and the streambed were as steep as a ladder, and ten minutes earlier the thought of going up there would have filled me with gloom and inertia. Now I put on my boots and followed him, scrambling hand over foot for the copper.

The higher we went, the larger were the green rocks—two inches, three inches, four inches thick. On a ledge about a hundred yards above Park, Brower, and Brigham, who were still assembling green pebbles, Snow picked up a rock that he could barely manage with one hand. Others like it were all over the ledge—cuprous green and aquamarine.

I held one high in my right hand and shouted down to Brower, "Dave, look at this! Look at this rock! Don't you think it would be a crime against society not to take this copper out of here?"

"Stay up there! Don't come back down!" Brower shouted. He was a small figure, from that high perspective. He was waving Snow and me away. "Stay up there! We'll send a party for you next spring!"

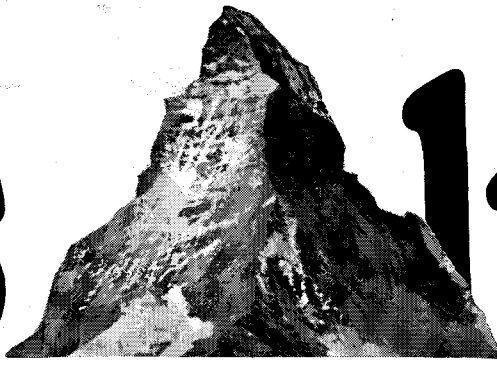
At the back of the ledge was the source of the copper. A deep, narrow hole had been blown into the side of





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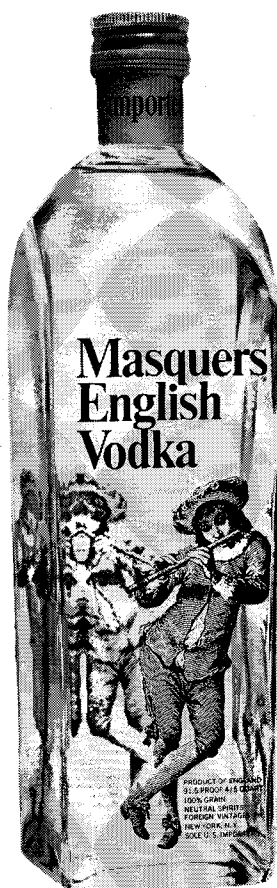
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\*The lute and the balalaika are each the favored accompaniment to respectively, English and Russian folk songs. To date, a balalaika version of Greensleeves or a lute version of Orchicharnya have not been recorded.

Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., New York City 10020. Distilled from Grain 91.5 proof

the mountain, making what appeared to be a small cave—a nick in the wilderness, exposing and fragmentarily spilling its treasure. Snow and I filled a small canvas bag with perhaps twenty pounds of ore and made our way back down the streambed.

No one seemed anxious to move. I again took off my boots and put my feet in the stream. Brower had made an attractive collection of green pebbles. He looked with interest and feigned contempt at the big stones we had brought down. Brower is a collector of rocks. Behind his desk in his office in San Francisco were rocks he had collected from all over, and notably from the canyons of the Colorado—Glen Canyon, Grand Canyon. In most cases, he did not know what these rocks were, nor did he appear to care. He had taken them for their beauty alone.

Park was contemplating Glacier Peak. We were as close to it as we would ever be. It was right there—so enormous that it seemed to be on top of us, extending upward five thousand feet above our heads. "That's the sort of thing that draws people into geology," he said. "Geologists go into the field because of love of the earth and of the out-of-doors."

"The irony is that they go into wilderness and change it," Brower said.

Park appeared to be too tired to be argumentative. "There are some silly things about the mining laws," he said after a time, and he went on to explain that once a mining company or anyone else establishes a patented claim on public land they have complete rights to do anything they want, just as if they—and not the people of the United States—were owners of the property. Within federal law, they can cut down all the trees, they can build skyscrapers. If Kennecott wants to, Kennecott can put up a resort hotel in the Glacier Peak Wilderness. This law, enacted in 1872, makes no sense now to Park. He said he thought that mining companies should be given leases, and that these leases should include strong restrictions on mining practice and use of the land. In his view, something like that would go a long way toward eliminating the dichotomy that currently exists between conservationists and miners. While he was saying all this, he dried his feet in the air. I noticed for the first time that Park's heels were so raw red they were all but bleeding. He pulled on his socks and, with care, his boots. He got up—we all got up—and moved west along the ridge. He was forced to trudge, even



after we rejoined the trail. Going to Image Lake would add several miles to the trip, involve an extra climb, and, the next day, a precipitous descent, but when the trail forked, Park headed for Image Lake.

Above Park's desk at Stanford was a picture of a jackass, with the caption "Can I help? Or do you want to make your own mistakes?" Near it was a photostatic blowup of a five-cent postage stamp showing cherry boughs and the Jefferson Memorial over the legend "Plant a More Beautiful America." Park's great-grandfather was a Minuteman. His grandfather was a guide on the Santa Fe Trail. His father had a real-estate and travel agency in Wilmington. His older brother went off and became a cowpuncher for the Bell Ranch, in New Mexico, and this in part established the draw to the West that Park felt throughout his youth. Tall, loose, rangy, and graceful, Park was a basketball player—a very good one—and he loved the game so much that he played not only for Wilmington High School (he was in the Class of 1922) but also, on the side, for various churches. His father told him that he had to worship at any church for which he played basketball, so for a long time he went to church at least twice each Sunday. He says he hasn't been to church since, except on the day that he was married. Also in those days, he made camping trips along the Brandywine, fished with a drop line in Chesapeake Bay, collected rocks that people sent him from beyond the hundredth meridian, and waited for the day when he could go beyond it himself.

When he was eighteen, he went to New York and shipped out in steerage on a Matson Line steamer for Galveston. It was the cheapest way West. He was not sure where he was going. He thought he might go to Golden (the Colorado School of Mines), or possibly to Socorro (the New Mexico School of Mines). "In those days, if you wanted to go to one of those places all you had to do was show up," he once explained to me. Eventually, he showed up at Socorro. He was the captain of his college basketball team, and he learned his mineralogy, and went on to get his master's degree at the University of Arizona and his Ph.D. at the University of Minnesota. In mining camps in those years, he became known as Chas (pronounced "chass"), specifically because the nickname distinguished him from the numerous Chinese in the mining camps, who, to a man, were known as Charlie. For a time, he worked as a mine surveyor for the New Jersey Zinc Company in Hanover, New Mexico,

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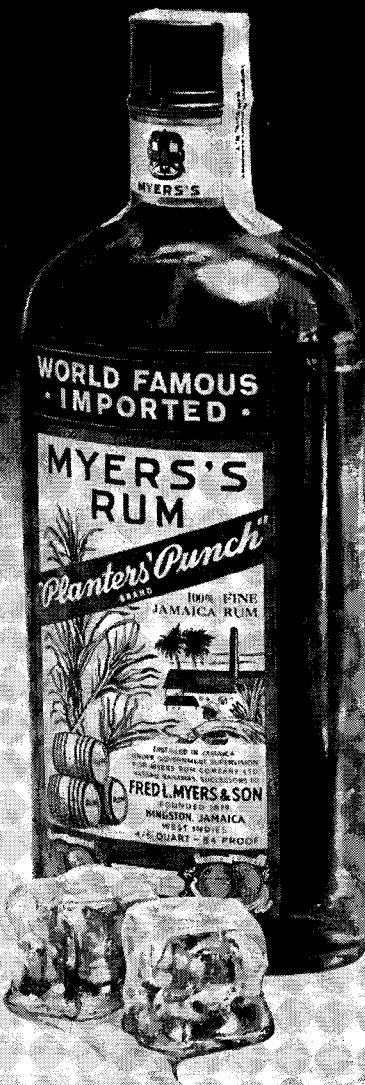




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where he met a girl from Colorado—Eula Blair—who eventually became his wife and the mother of his two sons and his daughter. His daughter is a teacher of physical education. His sons are both working geologists—one with Humble Oil, the other with Hanna Mining. Mining geology is not widely taught anymore, and across the years students have come from all over the earth to Stanford because—in term, anyway, when he was not in equatorial Africa or the Andes or the Great Basin or the Black Hills—Park has been there, to teach them courses with names like Ore Genesis 101.

We were about a mile east of Image Lake. Park stopped, picked up a stone, split it in half with his pick, and said, "We are well past the mineral deposit. The mine won't come anywhere near Image Lake. The rock here is not intrusive. It's completely volcanic."

"Of course, it could be a volcanic overburden," said Brower, to suggest the possibility that far beneath the earth's surface the copper might spread to untold dark horizons.

"That's true. It could," Park said, with a tired shrug, and he trudged on.

WE were a somewhat bizarre group on arrival at Image Lake. Park and I could scarcely place one foot after the other. The medical students appeared to be as fresh as they had been in the morning. And Brower was yodelling with pleasure. Brower yodels badly. The happier he seems to be, the more and the worse he yodels. He is Antaeus in the mountains, and he was clearly feeling good.

Image Lake is very small—a stock-water pond in size—and it stands in open and almost treeless terrain. Slowly, we went around it, looking for a place to sleep. The sun was just setting, and we had arrived much too late. We walked past tents along the shore—blue tents, green tents, red tents, orange tents. The evening air was so still that we could hear voices all around the lake. We heard transistor radios. People greeted us as we went by. The heaviest shadows were in the northwest arc of the shore, so the air was particularly cold there, and space had been left. We took the space. We had come into the mountains from the east. These people had come in from the west. It had not been an easy trip for them, to be sure. The nearest roadhead was fifteen miles west of us and some four thousand feet below. None-

theless, the lake that night had the ambience of a cold and crowded oasis. Shivering, I climbed up a slope to witness in the water the fading image of the great mountain. Objectively, the reflection was all it was said to be. But a "No Vacancy" sign seemed to hang in the air over the lake.

A real sign pointed the way to a privy. We collected firewood, which was very hard to find, and when we had something of a blaze going and had all drawn in close around it for warmth, I said to Park and Brower, "Do you feel that you're in a wilderness now?"

"Yes," Brower said. "All these people certainly diminish the wilderness experience, but I've seen crowds in wilderness before. I know that they'll go away, and when they go they haven't really left anything."

Once, on a trail in the Sierra, Brower and I passed numerous hikers coming in the other direction, and because there were so many of them they disturbed him. They weren't riding Bonanza Trail-Bikes and they didn't have transistor radios and they weren't tossing beer cans away. They were disturbing to him only because they were there. Brower kept asking them if we were likely to find "too many" people in Humphreys Basin, which lay ahead of us, and when he concluded that Humphreys Basin—an area of several thousand acres—was going to contain too much of humankind he left the trail and struck off overland for another part of the mountains. Once, also, Brower and I were approaching the Sierra from the west on Route 198, and it happened to be the evening of the final day of a holiday weekend, and a river of cars was coming in the other direction. Brower drove without hurry. "The longer we wait, the more people we'll get out of the mountains," he said.

Now, at Image Lake, Park said, "This is no wilderness to me. My idea of wilderness is not to walk a quarter of a mile to a biffy. There's just too many people here."

Brower said, "It's hard to believe that this many people would walk this far."

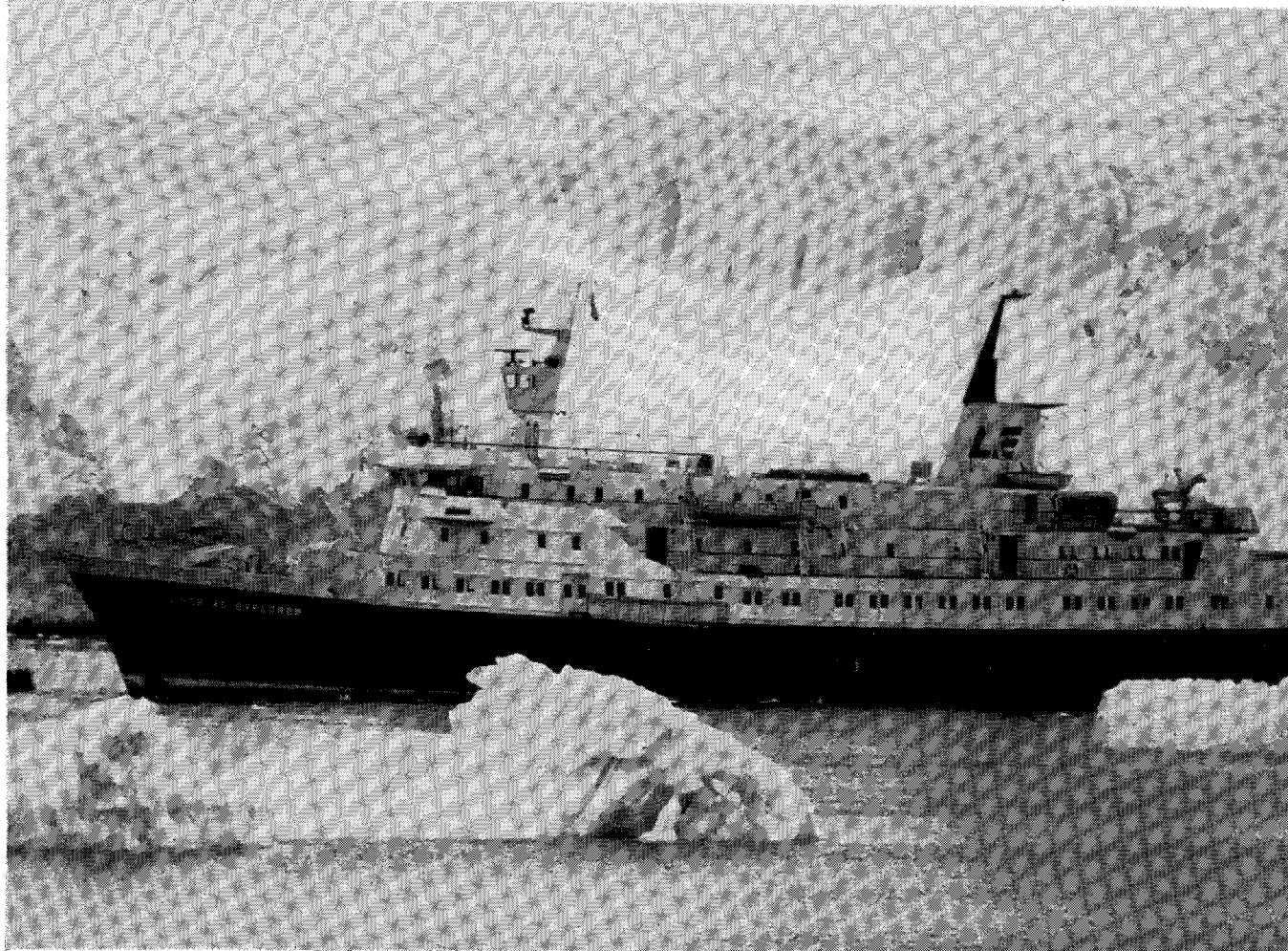
"Population pressure," Park said. "You can't stop it. I don't really understand why they come here, though. This is a very ordinary little mountain lake."

We put our dinner into a single pot, boiled the food, ate it; and no one noticed what it was. Park was the first to speak again. "The more I see of this





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country, the more I fail to see what that copper mine would do to it. When we started, I was under the impression it might do something, but, golly, I can't see that now."

"The excavation would be within a mile of here and would effectively remove even this lake from wilderness. Right now it has more impact than it can bear. The ecosystem is delicate here. Recovery rates are fast, but nonetheless it is getting pounded. And the disruption would go all the way to Suitttle Pass, so the Glacier Peak Wilderness would effectively be cut in half."

"There would be a mining company here on business, and that's what they'd be doing—that's all. The miners would stick to the mine. Some would go off hiking or fishing, sure, but they would be doing that anyway. Miners like wilderness."

"The trouble is they want to dig it up and take it home."

"Awww."

"Logging follows mining."

"You can control that."

"That's what I'm hoping."

"Your idea of control is to keep it out."

"All a conservation group can do is to defer something. There's no such thing as a permanent victory. After we win a battle, the wilderness is still there, and still vulnerable. When a conservation group *loses* a battle, the wilderness is dead."

"It doesn't have to be."

"It's dead by definition."

"I don't agree with that concept of wilderness—to just take a big block of land and say you're going to keep it for the future. I can't see it."

"Wilderness was originally a nice place to go to, but that is not what wilderness is for. Wilderness is the bank for the genetic variability of the earth. We're wiping out that reserve at a frightening rate."

We should draw a line right now. Whatever is wild, leave it wild."

"I would take a certain area and make part of it accessible and part of it inaccessible. Taking very large areas out of the country and keeping them as they were a thousand years ago—you can't do it. The population pressure is too great."

"A wilderness is a place where natural forces can keep working essentially uninterrupted by man. If ten per cent is still wild, we should tithe with it. Man has taken enough for himself already. We should pretend the rest doesn't exist. It's there for a different purpose."

"What purpose?"

"Not man's purpose. Man is a recent thing in the time scale here."

The moon had risen, pale and gibbous. We looked up at it. Men had been there recently and were going back in a few weeks. "There may be possibilities in the moon, but I can't see it," Park said.

"Apollo 11 proved the capability, and that was quite enough," Brower said. "Now let's spend the money on something else. We need to save the earth."

"Moon walking is silly," Park agreed. "There are too many things about the earth that we don't know, that would improve our lot, and that cost a lot of money."

"We're not so poor that we have to spend our wilderness or so rich that we can afford to. That kind of boxes it in nicely. Newton Drury said it."

"I don't believe you can stop expansion of the consumption of raw materials."

"You stop when you run out," said Brower. "Meanwhile, you make it less wasteful."

"Waste is criminal."

"If we recycled enough copper annually, we could do without this mine. Now that we know that we ourselves are on a spaceship, we have to get into our heads a concept of limits. Some things must stop or the world will become repugnant. There are limits everywhere, whether we are dealing with an island, a river, a mountain, with people, or with air. Living diversity is the thing we're preserving."

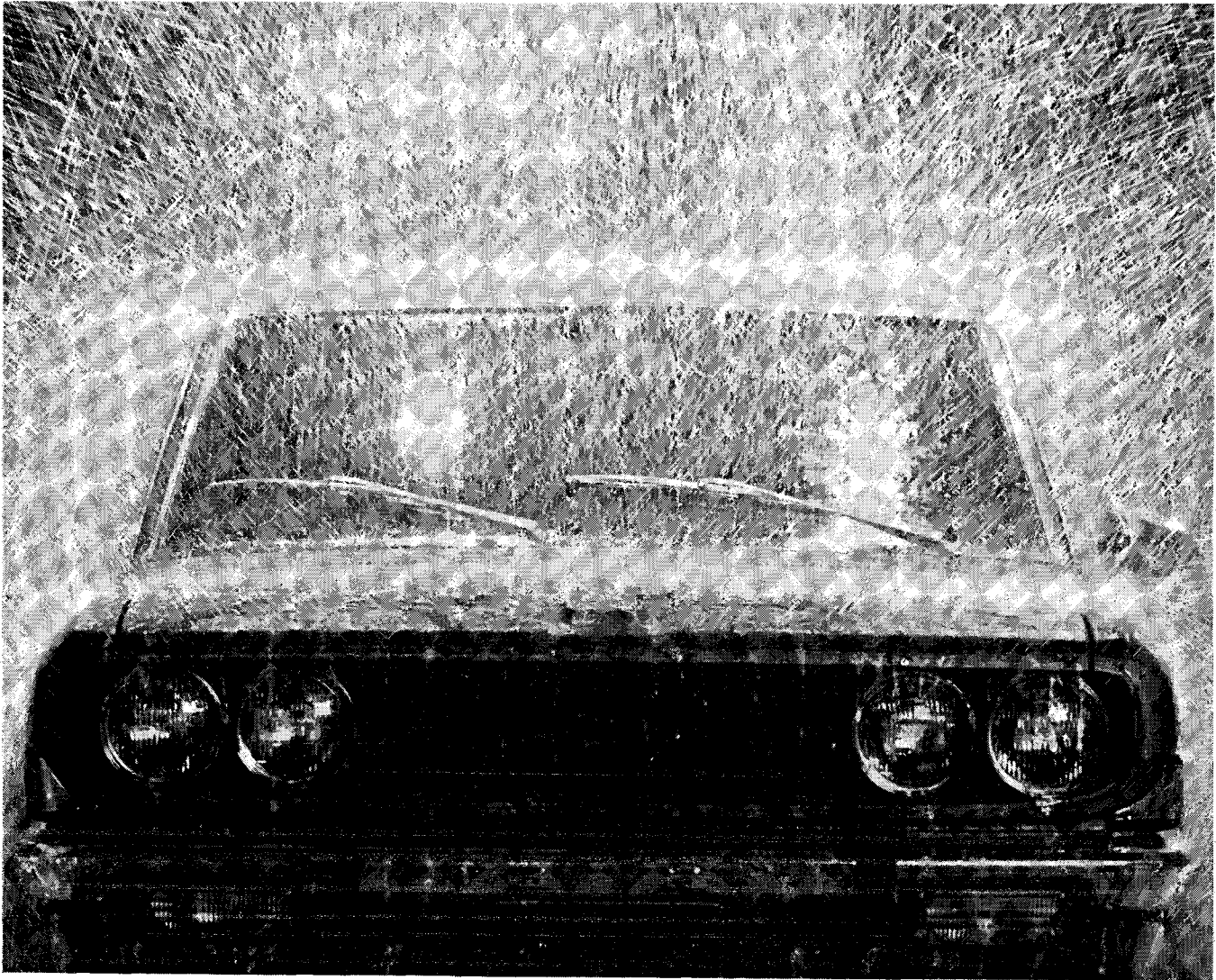
The fire had subsided almost to nothing, and the conversation subsided with it. The air was quite cold. We dispersed and got into our sleeping bags. Brower had arranged his pallet on top of a high promontory above the lake-shore. As a mountaineer, he knew that less dew condenses on high ground, and also that

the air is warmer there. Park and I felt too achingly sore in the feet to bother making the climb. We stretched out below. As Park adjusted himself to the ground beneath him, he said, "I know half a dozen lakes like this that I can drive to and where I would find less people. I'll give you my interest in Image Lake for a piece of a counterfeit penny." Then he fell asleep. It was 8:30 P.M.

ONCE, in the Black Hills, Park had taken me with him into the deepest mine in the Western Hemisphere. The descent took one hour—first in a wire cage down a shaft almost a mile







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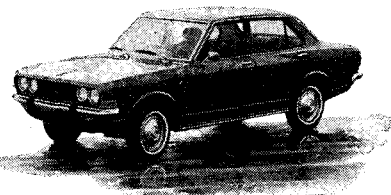
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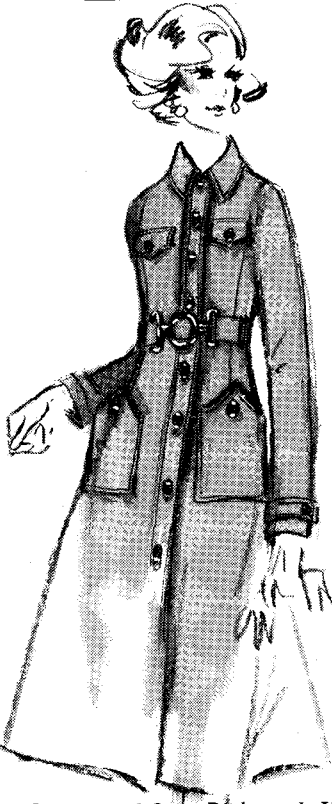


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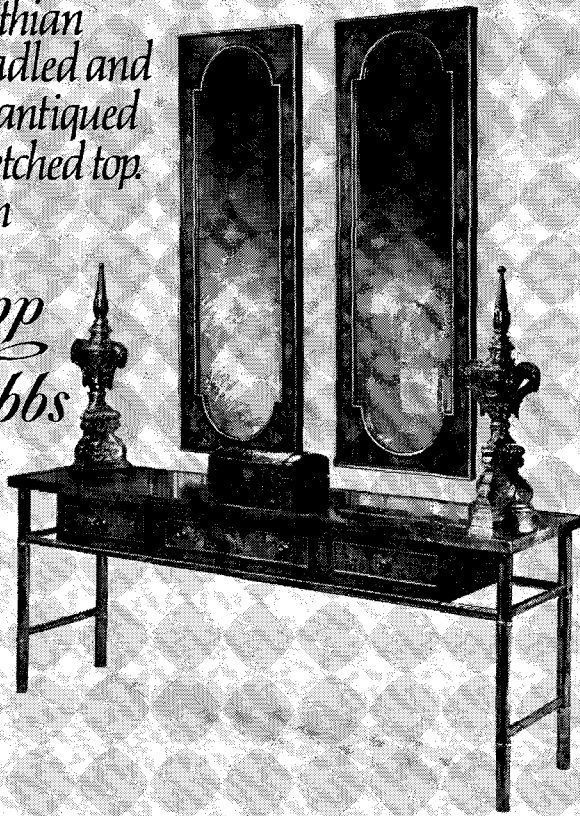
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deep, then a level mile or so on a narrow-gauge railway, then on down in another cage, until we were six thousand eight hundred feet beneath the earth's surface. Heat increases in that area about two degrees for every three hundred feet you go down into the earth. The rock down there was a hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, but the temperature in the tunnels we walked through had been brought down into the nineties by air pumped from the surface in long cloth tubes. The tunnels are known as drifts. Wearing coveralls, rubber boots, lamps, hard hats, and shatterproof glasses, we followed one drift to its end—to the deepest and remotest working face in the mine. Park hit away with his pick. Sparks came off the wall, and so did pieces of rock, basically dark gray with shining seams of pyrite and nodular insets of white quartz. I still have the pieces of rock that he knocked off that wall, and I have often shown them to people—particularly to children—and asked them what they thought they were looking at. What is in that rock? Why would men dig a hole that deep? What would make them go six thousand eight hundred feet underground? What could they possibly be seeking? The answer seldom comes quickly, perhaps because the rock is truly prosaic. "Iron?" they say. "Copper?" "Silver?" No. Keep going. It is the sum and symbol of why we mine anything, the base substance of the economies of nations, the malleable, ductile, most saint-seducing mineral in the crust of the earth. Something happens in their eyes when at last they say, "Gold."

Another day, on the surface, Park went out to look for greenstone pillows in a hill of amphibolite. Someone in the Geological Survey had suggested that these rock pillows, by the way they were positioned in the folds of the Black Hills, could indicate the direction of gold. Park walked along a ledge on the face of an escarpment, nagging at the pillows with his pick. Finally, he said, "Pretty inconclusive, I'd say." We were on high ground, and we could see around that beautiful country, with its big pines and its Engelmann's spruce so dark, dark green that the Sioux called the hills black. Surrounded by hot, dry terrain—the South Dakota Badlands on one side of them and Wyoming on the other—the Black Hills reach seven thousand feet and are cool and moist, with green valleys and clear-stream waterfalls and beaver ponds and deer and trout. "The Sioux loved this country," Park said. "No wonder they didn't want to give it up."

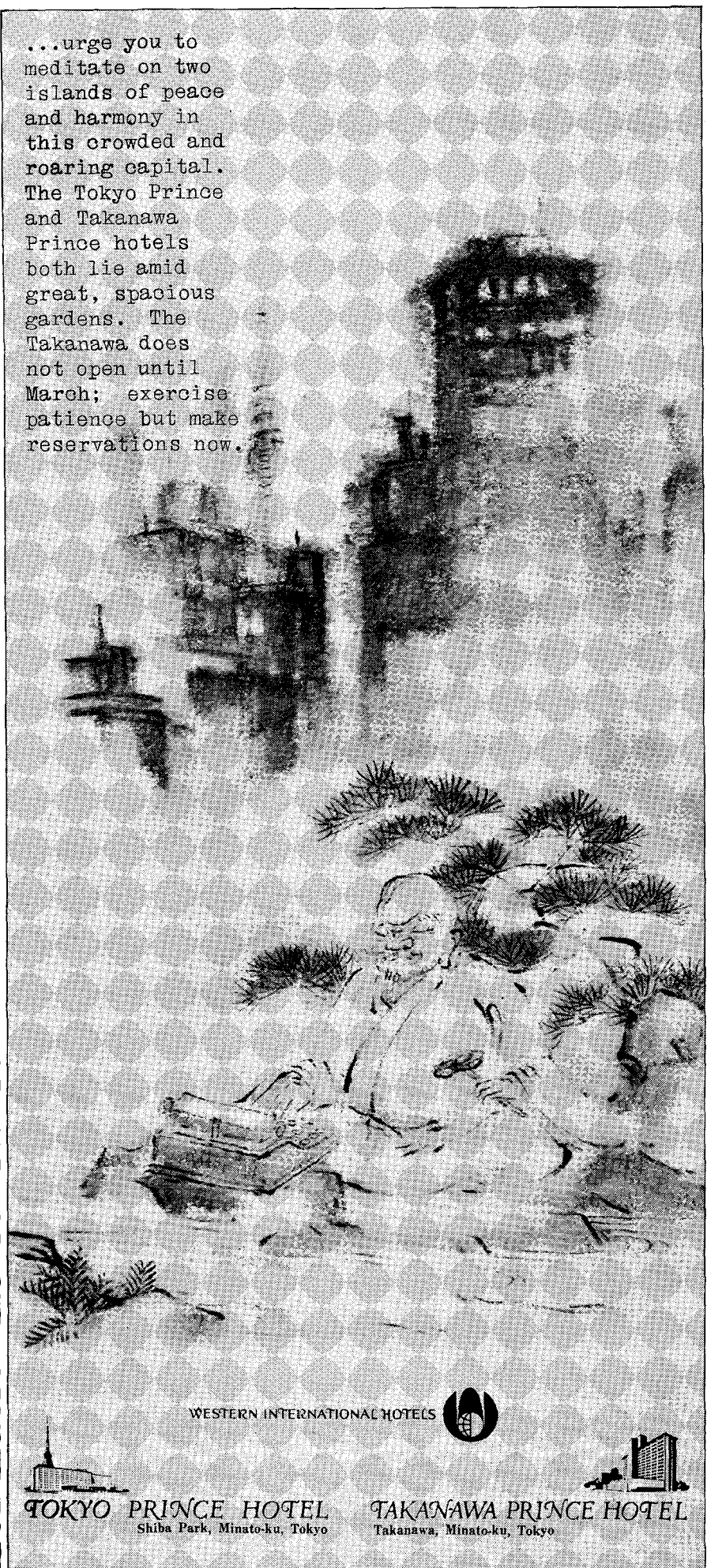


Land was a form of religion to the Indians, and the Black Hills, in this sense, were the religion of the Sioux. With all the fish, game, and beauty any man could want, the Black Hills fed the Sioux in body and spirit. Indians had no sense of private property, private land. The idea of individual human beings' owning pieces of the earth was to them at first incomprehensible and, when comprehended, a form of sacrilege. With the white man and his sense of property and the rights of property came the inequities and paradoxes that eventually led to the need for a conservation movement. Meanwhile, in 1851 the Sioux were promised by treaty that they could keep their Black Hills forever. In 1874, white men found gold there, and in 1875 white men entered the Black Hills in staggering numbers—white trash, in the main, like Wild Bill Hickok. It was the last gold rush in the United States. The promise to the Sioux was permanently broken, and the Sioux expressed their grief by destroying General Custer and his soldiers. "The Sioux are now a hundred miles east of here on a flat reservation in the Badlands," Park said to me. "There are no Sioux in the Sierra Club."

As we walked through a narrow swale filled with lilies, daisies, horsemint, and yellow vetch, we passed depressions in the ground that appeared to be graves that had been dug but not filled. Kinnikinnick berries grew in these depressions, and in one grew an aspen, tall and spreading, and in all likelihood nearly a hundred years old. "Prospectors," Park said. "A man would have come here and spent a day or a day and a half digging that hole in the ground. If he found anything, that would be his discovery-point pit, around which he would stake his claim. It was hit or miss. He had little to go on but the association of gold with quartz and pyrite. Sometimes prospectors found nuggets the size of peanuts. But that was extremely rare. Mining, and panning in the streams, was generally very hard work." There was a cool wind in the ponderosas, and a long view down through the stands of aspen below them. The rock formation before us stood on end. "It's Pre-Cambrian," Park said. "It's between three and four billion years old, probably. There are some old Pre-Cambrian flows like this up in Michigan—old pillow flows. There's some Pre-Cambrian rock in the Berkshires. There's also some in the bottom of the Grand Canyon. Look there! There are two good pillows! Maybe that boy has something."

The Black Hills are veined with un-

...urge you to meditate on two islands of peace and harmony in this crowded and roaring capital. The Tokyo Prince and Takanawa Prince hotels both lie amid great, spacious gardens. The Takanawa does not open until March; exercise patience but make reservations now.

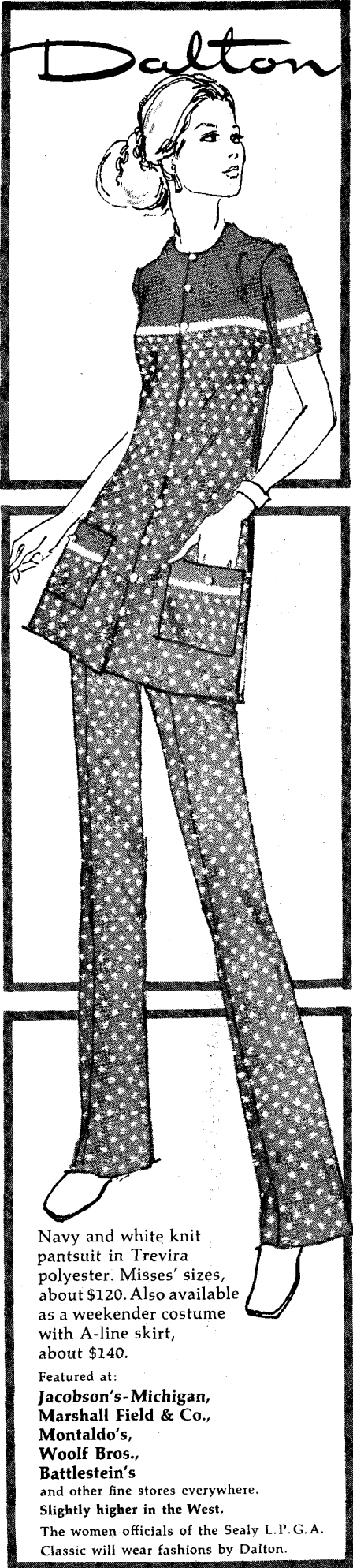


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paved roads. One of them was the stage route, a hundred years ago, from Telegraph Gulch to Deadwood. Driving his car along it one afternoon, Park said, "This is what I like about my profession. You see so much beautiful country. If I were starting over again, I'd do the same thing." In the next few miles, he saw a night hawk, a white-winged junco, a vesper sparrow, a western flycatcher, and a Townsend solitaire. He is a member of the American Ornithologists Union. He is a man who knows what he is looking at in wild country. I have never spent time with anyone who was more aware of the natural world, and he seemed to find in the land and landscape of the Black Hills an expression of almost everything he had come to believe about that world. He said, "People have a tendency to get a little bit emotional about preservation of the environment, I'm afraid. There are a couple of sawmills in here. They take mature trees. What harm do they do? They don't hurt the country. I don't see it. While I love the out-of-doors, I have no use for wilderness. We need to lumber. We need to mine. People don't realize what mining is. They don't realize the contributions that minerals and metals make to their lives. You can't live without industry. But that is what preservationists will say. Sawmills, mines, and forests *can* live together. These forests are beautiful here. They really are. The Black Hills are an example of where industry has not ruined an environment." In Park's view, about all that has been ruined in the Black Hills is Mount Rushmore, where the face of a mountain was blasted away and replaced with the faces of four American Presidents. It happens that Jefferson's nose is cracking. So is Lincoln's chin. And there are water stains on George Washington. But all that is just added insult. No face should be there except the face of the mountain. Even now, the face of Chief Crazy Horse is being sculpted on a mountain nearby. The Sioux need no monuments. Their monuments are seven thousand feet high and have been there since Pre-Cambrian time.

The deep gold mine is all that lives on from the legends of Deadwood Gulch. Park, a director of the mining company, was in the Black Hills to make a model—a sort of cubic map—of the mine. Three metamorphic-rock formations, called Homestake, Ellison, and Poorman, are folded together there like three kinds of ice cream. The gold is in the Homestake. From

established drifts, narrow drills "feel" their way into the rock, sometimes as far as fifteen hundred feet—strange antennae. With data so obtained, Park was reproducing on stacked plastic sheets all the streaks, striations, bands, and brindles in several cubic miles of rock.

Down on the Sixty-eight—as the sixty-eight-hundred-foot level of the mine is called—Park looked with admiration at the walls of a drift and said, "These miners can look at a turn in a drift and tell who made it. They're proud of a good drift, clean walls. These are hard-rock miners, not coal miners. And they want you to know the difference. There are advantages in mining. Conditions are fixed. Man has control of the environment. People who work in a mine figure they are creating something. They feel that they are creating wealth. They all think they're geologists. There isn't a miner here who doesn't have a favorite place he wants to blast into."

Park drew a couple of miners into the conversation, which was spoken in high voices, because of the noise of the air pumps and the working drills. "I prefer working underground to on the surface," one of them said. "Conditions are set. You're not going to get caught in a thunderstorm. If I didn't like it, I wouldn't be doing it. We're tearing apart solid rock."

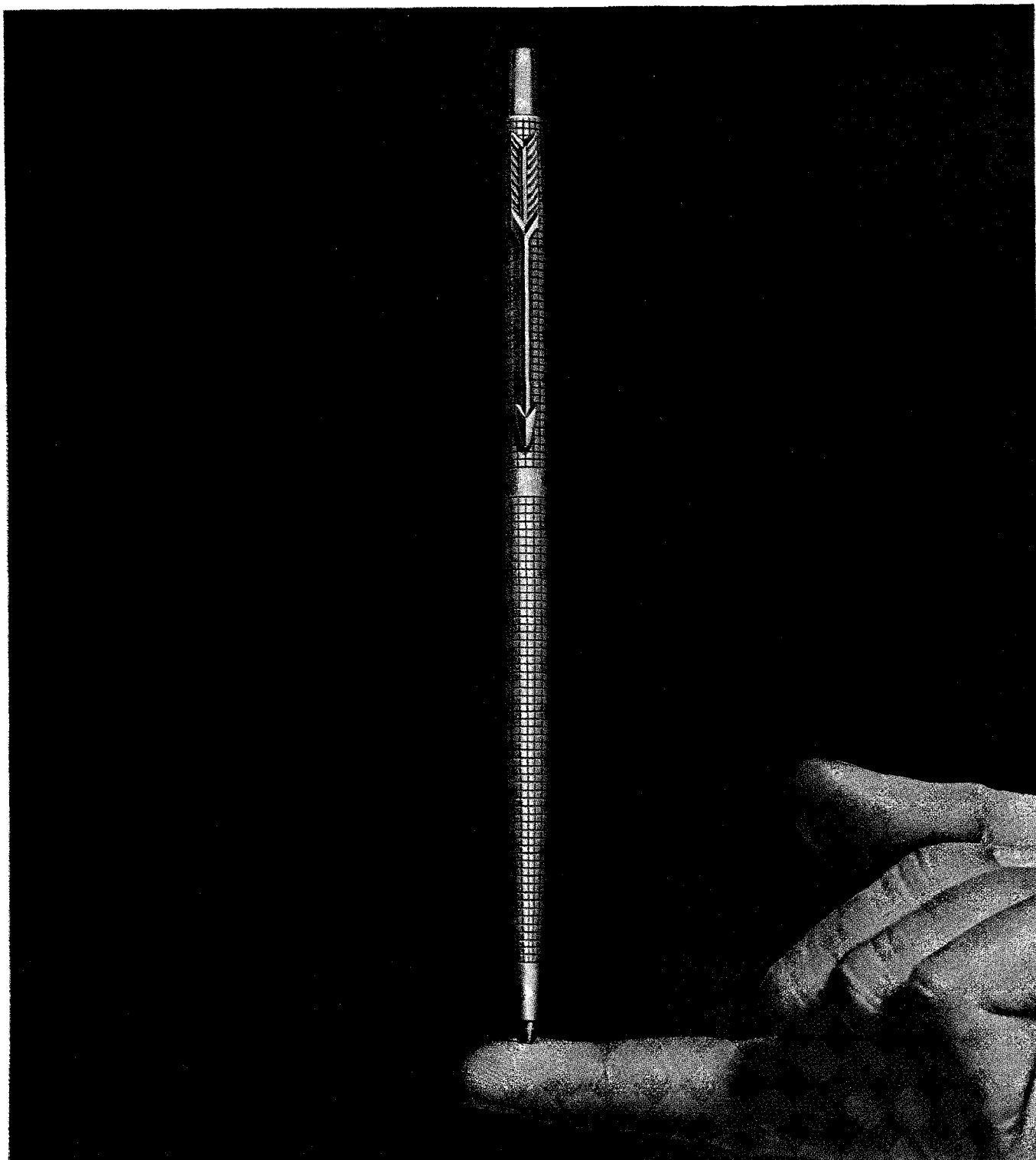
The rock, Park explained, is taken to the surface and crushed until it is fine sand. Mercury is poured through the sand. The mercury adroitly picks up gold, and nothing else. The mercury is then boiled away. Cyanide is poured into the sand and dissolves from it even more gold. Zinc is then put into the gold-cyanide solution. The

zinc dissolves, and replaces the gold, which falls as metal to the bottom. The sand is put back in the mine, where concrete is poured on it to make platforms for upward mining. Thus, the mine consumes its own tailings, sparing in large measure the beauty of its environment—but not sparing it entirely. Because crushed rock expands in volume, all cannot be put back into the mine, and one of the Black Hills is a flat-topped mountain of black sand. And, as it happens, Whitewood Creek flows black after it passes the mine.

Park said that three tons of rock yield only one ounce of gold—a bit of gold about the size of a drop of rain. There is only about a third of an ounce of gold to back the financial wherewithal of each person now on







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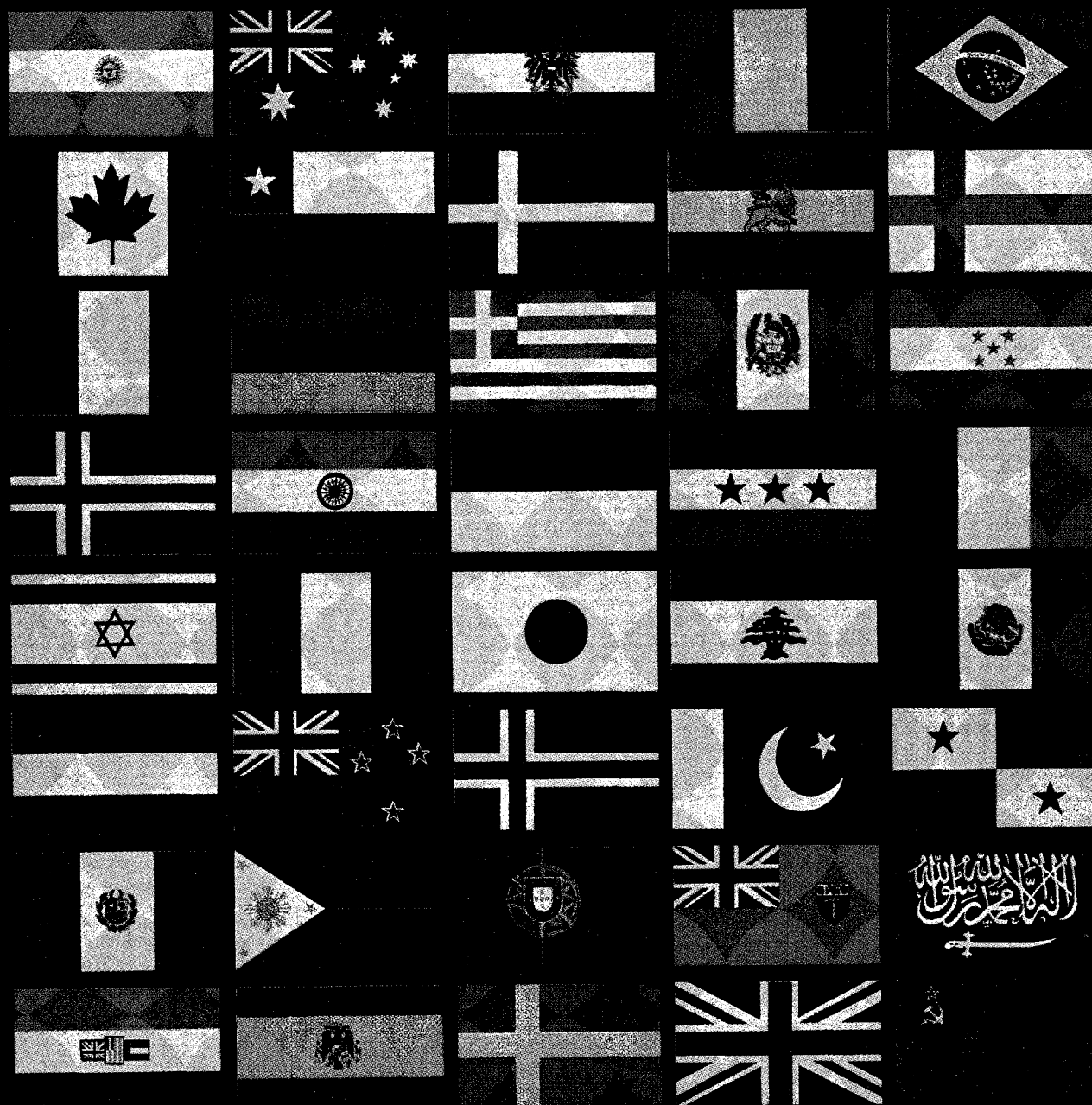
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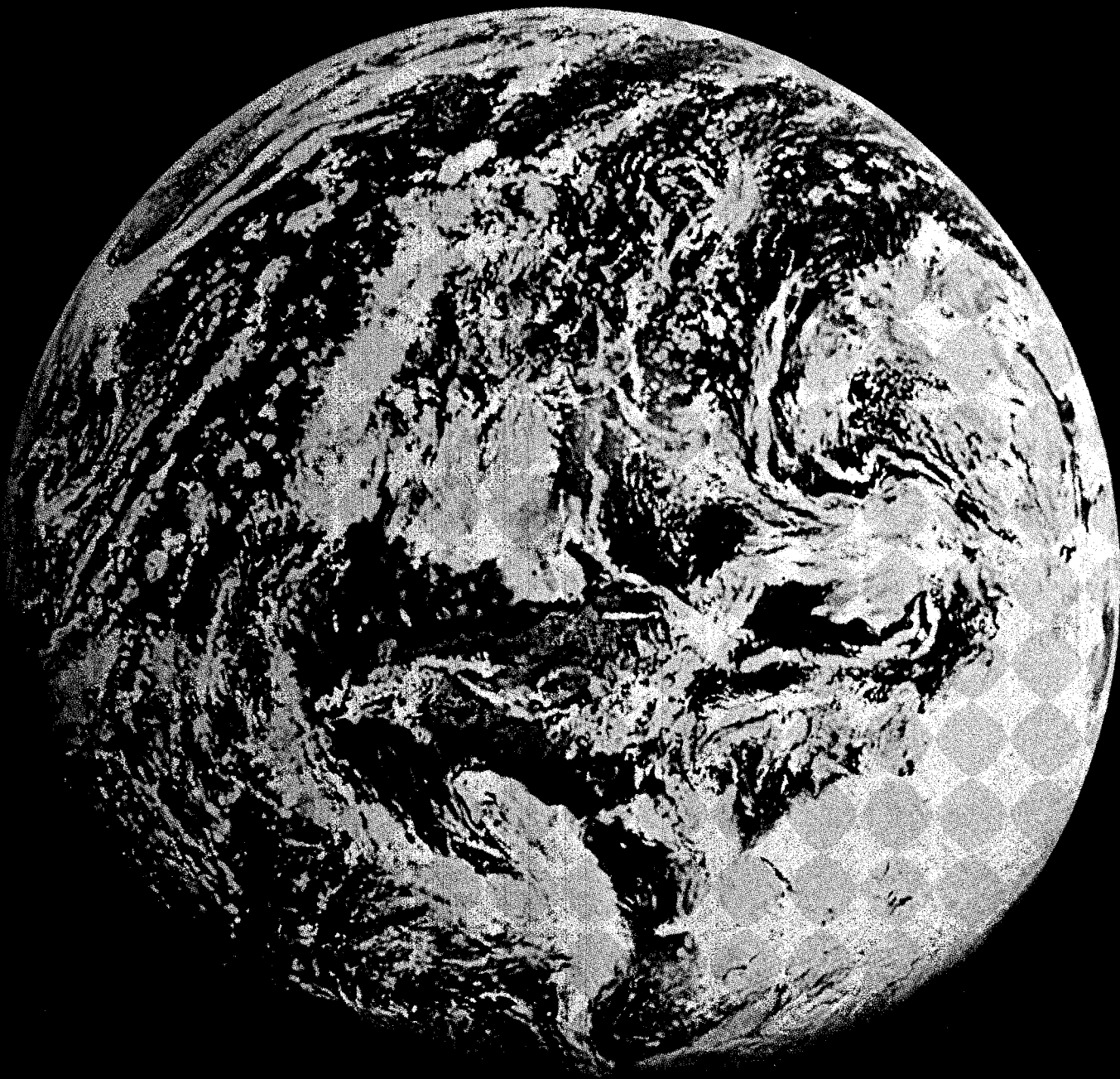


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earth. The very name Fort Knox implies vast vaults and armories full of piled gold, but actually the gold in Fort Knox would fit easily into the back of a pickup truck. All the gold that has been amassed by the human race since the beginning of human time could be stacked on a single tennis court and scarcely reach over the fence.

Now, on the ground by Image Lake in the North Cascades, Park had begun to snore. To block the dew, we had stretched a clear-plastic tarpaulin over our heads, and I lay on my back and looked up through it at the disrupted constellations. I remembered walking into Park's living room once in Palo Alto. What I had noticed first, on a coffee table, was a book called "Gold, Its Beauty, Power, and Allure."

**I**N the morning, we went down to the Suitttle River—a drop of three thousand feet from Image Lake down the face of Miner's Ridge on a grassy incline so steep that Brower began telling stories about what happens to people on slopes like that if they fall. They apparently start to tumble, and sometimes can't stop. Park said he didn't care whether he fell or not—he was that uncomfortable. He finally took off his boots and put on his open leather sandals, deciding that bruises all over his feet would be preferable to the pain in his heels. His difficulty notwithstanding, he kept knocking rocks apart all day. After the big drop, the trail, for something like ten miles, ran roughly parallel to the river. The more altitude we gave up, the larger were the trees, the deeper the forest, until we were walking among big Douglas firs six feet thick. The air was warm and sunlit, and even when we could not see the river through the dense trees, the Suitttle was something to hear. It had the overbearing sound of rock sliding in a steel chute. As the afternoon lengthened, the sound grew louder. Park said he had known rivers in Alaska that could be crossed in the morning but by afternoon were unfordable torrents of melted glacier ice. "This one is like them," he said. Coming into view, the Suitttle was a headlong chaos of standing waves and swirling eddies, white with spray and glacial flour. "This one is a really wild river," Park went on. "Look at that rush of glacier milk."

The lower reaches of the trail had been scarred and battered by an improvement project commissioned by the

United States Forest Service. Dynamite had torn great rocks apart, and some of the big trees had been felled to make the trail wider and the grade easier. Brower began to say unflattering things about the Forest Service, which he described as a collection of timber engineers who have no concept of ecology and whose idea of selective logging is to select a mountain and cut all the trees down. He said, "We conservationists would like to keep the Forest Service out of wilderness, and, for that matter, the National Park Service, too. They build too many things for their own convenience—for rangers who have forgotten how to range."

Brower had scarcely said this when we came upon a man who had three horses with him and several empty dynamite boxes. He was about thirty-five, strongly built and in excellent condition, solid muscles under his T-shirt, short-cropped hair, pale-gray eyes. His name was Don Dayment, and he told us he had been the foreman of the crew that improved the trail. Brower complained bluntly about the desecration of the trail. Dayment looked from Brower to Park to me to the medical students, and he said, "You wilderness-lovers are all the same."

"You foresters are all the same," Brower said.

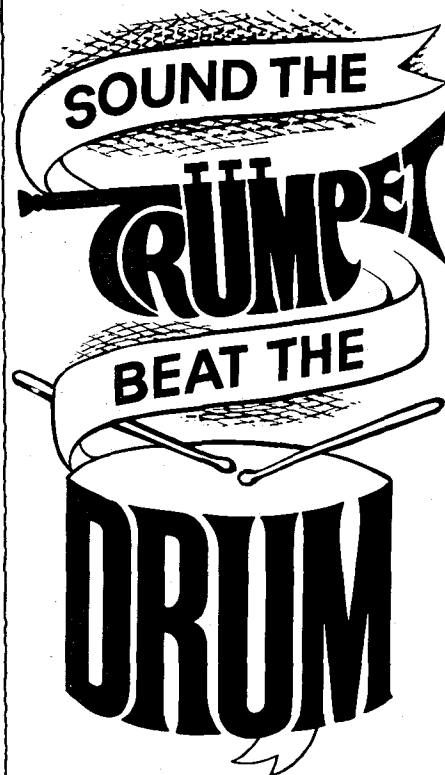
Dayment cinched his horses. "Wherever man goes, whatever he does, he scars the land," he said. "That's the way things are. We were told to make a ten-per-cent grade here with a two-foot tread and eight feet of clearance. If we had to chop a six-foot fir, too bad."

I asked him where he lived, and he said he had been born twenty miles from where we stood.

I asked him how he felt about the copper mine.

"I don't like it, and I'll tell you why," he said. "I don't like the class of people that would come with it. I've seen their camps—in Wallace, Idaho, and Butte, Montana. They're dirty and run-down, and so are the people. I wouldn't want my children growing up around them."

Over the last five miles, each of us went at his own pace; we gave up all cohesion as a group. I walked with Brower, who was moving fast, because I had the almost drunken, rubber-legged feeling you get toward the finish of a long, long walk, and the roadhead at the end of the trail had become for me a repeating mi-



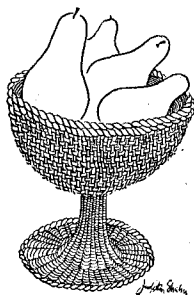
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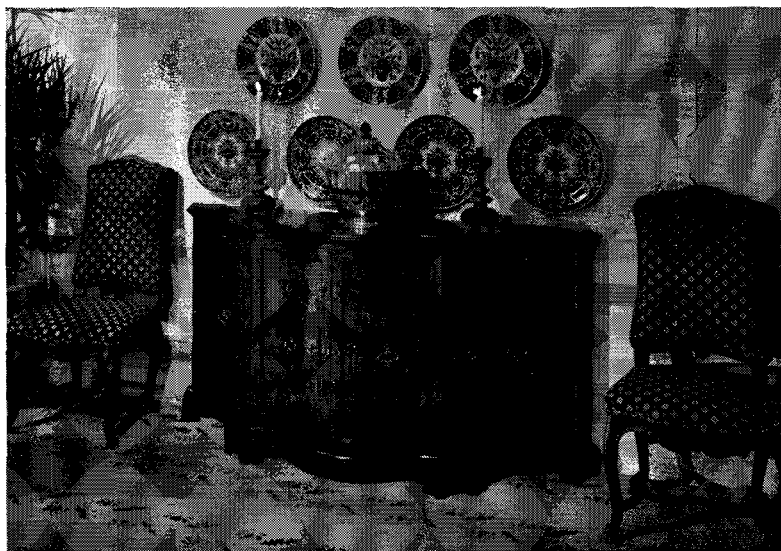
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rage. The trail ran closer and closer to the Suiattle—right beside it in some stretches—and the sound of the water was deafening. Over what proved to be the last thousand yards, though, we became aware of a sound even louder than the sound of the river—a higher-pitched roar, coming in jugular gusts, and increasing in volume as we moved down the trail. We came to the road-head. There in the river, in the middle of the river, the white torrents crashing over it, was a bulldozer. Half submerged, its purpose obscure, it heaved, belched, backed, shoved, and lurched around on the bottom of the Suiattle as if the water were not there. The bulldozer was stronger than the river.

I took off my boots and sat alone on a ledge where my feet could reach the water. For a couple of hours, I had been able to think of almost nothing but feet. Now the cold milk of glaciers dispelled that, and as I watched the bulldozer my mind went back over the day—all the way back to its beginning. Miner's Ridge, as it extended westward from Image Lake, was a ridge indeed. The terrain fell away as steeply on the north side as it did toward the Suiattle, and we had walked for a mile or so—before beginning the descent—along the ridgeline of a topographical configuration that was like a sharply pitched gable roof. There was no timber up there, and in the early morning the ridge was isolated from the land below by huge bodies of cloud that filled up the river valleys on either side almost to our shoes. Above the clouds, the air was clear and the sky blue, and nothing else broke into that world but Glacier Peak, seven miles away—all ice and snow, and almost too dazzling to look at as it sprayed sunlight in every direction. Big blueberries were growing along the trail, and we began to eat them as if we had had no breakfast. Some were a half inch in diameter. Filling his Sierra Club cup with berries, Brower said, "I'm just taking the renewable crop. Only bears will object."

Park ate his blueberries straight from the bushes. His eyes lifted suddenly and followed a bird in flight above the ridge. He said, "Look at that marsh hawk. What's he doing up here?" The hawk canted to its left and soared in the direction of Glacier Peak. Streamers of cloud began to rise from the Suiattle Valley, cross the face of the mountain, and above the summit disappear, sparkling, into the blue. Park said it was a shame that more people couldn't see Glacier Park—in fact, he



thought people had a right to see it—and a nice little mining road would take care of that.

Brower said that a view of Glacier Peak, to mean much of anything, ought properly to be earned, and that the only way to earn it was to get to it on foot.

"What about people who can't walk?" Park said.

"They stay home. Ninety-nine point nine per cent can walk—if they want to."

"The other one-tenth per cent includes my wife."

Without hesitating, Brower said, "I have a friend named Garrett Hardin, who wears leg braces. I have heard him say that he would not want to be able to come to a place like this by road, and that it is enough for him just to know that these mountains exist as they are, and he hopes that they will be like this in the future."

"The future can take care of itself," Park said. "I don't condone waste, but I am not willing to penalize present people. I say they're penalized if they don't have enough copper. Dave says they're penalized if they don't have enough wilderness. Right?" He smacked a stone with his pick.

"Right," said Brower. "But I go further. I believe in wilderness for itself alone. I believe in the rights of creatures other than man. And I suppose I accept Nancy Newhall's definition: 'Conservation is humanity caring for the future.' It is the antithesis of 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.'"

"These are the best blueberries I've ever seen," Park said. "Here on Miner's Ridge."

Brower's cup was up to its brim, and before he ate any himself he passed them among the rest of us. It was a curious and surpassingly generous gesture, since we were surrounded by bushes that were loaded with berries. We all accepted.

"I just feel sorry for all you people who don't know what these mountains are good for," Brower said.

"What are they good for?" I said.

"Berries," said Brower.

And Park said, "Copper."

—JOHN MCPHEE

*(This is the first part of a three-part Profile.)*

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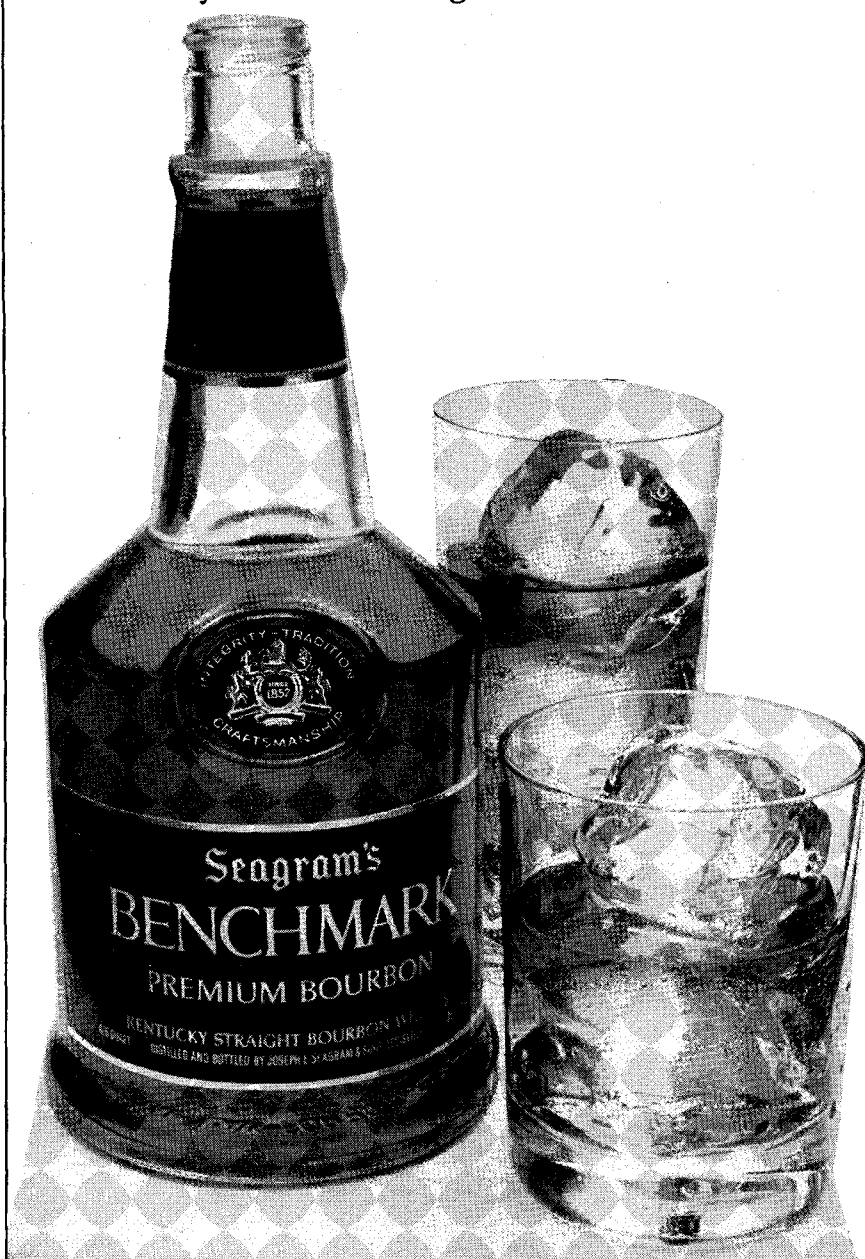
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## BAD OLD DAYS

**A**BELARD AND HELOISE," at the Brooks Atkinson, is an ambitious play and an ineffectual one, for reasons that don't make themselves clear until after we leave the theatre and our nagging dissatisfaction with the play as a whole and not with any part of it prompts us to rummage about behind the slick surface of Ronald Millar's script and its slick staging by Robin Phillips. The conclusion to be drawn from my rummaging is that "Abelard and Heloise" is a specimen of a genre, not very distinguished in its prime, that has now altogether outlived its power to command the necessary minimum of conviction from us, much less to move us; instead, it puts us in mind of those bookish, overripe historical romances of the nineteen-forties and fifties in which the attention of the audience was constantly being drawn away from the play proper and onto the extreme cleverness of the playwright. (It was a time when Christopher Fry's "eloquence" was being favorably compared to that of Shakespeare and Keats.) The genre has dwindled to a toy, or, still worse, to a prank; it can no longer achieve anything significant in tragic terms, though it toddles along capably enough in such comic terms as those employed a few seasons back in James Goldman's "The Lion in Winter" — diminished versions of some of the witty games of language and stagecraft that Shaw taught us how to play in "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "St. Joan."

If, given the facts of history, "Abelard and Heloise" is far from being a comedy, Mr. Millar's method is comic, and he has managed to decorate his play with quite a few funny lines. After eight centuries, the celebrated love story remains

authentically shocking, but the events that befall the lovers are every bit as dreadful when we encounter them in the pages of an encyclopedia as when we encounter them on—or, thank goodness, just off—stage. Telling his tale nimbly, Mr. Millar has illuminated nothing, and whatever the smell and taste and sound and look of life in twelfth-century Paris may have been, it is not to be sampled here. Keith Michell, who plays the rebellious Abelard, ably conveys his Breton energy and his anguish over his lost manhood, and Diana Rigg is admirable as the suffering, passionate Heloise. (I suspect that Mr. Millar has made his Heloise more skeptical of the existence of God than the original Heloise would have dared to be. In those days, it was easier to imagine God as evil than as simply not there.) Ronald Radd plays with infectious relish the role of a toping canon of Notre Dame; Barnard Hughes and Peter Coffield are splendid as, respectively, the avenging Fulbert and a desolated young homosexual admirer of Abelard; and DeAnn Mears

is delightfully fresh and lusty as Abelard's sister Denise. The ingenious set of "Abelard and Heloise" is by Christopher Morley, and the costumes are by Daphne Dare.

**T**HE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is putting on an adaptation by Arthur Miller of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." The best things about the production are Stephen Elliott's brilliant performance as the impetuous and gallant Dr. Stockman and Philip Bosco's scarcely less brilliant performance as the Doctor's wily brother; the worst things about the production are the ugly and inaccurate translation by Mr. Miller, and the ugly and absurd set by Douglas W. Schmidt. Like many other writers of substance, Miller suffers from what is coarsely known as a tin ear; to make matters worse, his translation, which goes back to 1950, employs slang that was current then or that Miller thought was current then. Partly thanks to this slang, the Miller translation has dated more rapidly than even those stilted English translations of William Archer's day. As an example of Miller's ineptitude, I may mention the rousing cry with which Dr. Stockman brings down the last curtain and which is usually translated as something on the order of "The strongest man in the world is the one who stands most alone." Miller renders this as "We're the strongest



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people in the world—and the strong must learn to be lonely!" Does Miller believe that "lonely" is similar to "alone" in this context? Or that Dr. Stockman would entertain the notion of being lonely at such a moment of excited affirmation? It is aloneness he is speaking of, and not loneliness; and they are, of course, worlds apart. As for Mr. Schmidt's set, it is realistic in the foreground and impressionistic in the middle ground and background. The actors have a hard time playing inside it, and no wonder.

—BRENDAN GILL

## OFF BROADWAY

*An Evening with  
Bullins & Co.*

FOR quite a while before the action of "The Fabulous Miss Marie" starts, we hear the slow blues of a jazz orchestra that is seated on a platform above the dimly lighted stage. The play, at the New Lafayette, in Harlem, is the fourth in a proposed series of twenty plays by the remarkable young black dramatist Ed Bullins about the life of a particular group of black people in the United States. The music, which continues throughout, does not, as I first thought, merely accompany the action but reflects and complements it. "Miss Marie" is a loosely knit script—a set of vignettes in which the characters, some of whom have appeared in the other plays, often move to the footlights and converse fairly casually with the audience. The rapport that they establish with the audience at the New Lafayette is extraordinary, and keeps growing and growing as the evening progresses. For a while, I thought that the action was going nowhere, and then I realized that there was nowhere to go—that its effect is as loose and apparently improvised (and as controlled) as the music. Not until the play is over does one realize that a great deal of ground has been covered.

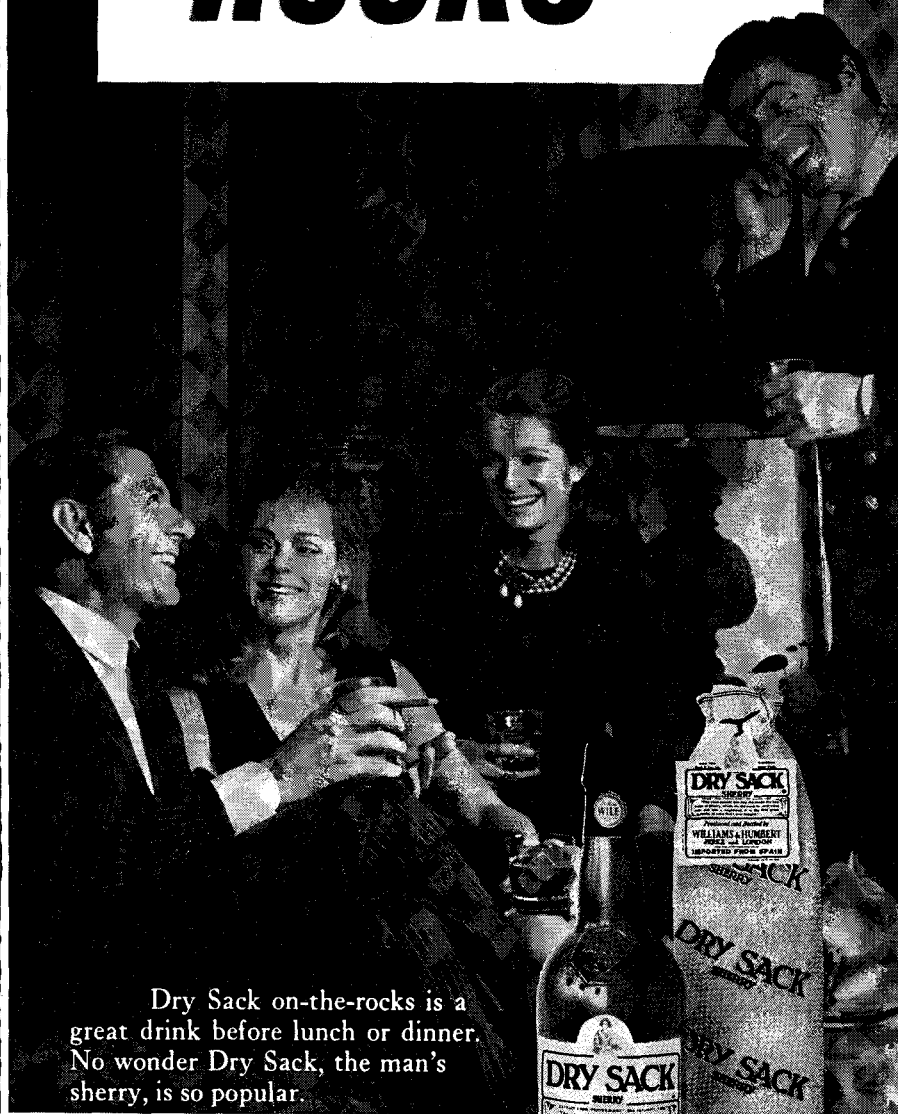
The setting is the Los Angeles living room of a middle-aged ex-night-club dancer named Marie Horton and her happy-go-lucky husband, Bill. The time is the early sixties, on an evening shortly after Christmas. Bill has a job as a parking attendant in Beverly Hills, where he makes, along with tips, "almost as much as some colored doctors make." He has been keeping a white woman on the side, and he is sleeping, on and off, with his wife's niece Wanda, a college student who boards with them. Marie is having an affair with



a lanky young fellow named Art—droopy mustache and bald as an egg—who works around the place “to get his groceries together,” having hit a bad spot in his personal and financial life. Yet Bill and Marie’s marriage is a strong one. Among others on the premises are a drunken middle-aged schoolteacher and his social-worker wife, a young Black Muslim in a spangled beanie, and a snaky, sneaky, funny fellow who is Wanda’s official boyfriend. (“You don’t know me,” he tells us. “I just got here. Name’s Marco Polo Henderson. Sure won’t get confused with a lot of other niggers.”) Steve Benson, out of trouble for once (we last saw him on the run in “In New England Winter”), also puts in a brief appearance, explaining that he doesn’t really belong in this play but has friends in it, as indeed he does; Marie and Wanda and Marco Polo were characters with him in “The Duplex.” All these people, young and old, meet and talk and dance and laugh and get drunk and cry and make love, and by the time the play is over it is not they who have breached the footlights but we in the audience, crossing over, in a sense, to become part of their lives. Many of the characters are veterans of recent or long-ago misfortunes, and carry with them, in dashing style, the suffering they have been through, and all of them revolve around brassy, aging, good-hearted Marie, large and buxom in gold gauze or lavender chiffon or silver brocade, and wearing a huge, bright, curly red wig. “Out of the spotlight, kid,” she says to an intrusive dear friend. “This is *my* story.” It is Ed Bullins’ show, though. It is he who conjured up its scenes and humor and passions and highs and lows and rhythms, along with the director, Robert Macbeth, and the troupe at the New Lafayette. Who plays what is a house secret there, so all I can say is that the performance as a whole is convincing and totally satisfying.

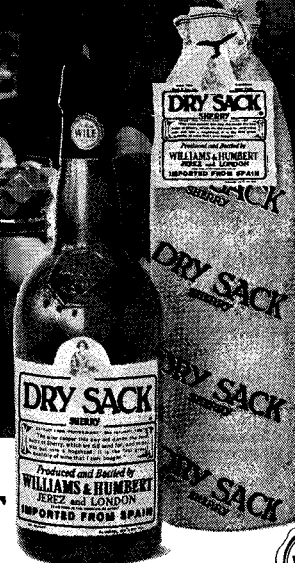
I HAVE little to add (other than full agreement) to whatever rapturous reports you may have read about Robert M. Wilson’s “Deafman Glance,” a beautiful, lighthearted, and literally wonderful Surrealist adventure that played only two performances at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. As you may have heard, too, the running time was about three and a half hours, unbroken by intermission, and through it all a little deaf boy sat and watched, either from a bench on the stage or from a swing above it. The cast was tremendous, all the players being amateurs and students of Mr. Wil-

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son's, and all of them performing their strange and often rigorous assignments to absolute perfection. Someone in an enormous frog mask, for example, remained crouched motionless on a chair at the edge of a banquet table for what must have been more than two hours and then, on cue, leaped onto the table, across the stage, and into the wings. As in a dream, one image replaced another, occasionally abruptly but more often so slowly that it was hardly perceptible. (Mr. Wilson's sense of time is all his own.) The lighting was the subtlest and most dramatic I have ever seen; the music was delightful. The sound was almost as abstract as the visual images; a woman with a heavy Middle European accent spoke at considerable length into a microphone, and Heaven alone knew what she was saying. The jokes, unspoiled by nastiness or Camp, were as refreshing as everything else. There has never been a show like "Deafman Glance." It occurred to me that Mr. Wilson's infinite capacity for astonishing an audience, his extraordinary talent, and the high, lovely spirit that shines through it could, if properly used, rescue the Broadway musical in a single season.

**T**HE JOURNEY OF SNOW WHITE," which played only three weekends, was yet another present from the Reverend Al Carmines (words and music) to his devoted audience at the Judson Memorial Church. It was about Snow White, all right, but there wasn't a single cute or whimsical moment in it. As is true of all Carmines enterprises, everything was deeply meant and everything was merrily put. "Loving is a lot like indifference; when you love a lot, you learn not to care," runs part of the lyric of one melodic anthem. Mr. Carmines, presiding at the piano in semidarkness, was the most vital and important member of the sizable cast.

**E**ARL WILSON, JR.'s, musical, "A Day in the Life of Just About Everyone," at the Bijou, left me nonplussed. The life set forth in Mr. Wilson's script—the happy childhood, the school, the prom, college, a year of service in Vietnam, a job at Merrill Lynch, a wife, a baby, a slight marital setback, a slight disillusion, an up ending—is hardly the kind of life we're usually exposed to Off Broadway. And if I am nonplussed, God knows what John Lennon would be over this use of the title of his ironic threnody. Mr. Wilson's fervent hero, played by Mr. Wilson, is named Smitty, and although spending an hour or so with Smitty is

perfectly endurable, I doubt if he is practically everyone. He *may* be more people than we know, but certainly they are outside the limits of this city. (Come to think of it, the show would be more at home in one of those converted ballrooms of Times Square hotels frequented by tourists; in any case, its naïveté is entirely out of keeping with the current theatrical mood in New York.) Mr. Wilson's traditional popular music is tuneful enough and pleasant enough to listen to, if one discounts his occasionally flat or abrasive lyrics. The supporting company of five engaging young players perform well, under Tom Panko's direction (and they look fine, too, in creamy-beige costumes). Of all of them, I most admired an agile, dynamic fellow named Dickie Evans. The setting—photographs of New York (and Mr. Wilson) projected onto a triptych of screens—is entertaining.

**I**N "Blood," a collective musical effort of the Blood Company, in Martinson Hall, at the Public, the theme of the Oresteia is combined with that of the Vietnam war (I guess). Much of the action consists of shoving ramps around the auditorium, to what purpose I cannot tell you. Although I enjoyed some of the music (latter-day, plaintive folk), I found the words unintelligible, and I kept wishing that I could sneak downstairs and across the lobby to the Estelle R. Newman Theatre and watch and listen to Siobhan McKenna all over again.

—EDITH OLIVER

## AFTER THE FLIGHT FROM ROCKAWAY

They hurry, they take  
their utensils, their little  
gods with them.

Now light  
throngs the empty sill—  
this purity being  
looked through by sunny  
lane, by sand, by  
unmeaning chop and lilt  
of waters.

In the carts  
the potted cactus, the  
geraniums, the living  
idols jolt forward into  
exile in ecstasy  
of self-perception, as  
things ordinarily do.  
When no one any  
longer looks back,  
the burning, quick  
to restore the empty realm,  
leaps on the sill, dancing.

—IRVING FELDMAN



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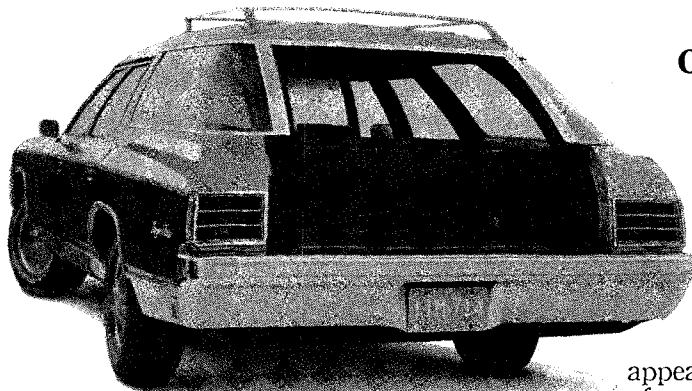
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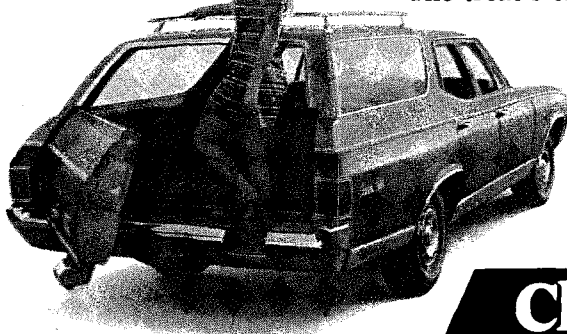
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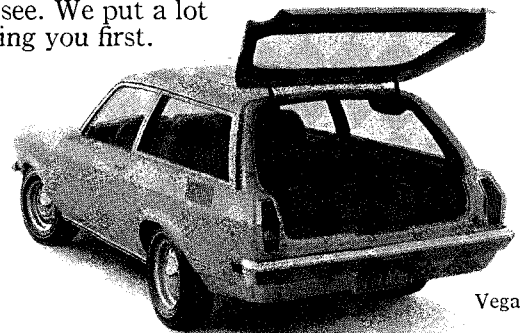
You want a big wagon that's easier to load, easier to use. And, man, nothing's easier than ours.

You can open our Glide-Away tailgate even in a closed garage. Even when a trailer's hooked on.

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

### II-A VALUABLE PROTOTYPE

THE Peace Education Division of the American Friends Service Committee—a Quaker-founded group that tries to combine thoroughgoing pacifism with often radical social activism—is one of four major program divisions operating out of the Committee's national headquarters, at North Fifteenth and Race Streets in downtown Philadelphia. Its job is to prepare and disseminate antiwar and anti-draft literature and to promote the search for nonviolent policy alternatives in international relations. For ten years, the secretary of the division has been Stewart Meacham, whose cherubic face, soft Southern accent, and easygoing manner belie his reputation as a man who usually gets his way in the internal politics of the Committee. Throughout his career, he has been a strong advocate of A.F.S.C. participation in broadly based antiwar coalitions, even alongside groups whose motives for opposing American military ventures may be far removed from the Committee's own humanitarian and religious concerns. Yet Meacham, a convert to Quakerism and pacifism, has remained a respected spokesman for the radical-pacifist position—perhaps all the more respected because of his acknowledged difficulties in coming to, and keeping, the faith.

Meacham was born in 1910 in Birmingham, Alabama, where his father was a Presbyterian minister with strong fundamentalist leanings. In the fall of 1931, after graduating from Davidson College (which was, in his words, "very Old South Ivy League"), he enrolled at the Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary. Even at Davidson, he had not been fully shielded from the effects of the Depression, and now, as a young seminarian, he began to have grave doubts about the relevance of his fundamentalist beliefs in a world of widespread social injustice and unrest. During his first year at Louisville, he found himself drawn to one of the seminary's "radical" professors, an able expounder of the doctrine of Christian pacifism, which had had a rebirth of sorts in the decade after the First World War. "I remember it very well," Meacham said recently in his office, a cluttered corner room. "We had a little discussion group that met in the evenings. The professor wasn't a

spellbinding lecturer, but he spoke with quiet conviction about the symbolism of the Cross, and it suddenly dawned on me what he was talking about. I had always thought of the Cross as having to do with the cleansing of sin, as functioning in a *priestly* way. Now I saw it suddenly as a *way of life*—I saw the possibility of accepting any violence that might be directed at me and attempting to transform it into something else by a radically different response."

For Meacham, this revelation was personally liberating. Now, for the first time, he felt that it was consistent with his religious beliefs to tackle social problems like unemployment and the equitable redistribution of wealth. Looking around for suitable outlets, he joined a local community-improvement group made up of concerned clergy and philanthropically inclined businessmen, and in the fall of 1932 he rang doorbells and handed out campaign literature for Norman Thomas, who was running for President on the Socialist Party ticket. Not long after that, Meacham came across Reinhold Niebuhr's newly published book "Moral Man and Immoral Society," and experienced another kind of conversion. "Niebuhr attacked the easy assumptions of the kind of Christian pacifism that I had only recently embraced," Meacham said. "The book pointed out that social problems were essentially problems of power, and that pacifists had to relearn the old truth that the social dimension of Christian love is justice—which is *not* identical with personal love. Justice, according to Niebuhr, is brought about by a balance of power among contending social interests. Since we live in a violent world, the use of violence is not to be ruled out in

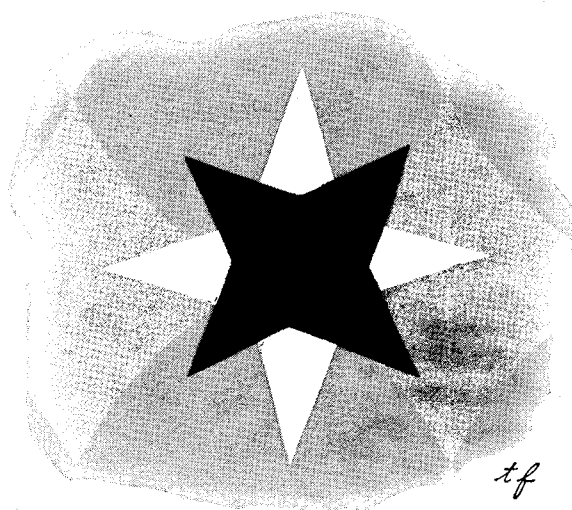
the effort to achieve this balance—although we ought to choose the less violent rather than the more violent alternatives."

Within a short time, Meacham had developed a "quiet cynicism" about the committee of "naïve do-gooders" he had been working with. It became clear to him that what the unemployed needed was not handouts but power. In the fall of 1933, he transferred to the Union Theological Seminary, in New York, where Niebuhr was teaching. As an ardent disciple of the new social gospel, Meacham became involved in the left wing of the city's labor

movement. He marched with striking waiters in front of the Waldorf-Astoria, and he took part in endless debates about Marxist tactics and strategy. Through it all, he was still determined to become a Presbyterian minister and radicalize the church from within.

The following spring, Meacham returned to Birmingham and was appointed assistant pastor of "about the richest church in town." Since the pastor was away for most of the summer, Meacham had a relatively free hand. Among his innovations was a Sunday-evening discussion forum; two of the first speakers were the head of the local chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. and a union organizer for the United Mine Workers. His choice of speakers caused a predictable stir among the more conservative parishioners, but the Sunday evenings passed without major incident until he invited a speaker who was both a Negro and a union organizer—a combination that was apparently too much for the congregation's largest contributor. The forum was cancelled, and Meacham joined the ranks of unemployed Presbyterian ministers.

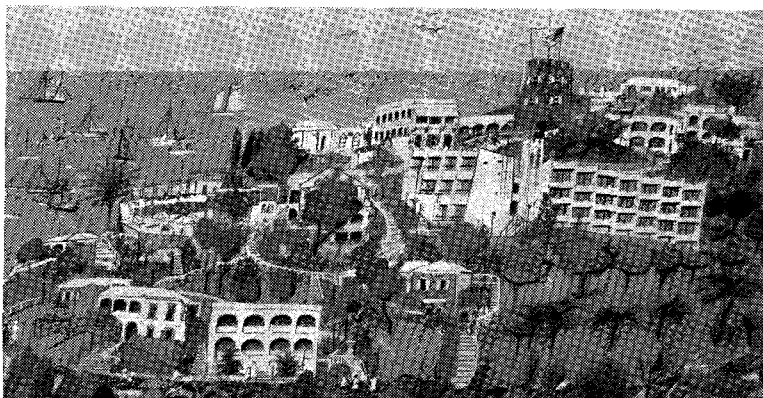
After spending the winter as a guard with the Brink's armored car service, Meacham was assigned by the state presbytery to a small church in a working-class district of Birmingham. Since he had kept up his union connections, he was immediately pressed into service as unofficial chaplain to the local labor movement. "The mine union was the first statewide mass-membership organization in Alabama to be integrated," he said. "There was a strong feeling of brotherhood; the locals met in churches and sang union words set to church



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hymns." Shortly afterward, there was an outbreak of beatings and floggings in Birmingham; the victims were all connected in one way or another with the union. "Someone tipped me off that I was next, and a friend of mine talked me into carrying his gun, a .22 revolver, in the little pocket under the windshield of my Model A Ford. All this time, I was walking around with a mixture of pacifist and nonpacifist beliefs in my head. I hadn't really been apprehensive *before* I got the gun, but once I armed myself I started looking up and down the street before stepping from the car and glancing behind me when I entered a meeting. So I gave the gun back, and I felt better right away. I was *personally* a pacifist again—but I still believed that violence might be necessary in achieving social justice."

In 1937, Meacham's growing interest in trade unionism led him to take a job on the West Coast with the National Labor Relations Board. "The N.L.R.B. was very idealistic at first," he recalled. "We felt we were transforming society by bringing about a new balance of power." When the Second World War broke out, he found no difficulty in supporting it as a just war. "Hitler was a threat to everything good in the world," he said. "If I hadn't had a deferred job, I would have gone into the Army rather than ask for C.O. status." As the fighting continued, he began to be dismayed by the attitude of selfishness and cynicism that he saw spreading through government service and the labor movement. The unions were stronger than anyone would have dared hope in the thirties, but much of their new strength had come through the patronage of government officials who controlled the war economy, and not through any real change in society.

At the suggestion of a friend, Meacham went one Sunday to a Congregational church in Los Angeles whose minister considered himself a Christian pacifist of the old school. On that particular morning, the minister read from the pulpit an honor roll of those members of his congregation who were absent in the service of their country. Included were members who were in military service, employees of various civilian agencies, and a handful of conscientious objectors, both those who were performing government-approved alternative service and those who were in prison for noncooperation with the draft law. The impact on Meacham was profound. "I had forgotten that there were people willing to sacrifice so much for that principle," he said. "I



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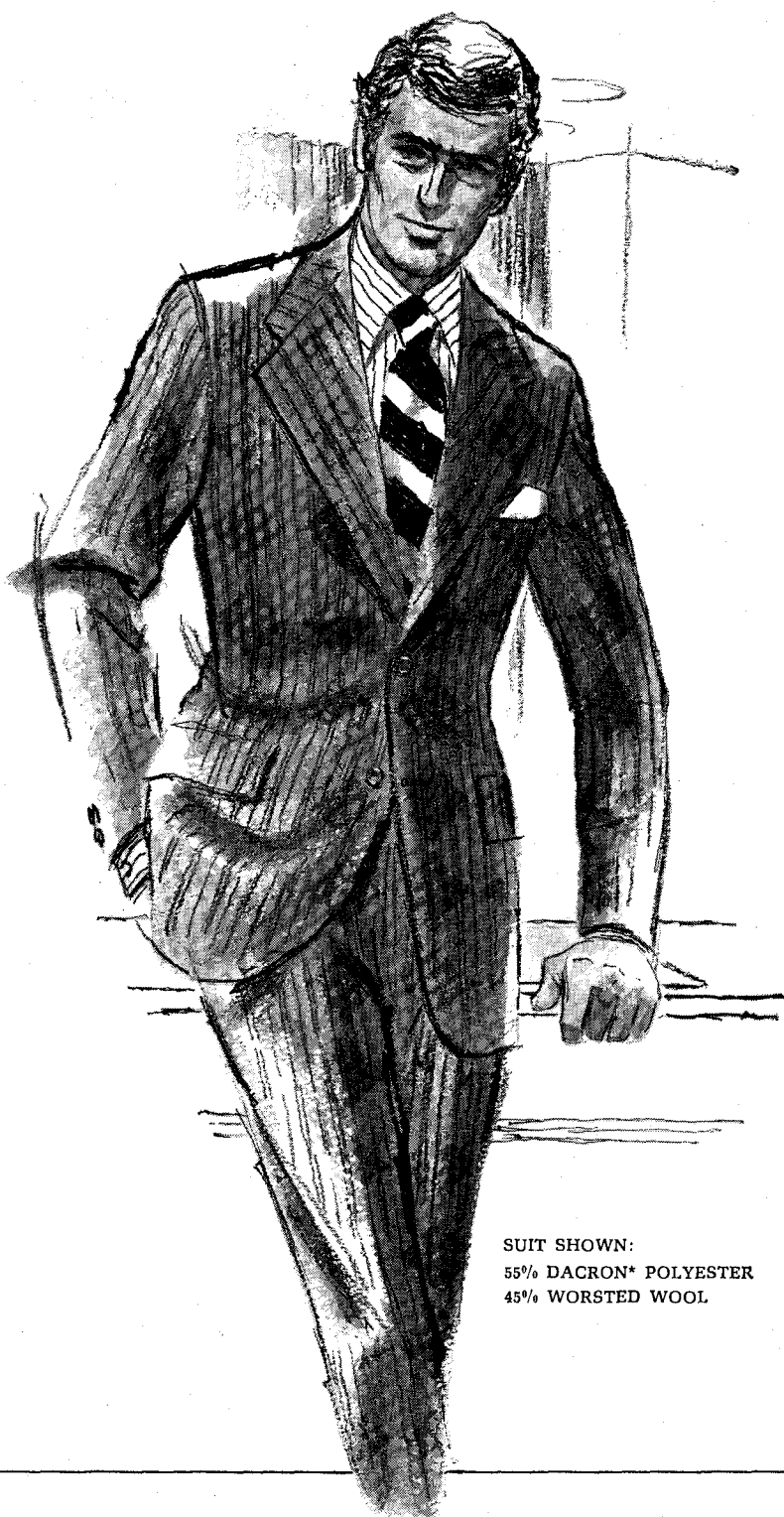
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didn't exactly walk out of the church a strict pacifist, but I began heading back in that direction." The news of Hiroshima jolted him the rest of the way. "I was already feeling increasingly uncomfortable with the doctrine of the less violent alternative. Now I saw that a commitment to *any* violence in the name of justice was a treacherous thing. It might lead logically to dropping the bomb, and I didn't want any part of that logic."

After the war, Meacham accepted an executive position with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and he and his wife, whom he had married in Los Angeles in 1938, moved East, to Ridgewood, New Jersey. "We started casting about for a church, and found this little Quaker Meeting nearby," he said. "I had been getting less concerned with theological dogma in my approach to religion over the years; now I felt so much a Quaker that I was reluctant to join the Meeting formally, because it seemed like a contradiction." His formal association with the American Friends Service Committee began in 1957, when he was named director of the Labor International Affairs Program. In the years since, he has become a familiar figure in the peace movement here and abroad. He was a co-chairman of the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam; he has flown to Hanoi to help arrange the release of captured American pilots; he has argued with a Soviet delegation in Moscow over the prerequisites for a European détente; and he has turned out pamphlets and made speeches opposing the American military presence in Vietnam, military conscription in general, and a foreign policy based on a nuclear balance of terror.

**T**RADITIONALLY, pacifism has been just one part of the broad Quaker program for a better world that animated early Friends like George Fox and William Penn. At the start of the Quaker movement, in the middle of the seventeenth century, pacifism was not even the Quakers' most controversial position. But as theological passions subsided, and the Friends' views on civil and religious liberties were absorbed into the mainstream of Anglo-American political thought during the next hundred and fifty years, it was inevitable that many outsiders would come to identify the essence of Quakerism with the Quaker Declaration of 1661—a document in which Fox and his contemporaries explicitly renounced "all outward wars and strife and fightings



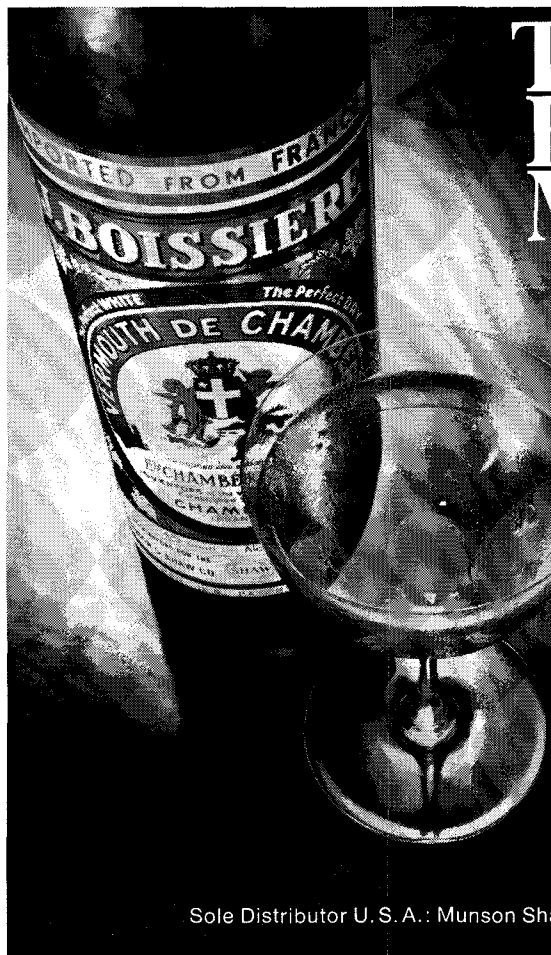
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with outward weapons for any end or under any pretense whatever." One does not have to adhere to the letter of this declaration to be a Quaker today. There *are* many who do so, both among converts to Quakerism—"convinced Friends"—and among those born into a Quaker Meeting, who are known as "birthright Friends." There are also Quakers who go off to fight "just wars" with a clear conscience, and other Quakers whose faith is indistinguishable in almost every way from the beliefs and practices of the archetypal white American Protestant.

And, of course, there are birthright Friends who, like President Nixon, have failed to keep in touch with the wider Quaker community in any way. Nixon's mother belonged to an old Quaker family that had been prominent in the Underground Railroad before the Civil War, and he himself was active in the East Whittier, California, Friends Church as a young man. He was still a Quaker when he enlisted in the Navy, in 1942. As far as anyone knows, he has not attended a Quaker Meeting in Washington since he arrived there as a member of the House of Representatives, in 1947, but when he ran for the Senate, in 1950, he found it necessary to underscore his hard-line anti-Communism with these words: "It is not easy for me take this position. It happens that I am a Quaker; all my training has been against displays of strength and recourse to arms. But I have learned through hard experience that where you are confronted with a ruthless, dictatorial force that will stop at nothing to destroy you, it is necessary to defend yourself by building your own strength."

As a matter of fact, there is nothing in Quaker tradition or in the annals of the Service Committee that suggests a passive acceptance of persecution, exploitation, or martyrdom. Fox and other early Quakers spoke of their efforts to save the world from itself in terms of the "Lamb's war." For someone like Meacham, Quaker pacifism is not just a personally satisfying moral position; it is also an eminently practical guide to survival in the modern world. "The Service Committee is basically a bourgeois organization," Meacham says, "and part of our strength lies in our identification with the American job-doing society. The only thing that makes us different from Acme Stores, really, is a certain openness in our bureaucratic structure, which comes from the belief that there is 'that of God in everyone.' If you believe that, you can never assume that you have all the



truth, and you don't dare deny that the other person may have some of it." One expression of this belief is a willingness to take a fresh look at positions once considered "radical," and to reject, if necessary, some cherished illusions about the Committee's accomplishments. In recent years, not even the Quakers' long-applauded devotion to conscientious objection has proved immune to the process of reevaluation.

The earliest Quakers renounced the use of "outward weapons" in obedience to what they considered the will of God. Their pacifism was based not on a literal interpretation of a single New Testament text but on their understanding of the spirit behind the entire Christian Gospel. As a result, when American Quakers ran afoul of laws requiring them to participate in Colonial militias, they not only declined to bear arms but also insisted that the government recognize the supremacy of the individual conscience in this matter. Unlike most other religious pacifists of the time, members of the Society of Friends refused to hire substitutes or to pay the commutation fees that were usually the price of exemption from military training and service. Other pacifist sects, such as the Mennonites and the Church of the Brethren, asked only to be left in peace to devote their lives to Christ in their chosen way; reforming the rest of the fallen world was not their vocation. For them, the state was, at best, a necessary evil, and they regarded paying a commutation fee as just one more way of rendering Caesar his due in order to be excused from the world's dirty business. But the Society of Friends insisted on respect for the "proper" role of government in human affairs, which was to regulate commerce, establish courts of law, convene representative legislatures, and the like. The Quakers believed that bad laws and bad states could always be improved by good men acting under the guidance of the Inner Light, and that the state ideally deserved the allegiance of all God-fearing men. But one thing the state could not demand was that a man place allegiance to man's law above obedience to God's law. Maintaining the proper relation between these two jurisdictions was as important to the Quakers as the principle of nonviolence itself, and to pay the state for the "privilege" of not bearing arms was to stand this relation on its head. To make their witness unmistakable, and to demonstrate that the state could not, for all its power, coerce a man's conscience, the Quakers pre-

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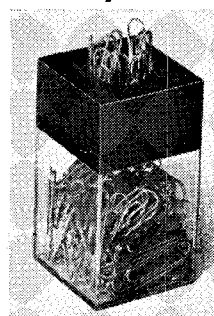
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ferred to go to jail, or let their property be seized, rather than pay their fines.

Wherever compulsory military service was in effect, Friends repeatedly petitioned the authorities to grant an unconditional exemption to all men—Quakers and non-Quakers—whose religious scruples prevented them from bearing arms. These petitions were mostly in vain; the penalties for non-compliance with the militia laws remained on the books. But one thing the Quakers' persistent lobbying did manage to establish, in the eyes of many Americans, was the sincerity of the Quakers' own antiwar scruples. By the middle of the nineteenth century, the legal penalties were generally applied less stringently to Quakers, by magistrates who knew them to be solid citizens and good neighbors. A few states went as far as to excuse Quakers by name from the otherwise general muster of able-bodied men.

During the Civil War, both President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton were especially solicitous about the plight of the Quakers under the federal conscription laws. While some Quakers did suffer terribly for refusing to train and fight, Friends whose cases reached the desk of either Lincoln or Stanton were usually paroled or furloughed for the duration without further punishment. In 1864, the conscription laws were amended to let members of the traditional peace sects fulfill their obligations (with the approval of the Secretary of War) by caring for the sick or wounded in hospitals or by working with newly freed blacks. Some Quakers seized this opportunity to perform noncombatant service; others denounced it as no different in kind from the payment of a commutation fee. But whatever the Quakers' views on the propriety of noncombatant service, no one in the Society of Friends seemed to notice that the federal government had singled out the Quakers, along with the Mennonites and the Brethren, as a privileged minority—a status that the early Friends had gone out of their way to reject.

When the first Selective Service Act was passed, in 1917, six weeks after the nation's entry into World War I, a similarly restricted option of non-combatant service was offered to adherents of "any well-recognized religious sect... whose existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form." The American Friends Service Committee came into being to help young Quakers exercise this option, on the premise

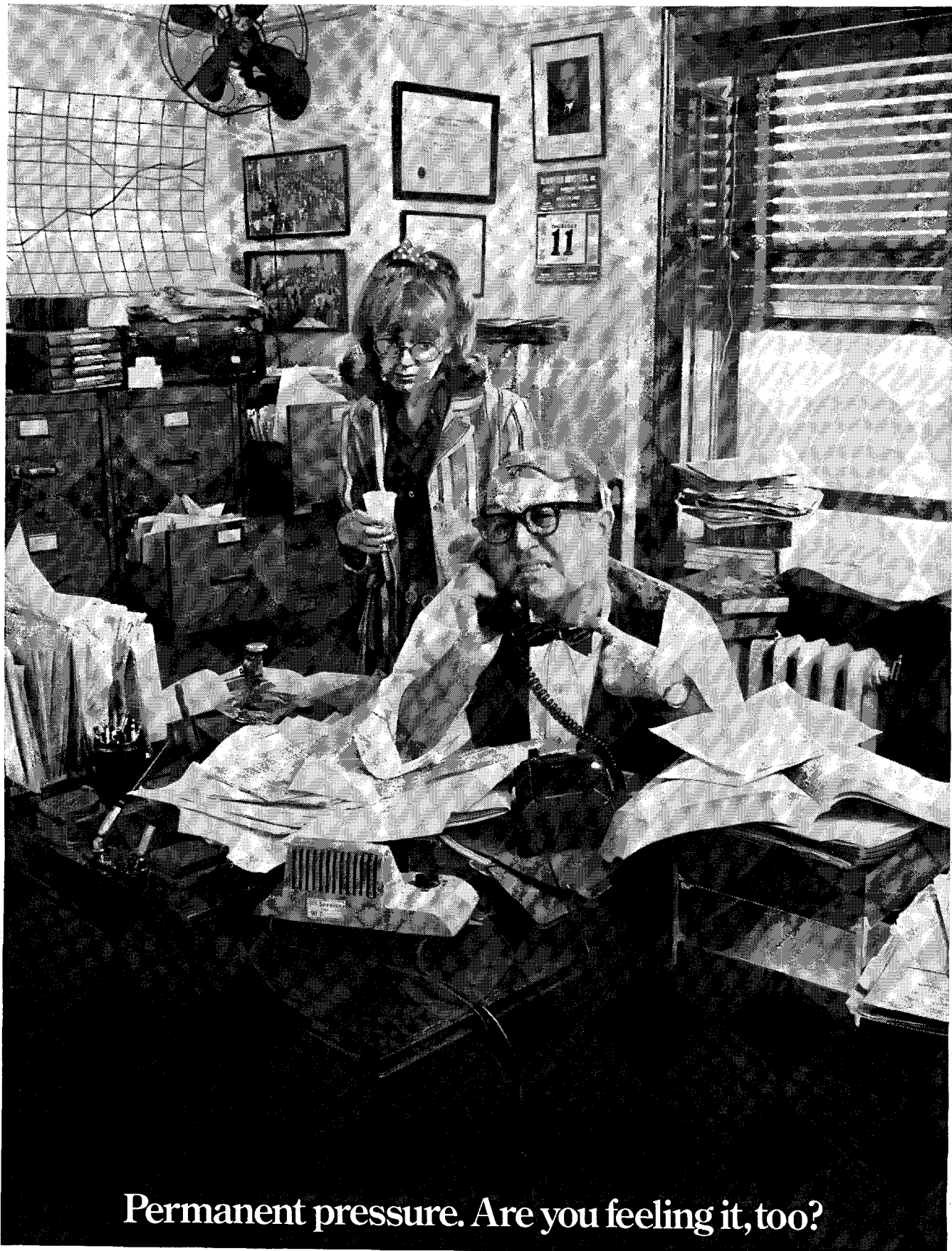
that—especially during wartime—a pacifist should engage in an active "witness" of humanitarian principles. The new organization chose for its symbol an eight-point red-and-black star that had first been used by Quaker relief workers during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. The more than five hundred C.O.s who went overseas with the Service Committee performed a variety of relief and rehabilitation tasks in France and Germany both before and after the Armistice in 1918. The draft law made no provision, however, for the growing number of conscientious objectors whose antiwar scruples were based not on religious tenets but on moral, philosophical, and even political beliefs.

Such men came under the jurisdiction of military courts as draft evaders, along with those religious pacifists who took what was called an "absolutist" position by informing the authorities that they would not become cogs—even noncombatant cogs—in the conscription machinery. The entire country was deeply divided over the wisdom of the draft, and a great deal of anti-conscription sentiment had been expressed in Congress while Selective Service was being debated. But the penalties for persisting in these views after the congressional majority had spoken were severe. In all, five hundred and four conscientious noncooperators were court-martialled; three hundred and forty-five were given prison terms averaging sixteen and a half years; a hundred and forty-two were sentenced to life imprisonment; and seventeen were condemned to death. None of the death sentences were carried out; the C.O.s still in prison were pardoned by President Roosevelt—in 1933.

In the summer of 1940, Congress began debating a proposal for the first peacetime draft in the nation's history. Again, there was strong opposition in both houses. Representative Jerry Voorhis, of California, made this prophetic statement: "Believe me, gentlemen, it is going to be difficult to ever repeal such a measure once you get it established, for you will have made of your military establishment one of the greatest economic factors in your whole country." Quakers joined other pacifist groups in lobbying against the draft. They also asked that if such legislation should be passed, the provision for religious conscientious objectors be made nondenominational.

The Friends' opposition to the passage of the draft legislation proved futile, but, partly because the armed





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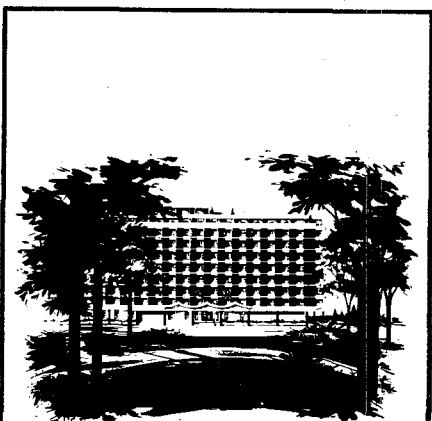
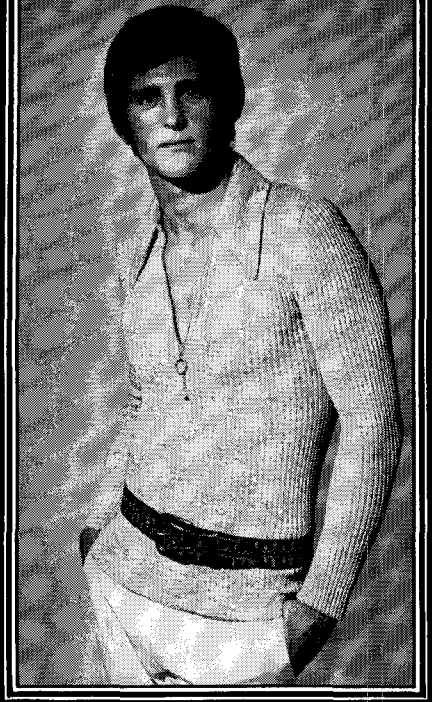
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forces did not want to be bothered with all those recalcitrant C.O.s again, the new law did at least exempt from "combatant training and service" any person who "by reason of religious training and belief is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form." Such men were expected to perform either noncombatant service in one of the military branches or "work of national importance under civilian direction" in what came to be known as the Civilian Public Service program. By the end of the war, some twelve thousand conscientious objectors, representing two hundred religious sects and denominations, had come under the jurisdiction of Civilian Public Service. The C.P.S. program, which centered around large work camps in the style of the W.P.A., was administered and financed, at government request, by the American Friends Service Committee, the Mennonite Central Committee, and the Brethren Service Committee. But the Selective Service Administration remained the sole arbiter of the "conscientiousness" of a man's objection to war, and nearly six thousand noncooperators went to prison during the Second World War for failure to accept Selective Service rulings; about three-quarters of these were Jehovah's Witnesses, who had been denied the ministerial status that their sect claimed for all its members; the rest were absolutists of one persuasion or another.

Even before the end of the war, the American Friends Service Committee began to have second thoughts about its administrative function in the oppressive machinery of conscription, and immediately after V-J Day its board of directors announced that the A.F.S.C. would not undertake a similar role in the future. In the following years, the Committee joined the wider Quaker community in affirming opposition to all forms of conscription. But A.F.S.C. counsellors continued to provide information and impartial aid to all young men—Quaker and non-Quaker—who were interested in the legal channels of conscientious objection: the I-A-O classification (for men whose consciences permit them to perform noncombatant service in some branch of the armed forces, like the Medical Corps) and the I-O classification (for men who are willing to perform some kind of government-approved alternative service outside the armed forces, such as working for the A.F.S.C. itself).

The growth of the draft-resistance movement in the late sixties added a

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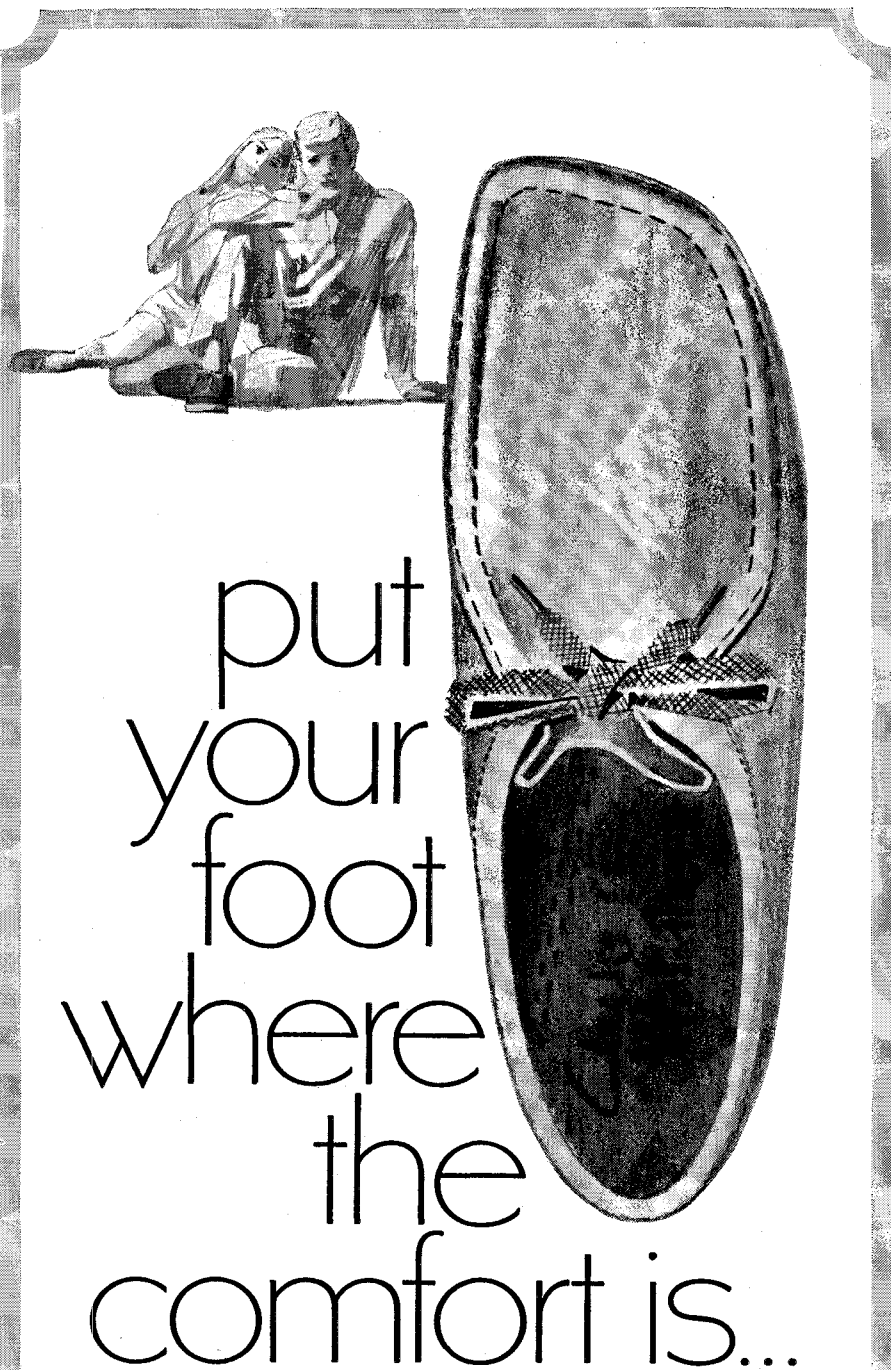
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new dimension to the concept of conscientious objection. Now there were large numbers of young men who without being pacifists, or even religiously inclined, did not want to fight in Vietnam. While they certainly did not fit the stereotype of the draft dodger, they were less ready to go to jail than the old-style noncoöperator. Ineligible for the standard C.O. exemptions, they saw their choices as including migration to Canada, going underground in this country, lying to the authorities about mental and physical disabilities, and disrupting the Selective Service machinery itself. Those who were attracted to the last choice formed the nucleus of a new breed of absolutists, who began to insist that no one should collaborate in any way with the draft; for the most zealous, even accepting the legal penalties for not registering was a form of collaboration. Anything less than total resistance, these new absolutists argued, was playing into the hands of the military, who were able to impose their will on the nation only because the people were not aware of how basically coercive and undemocratic the draft was. Although in many cases these total resisters had taken their first steps toward conscientious objection with the guidance of an A.F.S.C. counsellor (or a counsellor trained by the A.F.S.C.), they now called on the Service Committee to stop temporizing and join the antidraft movement in earnest.

A debate began within the Committee on how far a draft counsellor could go in helping an individual evade military service and how far the Committee itself should go in publicly supporting the newly organized resistance groups. One of the most forceful statements came from Ben Seaver, the Peace Education secretary for the northern California region, who had been counselling young men of draft age since 1940. At a staff conference in January, 1968, Seaver said he believed that the American Friends Service Committee and the Quakers in general had been the beneficiaries of "extreme discrimination" on the part of the federal government ever since the passage of the first Selective Service Act. Spurred on by Seaver and by others who had come to that conclusion, the executive committee of the Peace Education Division adopted a minute that explicitly rejected the government's role as "lord of conscience" and suggested that the Service Committee concentrate in the future on rendering "aid and support" to noncoöperators and nonviolent resisters. This



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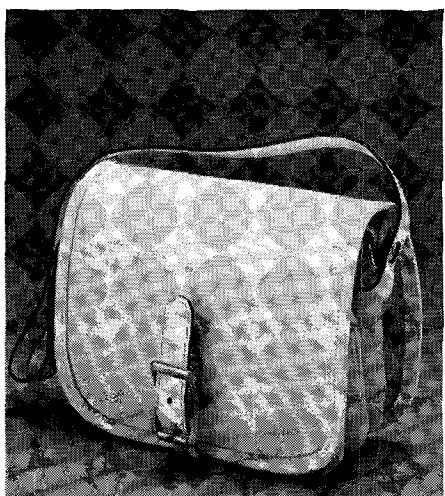


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document was submitted to the board of directors along with a parallel minute prepared by the A.F.S.C.'s C.O. Services Committee, which declared, "It is increasingly evident that the deferment system serves the purpose of removing opposition to the draft. We therefore feel obligated to oppose the system in its entirety." Both documents stressed the point that the Committee need not withdraw its services and its moral support from the thousands of young men who still felt comfortable with the traditional C.O. position, but the clear implication was that the Committee itself had been all too comfortable with it.

This was a strong charge indeed. In a sense, the directors were being asked to repudiate a major chapter in the Committee's history—a chapter that some of them, as veterans of Civilian Public Service, had taken part in without shame and even with a sense of pride and accomplishment. (As orderlies in mental hospitals, for example, Quaker C.O.s had successfully introduced nonviolent methods of dealing with violent patients, and had gone on to organize the National Mental Health Foundation.) In March of 1968, the entire issue of the Committee's attitude toward conscientious objection was placed on the agenda of the Representative Council, an informal but influential body that, until Committee procedures were changed last year, brought together members of the board of directors, the national staff, and delegates from the regional offices. It soon became apparent at this meeting—much to the surprise of some board members—that draft counsellors in virtually all the regional offices were dealing regularly with draft resisters of the new type, and even with A.W.O.L. soldiers seeking sanctuary or passage to Canada. Some members of the board were especially bothered by the idea of A.F.S.C. counsellors' aiding young men who were intent on breaking the law; the board's policy had always been that the Committee would support the right of individuals to engage in civil disobedience but would not become involved in such actions as a corporate entity, since to do so might jeopardize the status of unrelated programs of equal importance. Another matter of concern was how closely the A.F.S.C. wanted to be identified with a movement whose goals might be compatible with the Committee's but whose commitment to non-violence was uncertain, to say the least. And for some people at the Council meeting an even more subtle question

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was involved: whether it was morally proper for those beyond the reach of the draft laws to encourage young C.O.s to take grave risks that the older men, by definition, could not fully share.

It is standard procedure among Quakers when no consensus emerges from a large meeting to appoint a small committee—with all conflicting opinions represented—to continue the discussion and report to the parent body when the conflicts are resolved. The Representative Council now charged such a committee with preparing an entirely new minute on conscientious objection and draft counselling. After considering three different drafts from this committee, the Council finally reached a consensus on a formula that the board of directors later endorsed as the policy of the American Friends Service Committee.

As might be expected, the statement produced by the consensus process was neither a confession of past sins nor an affirmation of business as usual. The board, while noting that it did not share "all the views" held by the draft resisters, also said:

We nevertheless feel a strong sympathy with their resistance to participation in what we have recognized as evil. We are clear in our relation to young men who choose I-O or I-A-O status under conscription, or who accept legal penalties for refusal to cooperate. Our growing perception of the evil of conscription itself... should now lead us to confirm our support of those who refuse cooperation. We should expand our services and review our educational and counseling materials to insure that their moral position is also given due weight. Our counseling should be available to all. We should give our services to any person whose confrontation with military service is direct and open and in the tradition of nonviolence.

This statement obviously fell far short of the objectives of the activists in the regional offices. The oblique reference to "our growing perception" was the only hint that the American Friends Service Committee might have been shortsighted in the past. Even those A.F.S.C. members who helped draft the document agreed that the wording was imprecise. But, according to one regional executive secretary, the minute served its primary purpose, which was to indicate that the somewhat conservative board recognized that draft-counselling practices had in fact changed and that the change was in accord with A.F.S.C. principles.

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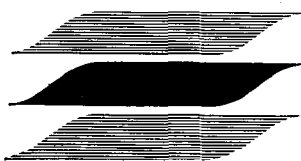
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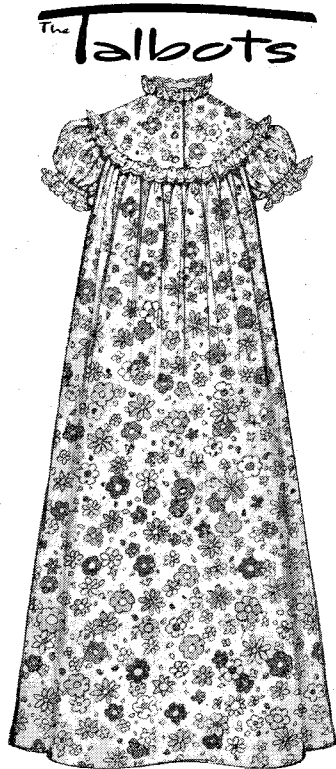
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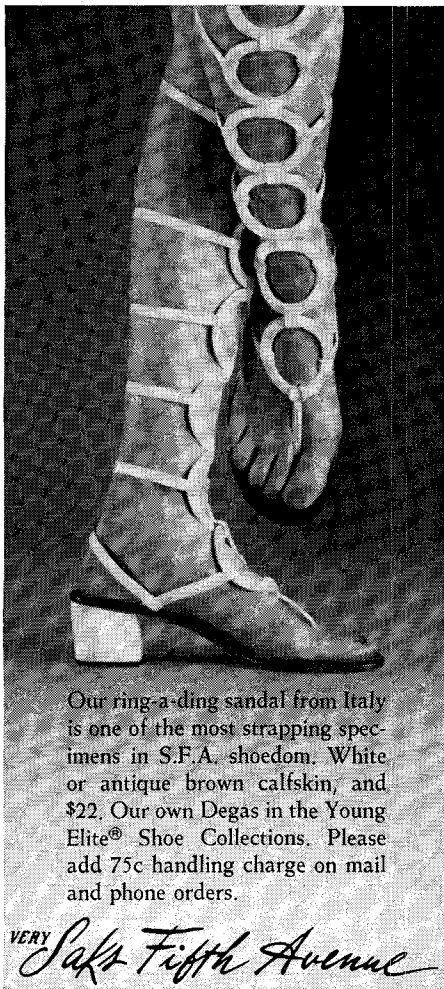




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been devoting part of his time to organizing an independent group called CADRE (Chicago Area Draft Resisters). As a draft counsellor with the A.F.S.C., he continued to provide information and guidance to all those who were interested in the legal channels of conscientious objection. As a CADRE organizer, he tried to persuade other young men to take the more extreme resistance position. The young man's name was Richard Boardman. A native of Acton, Massachusetts, where his parents were members of the local Quaker Meeting, he had registered more or less automatically as a C.O. at the age of eighteen, and then accepted a temporary student deferment to attend Antioch College. In his own words, he "did not identify strongly with political personalities or issues" as an undergraduate. After fulfilling his academic requirements under Antioch's work-study program, he went to Chicago in the fall of 1966 to find a job that would allow him to earn the remaining credits he needed for his degree and at the same time satisfy his alternative-service obligation to his home-town draft board. He was certainly not thinking in terms of the resistance movement when he decided to join the Chicago office of the Service Committee as a "peace interne." In fact, he wrote to his draft board in Acton asking for the necessary approval. (At the time, some sixty C.O.s were doing their alternative service with the A.F.S.C. in one capacity or another.) After five months of consideration and a lengthy correspondence, the Acton board finally ruled that a job involving draft counselling could not be considered "suitable civilian work in lieu of military service." Boardman was told to reapply when he had found another position.

But by this time Boardman had done enough draft counselling to have some insight into what he later called the "structural weaknesses" of the conscription machinery. The more he thought about his own situation, the more it seemed to be a reflection of everything that was wrong with the system. He knew that, because of his family background and education, he would have no trouble satisfying the draft board's requirements if he really tried, but it seemed to him that to do so would be to compromise his own values, by tacitly accepting "the legitimacy of the system of conscription and the military for which conscription exists." The quotation is from a letter that Boardman eventually sent to his draft board—and to his home-town newspa-

per as well—when he had finally made the decision to return his draft card and voluntarily give up his "elitist I-O deferment." In his open letter, Boardman confessed that he had originally seen no problem of conscience in applying for a I-O deferment:

When my claim as a conscientious objector was recognized I was pleased, and began to think that perhaps we had a very "reasonable" system of conscription after all. I found myself thinking that it's a very good system of conscription that "allows" a man to try to help his fellows to live constructively instead of destructively. I had failed to stop to question by what authority it came to be that a man should have to justify this creative inclination to his draft board. I had failed to realize that my deferment as a CO was a convenient way by which my resistance to conscription and the military (and the resistance of thousands like me) was effectively silenced.

Boardman also argued that, contrary to the draft board's ruling, his work in resisting the draft was very much "in the national interest":

As one brought up to believe in the American principles of individualism and voluntarism, I must reject any system of imposed and involuntary recruitment of manpower, and as one brought up to believe in the basic equality of all people and to respect the law only when it is equally administered to all citizens regardless of race, creed, color, social class or education, I must reject a system of conscription that defers the most fortunate members of society and forces the least fortunate to bear the burden of responsibility and risk in the military.

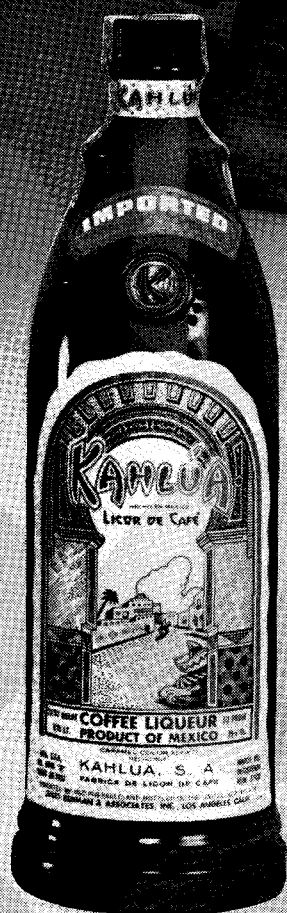
Boardman also wrote, "I understand that by refusing to comply with the Selective Service System I will be breaking the law." As he had expected, he was indicted for refusing to obey a mandatory work order, was found guilty, and was sentenced to three years in federal prison. Boardman had identified himself to his draft board as a "pacifist," but in a later interview he amended that to "attempting to become a pacifist." Although he acknowledged the importance of Quaker values in his thinking, he said that he did not consider himself a member of any Quaker Meeting, because "membership implies exclusion of others, and I'm leery of that." As for the Service Committee, he said that he found its attitude toward social and political issues generally "more reformist than activist" but that the important thing was that "it allows itself to be convinced on occasions." One of those occasions, he felt, was when the board of directors decided to "support the resistance." As he saw it, this was an indication of the path the



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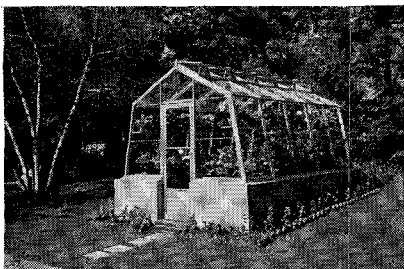
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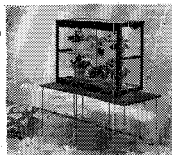
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Service Committee must pursue in the future—"away from helping the individual beat the system, to changing the system itself."

**N**OTHING has been more influential in the evolution of the American Friends Service Committee over the last half century than the old Quaker concept of personal "concern." From the earliest days of Quakerism, a Friend who was moved to action by the plight of the hungry, the sick, or the exploited in some part of the world would ask for the blessing and material support of his Monthly or Yearly Meeting. The impetus for this "Quaker outreach," as it is called, was supposed to come from the individual, who then had the responsibility of convincing his coreligionists not only of the need for the job he had in mind but also of the sincerity of his concern. However important the merits of the proposal, the collective judgment was ultimately based on impressions of personal integrity that could not be reduced to facts and figures.

In part, the Service Committee was set up to institutionalize this procedure, and most of its problems—as well as many of its triumphs—have come from the tensions generated in the course of carrying out such an unlikely assignment. At first, the emphasis was on helping Friends and others express their concerns in whatever areas they were drawn to; for those whose consciences prompted them to undertake "humanitarian service" in general, the Committee found suitable projects in this country and abroad. Pleas for assistance were never lacking, and those who wanted to serve were matched with those who needed help. As the Committee grew in size from a handful of permanent staff members to hundreds of full-time employees, its essentially amateur concept of service was retained; for all its interfaith and interracial aspects, it was still the agent of "outreach" for the Religious Society of Friends. Over the years, the Committee has been especially wary of long-term commitments of the type that would lock it into the mold of the professional welfare agency or the philanthropic research foundation, and it has taken pains not to build up a large endowment, preferring to spend all available funds—nearly eight million dollars for the 1970 fiscal year—on current projects; the Committee feels more comfortable, one fund raiser has said, "depending on people who know what we are doing today."

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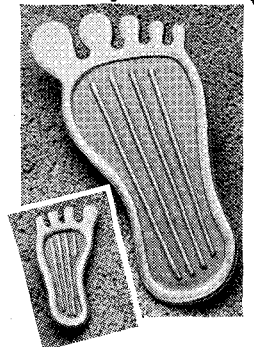
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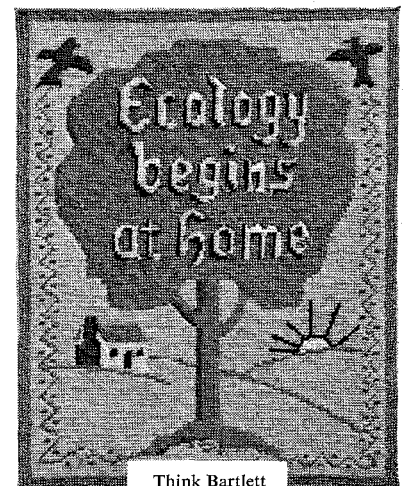
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million-dollar windfall in the form of two unusually large bequests was received; the entire principal was fed into the annual budget over a period of several years, and when this windfall was exhausted, in 1968, the entire Service Committee was faced with a severe budget squeeze. At almost the same time, an independent consulting firm that had been asked to examine the Committee's fund-raising efforts and prospects issued its report to the board of directors. After stating that "the A.F.S.C. is the best dollar-value of any not-for-profit organization we have ever examined," the consultants predicted that the Committee was nevertheless going to fall behind in the chase for "the philanthropic dollar" unless it learned to sell itself to large institutional donors like the general research foundations (the Ford, the Rockefeller, and others). To do this, the Committee would have to break out of its present pattern of service—"a patchwork quilt of fragmented and diverse activities which are difficult to evaluate in relation to social change." Instead of concentrating on short-range financial plans and programs, the report went on, the staff should begin designing some major projects focussed on "issues of national importance" and with "a research and evaluation component built in." When these programs began to show measurable results, the Committee could "gear its communications program and some of its public relations" to make sure that its role in stimulating social change the nonviolent way would be "understood and appreciated by pertinent segments of the population." The report also suggested that a Friendly desire to be "all things to all people" confused the public and interfered with fund raising, and said, "We find that the literature of A.F.S.C. is too preoccupied with philosophy and not enough with tangible evidence of public service."

The authors of the report were aware that some of their proposals would be distasteful to many people associated with the Committee, but they were also aware that similar views had been repeatedly expressed—in a very different vocabulary, of course—by influential members of the A.F.S.C. constituency. There are people on the staff today who believe that the traditional Quaker reverence for individual concerns is getting in the way of the more important business of analyzing the needs of American society and shaping programs to meet those needs. These people fear that an organization whose sole guide is "to see what love can do"



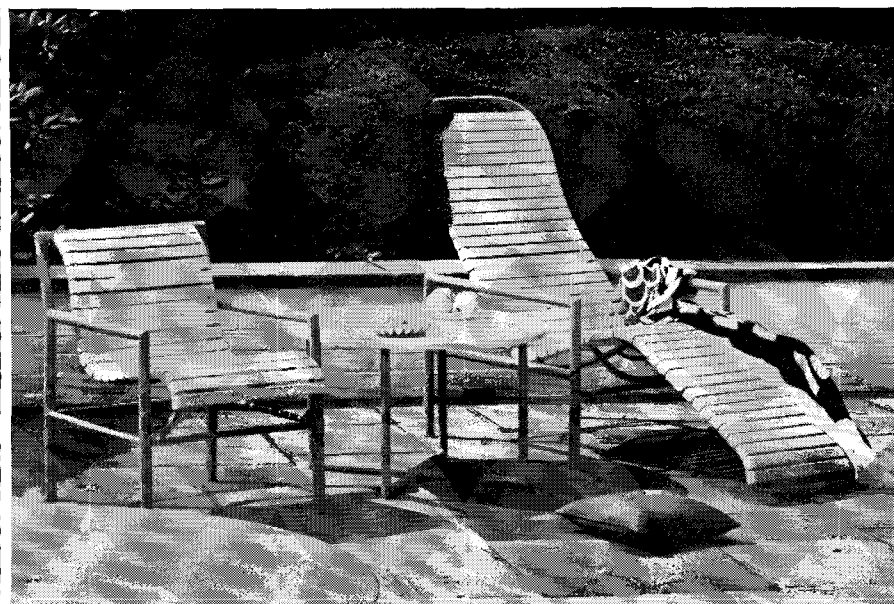
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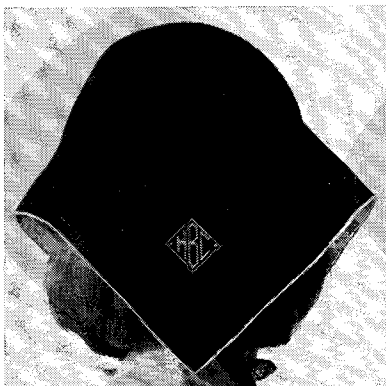


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may spread itself too thin—that in trying to do too much it may end up doing far too little. And they argue that “the cutting edge of social change” (a favorite phrase in the A.F.S.C. lexicon) is now to be found in those areas—in the ghettos, among the radical youth—where trained professionals can be much more effective than self-motivated amateurs.

But the cutting edge of social change evidently cuts both ways. There are people on the Committee who think that it is the professional staff—especially the heads of the program divisions in the national office—who are out of touch with the ghettos and the young. In fact, a group of young people working for the Committee recently got together and formed an “uncommittee” to dramatize their sense of alienation from the A.F.S.C. establishment. They shook up the 1969 Representative Council with a list of what they called “proposals/demands” for a greater say in policy-making—arguing among themselves all the while over whether even the formation of an “uncommittee” was in keeping with their antibureaucratic purpose—and then disbanded to continue their protest as concerned individuals. The subsequent news that the A.F.S.C. board of directors had decided to add five new members between the ages of twenty and twenty-seven did not particularly impress the young people, who pointed out that they had not been consulted even on *that* decision. Later, many of the unmembers of the uncommittee were given the opportunity and the funds to operate a summer project of their choice—an investigation of the inadequacies of federal food-relief programs. At the end of the summer, the regular staff members were impressed by the quality of the research and the final report, and the young people in charge of the project were impressed by the usefulness of at least a minimum of budgetary control and other “bureaucratic” procedures.

A former executive secretary of the Service Committee once remarked that the main trouble with his colleagues and with him was that “we’re caught up in a lot of vested disinterest.” Dr. Robert Leopold, a Philadelphia psychiatrist who has acted as a consultant to the Committee’s personnel department since 1958, concurs in this diagnosis, but he is hesitant about prescribing a remedy. On the one hand, he believes that “the Committee can’t get much larger and maintain its present structure”—that eventually major contributors will demand “hard figures,” and the Com-

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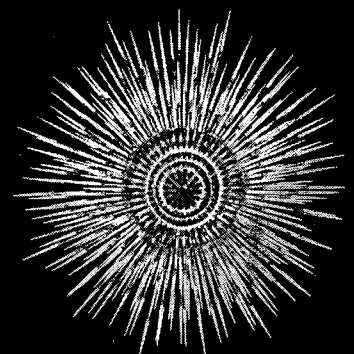


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mittee will have to recognize that long-range planning, the setting of priorities, and scientific efforts to measure the effectiveness of its work do not necessarily violate its principles. On the other hand, he would not like to see anything interfere with the unique social organism the Committee has evolved into—a continuing experiment proving that people can live together nonviolently and constructively by focussing on individual and consensual concerns. “The A.F.S.C. is a valuable prototype of how we must live if we’re going to live at all,” he says. Dr. Leopold, who describes himself as “ethnically Jewish” but drawn “ethically and spiritually to Quaker values,” goes on to say, “There is a mistaken belief that this is a nonaggressive group. Quakers are no less aggressive than other people. Actually, the acceptance of plain speaking in a group can work to bring out and control aggression. You learn that strong negative feelings can be respected and given a place in the decision-making process. The Quaker method of doing business by consensus works because people find they *can’t* be authoritarian and be effective.”

ONE of the least authoritarian and most effective men on the Committee in recent years has been Gilbert F. White, who completed a six-year term as chairman of the board of directors in the fall of 1969. As chairman, White had the job of articulating the consensus of the board when he felt that one had been reached or of suggesting that the board move on when he felt that there was no unity on a particular issue. He had little reason to use the latter prerogative, since a complete impasse is rare among veterans of the Committee process. But Quakers, much as they value unity, have learned to be wary of reaching a consensus *too* quickly, since this may mean that not enough divergent points of view have been represented. During White’s tenure as chairman, the board took steps to make itself more responsive to the crosscurrents of opinion throughout the Committee—the appointment of the five “under-thirty” directors being probably the most controversial of these steps. Of the fifty-seven directors on the 1968-69 board—all of whom were Quakers, in accordance with the A.F.S.C. by-laws—twelve were women, three were Negroes, and several were in the awkward category of “youthful but over thirty.” The honorary chairman, an eminent Biblical scholar named Henry J. Cadbury, who was one of the founders of the Com-



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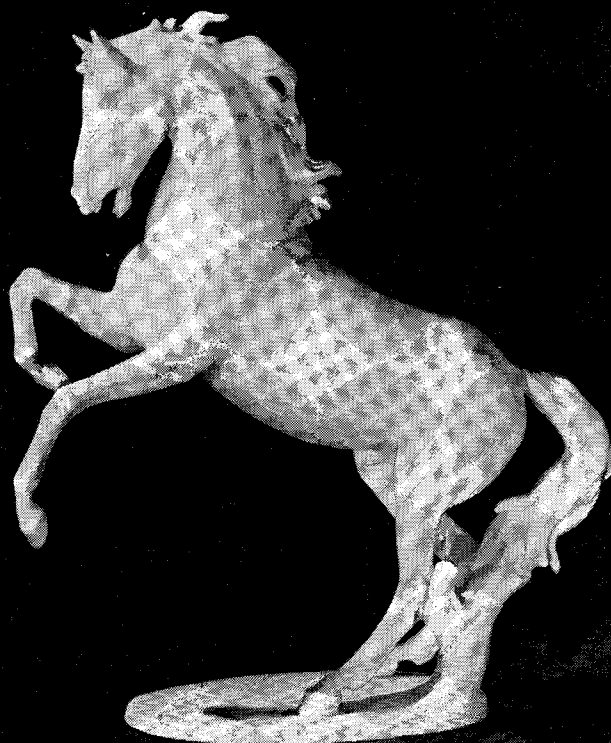
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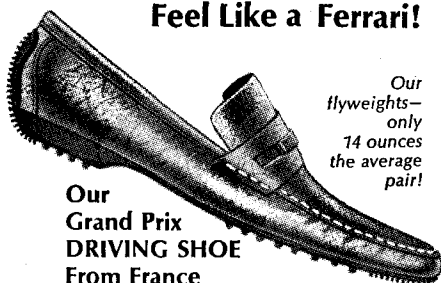


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mittee, was eighty-five years old. There were more educators than lawyers and businessmen combined, a good representation of housewives and social workers, and a handful of engineers, scientists, and other professional men. White, a fifty-nine-year-old former professor of geography at the University of Chicago, is an international authority on the development and conservation of water resources. But he tends to be skeptical about the application of sophisticated planning techniques, such as the "systems approach" and cost-benefit analysis, to problems of social change. "My personal view is that the Committee does have a responsibility to experiment with these techniques, but my experience of working for more than thirty years in one of the most advanced disciplines with regard to planning does not give me much confidence," he says. "I'm more familiar with the techniques and more familiar with their deficiencies. At best, they're crude tools."

White, a tall, gaunt man with a warm smile that softens an otherwise forbiddingly dignified manner, is a convert to Quakerism. He became a convinced Friend after attending a Quaker meeting for eight years, and during the Second World War he served on a Quaker relief team in Vichy, France. He was first named to the board of directors of the Service Committee in 1948. In an earlier era, Quakers used the phrase "weighty Friend" to describe an influential member of a Meeting. In the context of the Committee, White has been the very model of a modern weighty Friend, and in the last few years the weight of his opinion has fallen on the side of those who see the Committee as essentially a fellowship—as the sum of hundreds of individual concerns. He has suggested that the Committee decentralize decision-making as far as possible, even if this means surrendering control of funds (and the Committee's jealously guarded reputation for financial integrity) to the people in the field. And, just for a change, he would like to ask the Committee's regular contributors what good works they see a need for, instead of merely asking them to support projects already planned or in progress.

Ironically, it was the budget squeeze during White's chairmanship—a reduction of six hundred thousand dollars in available program funds in 1969—that gave new impetus to the long-range planners and priority-setters within the A.F.S.C. constituency. The

board established a special committee to determine which programs could be cut back with the least over-all damage. This committee, after surveying the work of all the divisions, decided that the top priority should go to "programs that attempt to facilitate social change through nonviolent means." As a result, the axe fell heaviest on the traditional overseas and youth work—cultural exchanges and other projects aimed largely at the personal enrichment of the participants—while the Peace Education Division suffered hardly any cuts and the Community

Relations Division suffered none at all. During the previous year, the A.F.S.C. had spent \$1,121,313 in community-relations programs, which employed more than sixty full-time staff personnel and touched the lives of thou-

sands of people on the bleak margins (or in the equally uncomfortable fissures) of the affluent society. These programs were summed up in the Annual Report as follows:

Work in metropolitan areas of the North and West to find creative solutions to a broad range of urban problems, particularly housing and education; work to effect the patterns of change in Deep South public schools; community development efforts with farm laborers, migrants, and other rural poor in California and southeastern Pennsylvania; special efforts in the East Coast migrant stream, from a base in Florida; community development and leadership training with American Indian groups in Maine, California, Washington, and Montana; work with released prisoners in California and Iowa.

The question "Why these particular projects in these particular places at this particular time?" was a little embarrassing to the more priority-conscious people on the Committee. The answers were often as varied as the projects themselves. Some had been initiated in one of the regional offices by a concerned staff or Committee member responding to a local crisis. Other projects—like the work with American Indians—reflected traditional Quaker concerns going back to the days of George Fox and William Penn. And still others—like the efforts at neighborhood organizing on Chicago's West Side—had resulted from a combination of local pressures, guidance by trained professionals, and the historical accident of the Committee's presence in the community.

THE secretary of the Community Relations Division is a former newspaper reporter named Barbara



Moffett, who is probably the most influential non-Quaker in the Committee's administrative hierarchy. (She is not a member of any religious denomination.) After the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in April, 1968, she prepared a forty-page memorandum entitled "Questions About Our Future," which received wide distribution both in the regional offices and in the national office. The main question it raised was whether the American Friends Service Committee was willing and able to play an "important part" in the gigantic national effort needed to cope with the domestic crisis. It was suggested that the answer lay in "committing ourselves to a decade or more of large-scale work" and in pinpointing program areas "which, when added to our present effort, might provide a traceable impact on social change"—even if this required doubling the Community Relations Division budget. (Last year, that division spent \$1,602,000—more than any other A.F.S.C. office.)

Despite her penchant for voluminous memos, Barbara Moffett does not think of the struggle against poverty and racism (or, for that matter, the struggle against the A.F.S.C. budget squeeze) in terms of grandiose strategic concepts or sweeping manifestos. She believes in planning, but from her point of view "a decade or more of large-scale work" breaks down almost immediately into a list of specific projects bound up with the experience and knowledge of her staff. As a tough-minded administrator in a highly volatile field, she has developed a sensitivity to the merely faddish, and she always tries to distinguish what she calls "the rhetoric phase" of each new undertaking from "the program phase." If she can be said to have an operational philosophy, it is that the quicker a dispute over social priorities and fundamental moral principles can be reduced to the program level, the greater the chance for a satisfactory resolution. This philosophy was put to one of its most severe tests in recent years by a dispute over the control of an A.F.S.C. field office in Roxbury, the heart of the black ghetto of Boston. Every summer since 1952, the Peace Committee of the New England regional office had sponsored a retreat seminar known as the Avon Institute and devoted to the basic issues of peace and war. The Institute was held at the Geneva Point Camp, on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire, and was usually attended by several hundred members of the A.F.S.C. constituency in New England—white,

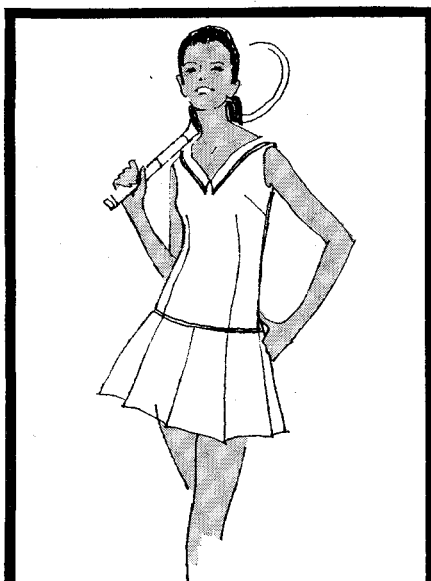


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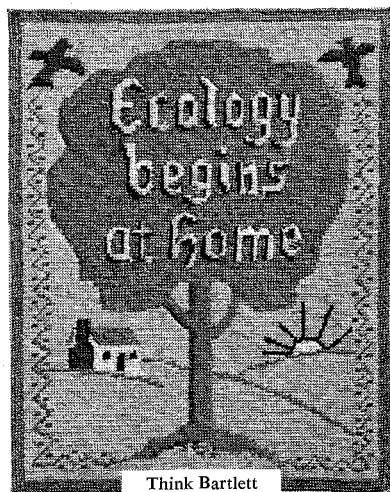


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liberal, middle class, and, though not necessarily Quaker, oriented toward the "Quaker approach" to problem-solving. In 1967, a brochure promised, "The AVON INSTITUTE is going to be different this year." Instead of focussing on Vietnam or the arms race, the Institute's topic was to be "The Urban Crisis: Action Needed Now." Prospective conferees were assured that every effort had been made to create a challenging educational experience for all: "Discussion will be made more relevant and fruitful by the presence of many participants from the inner cities of New England, where they are actively working for change." The Institute's brochure also said that "a sense of fellowship" would be created. But, as things worked out, the 1967 Avon Institute quickly turned into a black-power crisis for the American Friends Service Committee. Any sense of fellowship was shattered on the second day, when the black adults attending the Institute held a separate caucus and began drafting a manifesto that labelled the presence of white social agencies in black communities both "paternalistic and colonialistic." As a model for future relations between well-meaning whites and "an emerging black community," the manifesto demanded a totally new status for the A.F.S.C. field office in the Roxbury section of Boston. (The associate director of that office was among the signers of the manifesto.) Specific demands included the creation of a local committee with "full power for setting policy, fiscal autonomy, and authority to hire and fire personnel;" the acceptance by the New England regional office of a policy of "buy Black and bank Black;" and the hiring of black males as directors of all A.F.S.C. field offices in black communities. To the whites at Avon, the biggest shock was not the nature of the demands (ninety-seven of the hundred and forty-five white participants eventually endorsed them) but the fact that the blacks offered their manifesto on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. The blacks were seeking support on their own terms, and not a dialogue leading to a new consensus.

When the Community Relations Division moved to take up the demands of the black-power advocates a few weeks later, the tone of the discussion was set by Barbara Moffett in a memo addressed to the division's executive committee: "One of the challenges is to sort out which demands run counter to our basic values and therefore cannot be met, and which merely run counter to

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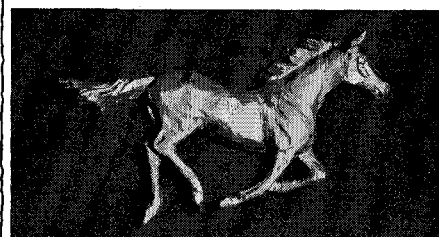
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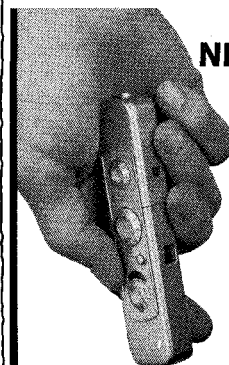
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our habit and convenience." This sorting-out process, and subsequent negotiations between the New England regional office and the newly formed Roxbury Community Committee, went on for more than a year, and before a decision on the issues raised at Avon in 1967 was reached, the Avon Institute for 1968 had come and gone in another un-Quakerly outburst. The announced theme for the 1968 Institute was "Our Cities and Vietnam: A Search for Social Vision and Relevant Action," but, as before, no one was in a mood to follow a prearranged script. Of the three hundred and twenty-five participants, nearly a third were black, and a separate black caucus formed almost immediately. After several days of deliberation, the blacks decided to seize the building they had been meeting in (which happened to provide the most comfortable living quarters on the campgrounds) as a symbol of the reparations owed to black people for their years of exploitation by a white-racist society. Caught by surprise, the white participants fell into an acrimonious debate over the proper response to such "moral coercion." Eventually, it was decided not to call the police or close down the Institute, and the seizure of the building went unopposed, even though this meant the eviction of uninvolved third parties—including vacationing families with children. Then the blacks, who had initially warned "all white people not to approach within fifty feet of our new residence for any reason," returned to the Institute proper to present a demand for immediate and substantial financial aid, with no strings attached, to black-liberation groups in urban ghettos.

A number of white people—including the writer Paul Goodman, who was one of the invited "faculty" members—had already left the camp in protest, accusing the Quaker leadership of selling out to the black militants and their white radical allies. At the final plenary session, the whites who remained voted overwhelmingly, by a show of hands, to endorse the demands of the black caucus. Stephen Cary, who was then an associate executive secretary of the A.F.S.C. and is now a vice-president of Haverford College, was one of the few dissenters. He said that, speaking as a Quaker, it would be as much of a violation of his integrity to ask him to contribute money that might be used to buy guns as it would be a violation of a black man's integrity to ask him to sit in the back of a bus.

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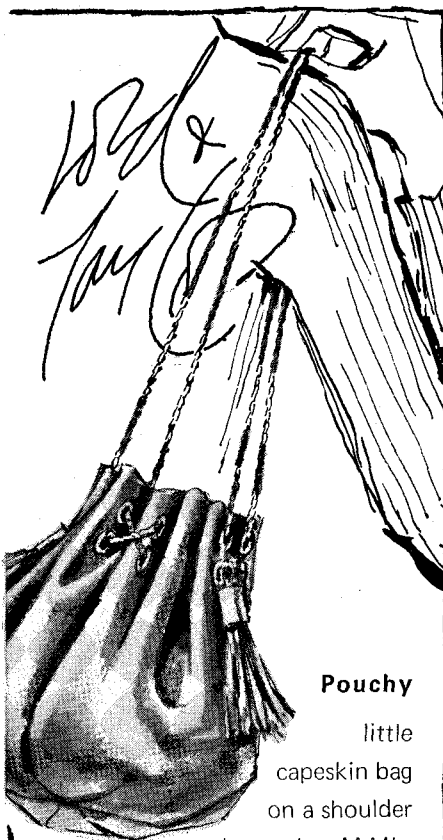
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phase" of the issues raised at the previous summer's Avon Institute had reached an impasse. The Service Committee had already met many of the original demands of the black caucus, such as the appointment of a black male to head the Roxbury field office, the acceptance of the locally organized Roxbury Community Committee as the "determiner" of A.F.S.C. programs in the area, and the naming of several community leaders to the personnel and executive committees of the New England region. The sticking point was a demand that the Roxbury field office have complete autonomy in fiscal and personnel policy while retaining the A.F.S.C. name and a share of the A.F.S.C. budget.

The A.F.S.C. had originally gone into Roxbury in 1965, with what was intended to be a five-year program to reduce housing inequities; at the end of that time, it was hoped the work would devolve into community hands. Now, with two years to go on this timetable, the Community Relations Division suggested a greatly speeded-up transition period, during which the Service Committee would continue to pay all salaries, rent, and other expenses (an estimated total of forty-six thousand dollars a year) while community leaders looked around for new sources of support. But this proposal proved unacceptable to local pride. In the fall of 1968, the Roxbury Community Committee became a separate entity known as the Roxbury Action Program, and communication between Roxbury and the New England regional office of the A.F.S.C. came to a virtual halt. After much soul-searching, the A.F.S.C. decided that, welcome or not, it had a moral commitment to Boston's black community at least through 1970, and it decided to honor this commitment by donating forty-six thousand dollars a year for the next two years to the group that had "inherited" its field office. The Service Committee reserved the right to reconsider its support after that date. Since then, in response to new demands from the Roxbury Action Program, the Committee has made an emergency grant of twenty-five thousand dollars to assist the R.A.P.'s housing program, and it has sought out new sources of money for the community group outside standard A.F.S.C. channels.

As far as Barbara Moffett was concerned, the failure to reach a satisfactory consensus in the original negotiations was an unfortunate accident, hav-

ing more to do with lack of communication than with any possible obsolescence in Service Committee principles or practices. She cited the fact that almost all the issues raised in the Roxbury confrontation had already been handled with a minimum of fuss on the program level in other parts of the country. In several Southern communities where the Service Committee had already established a relationship of mutual trust, funds had been channelled to independent black groups on a no-strings basis. In San Francisco, A.F.S.C. staff members had contributed indispensable skills to an organization of welfare mothers called GROUP, which had no formal connection with the Service Committee and was therefore under no obligation to observe Quaker guidelines concerning tactics and goals. In Chicago, black males had been sought out several years earlier to direct programs emanating from the East Garfield Park Project House. The Committee had also sponsored social and cultural centers for American Indians in several large cities, where the responsibility for decision-making was divided between Service Committee representatives and leaders chosen from the community.

The secretary of the Community Relations Division has always relied on the ability of her staff to see through the rhetorical flourishes that sometimes masquerade as fundamental principles. "We always knew that the fight for civil rights wasn't just a matter of mixing bodies—at least, I hope we did," Barbara Moffett said not long ago. "Our experience with American In-



dians certainly taught us that people do better in unfamiliar surroundings when their own identity is clear; we know that Plains Indians, whose culture was shattered by the Indian Wars of the last century, have an even harder time adjusting to urban life than, say Indians from one of the Southwestern tribes. We operate constantly under the tension of recognizing the validity of group identity and yet trying to challenge people to consider the universal values of humanity. This means that we can never have rigid personnel policies of any kind. From time to time, we do recognize the importance of race in filling certain jobs, while at other times we would insist that this is not an important criterion." She feels that the trouble with many inexperienced civil-rights leaders is that they tend to let their guilt get the better of them and so become advocates of

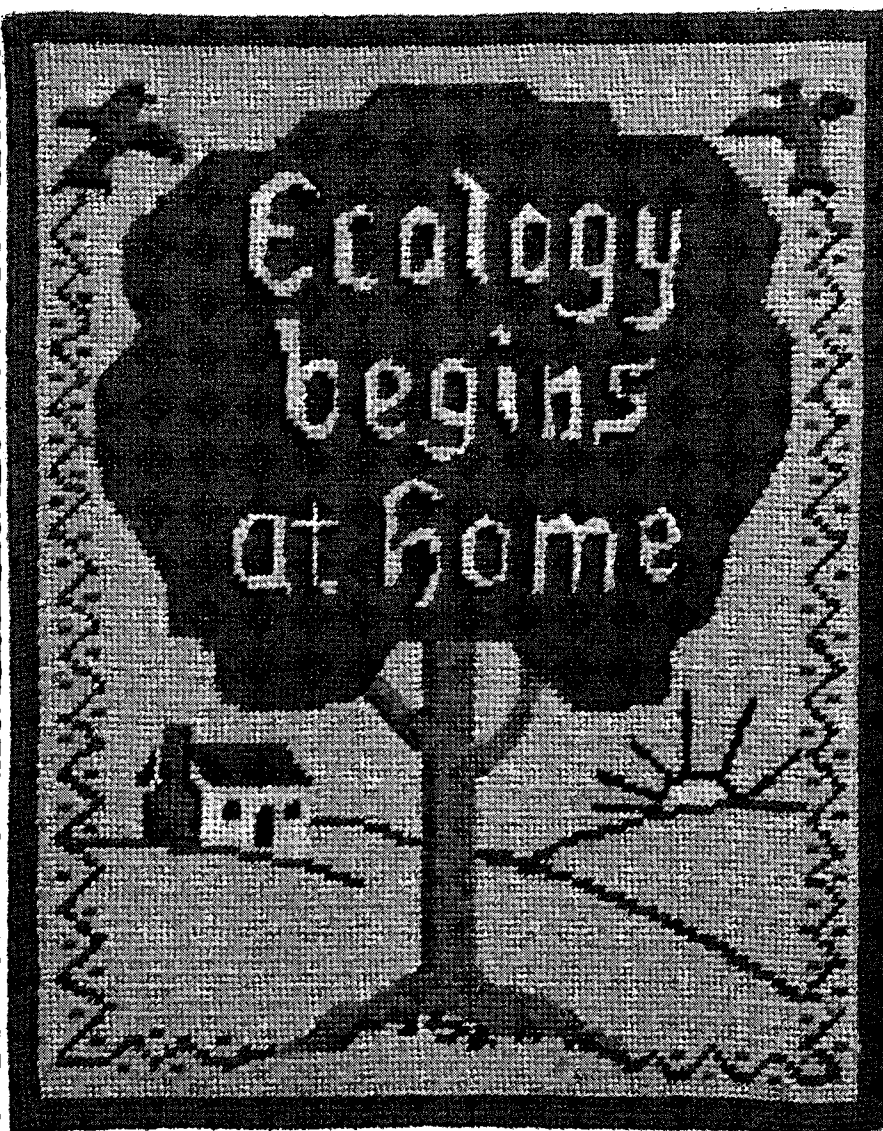


policies that they know are morally wrong, and sometimes even detrimental to the interests of the minority groups involved. "We are not that new to the field," she said. "And we're not that concerned with our image. Appealed to on conscience, we're the most malleable of organizations; but bludgeoned by threats, we're the least."

In practice, the Service Committee's response to either appeals or threats is usually determined by the recommendation of local staff people, since they are closest to the situation, but the discussion about the degree of malleability proper to each case is carried on at a number of levels within the Committee structure. A former member of the Community Relations Division executive committee who was working to integrate the public schools in Washington, D.C., several years before the 1954 Supreme Court decision has often expressed her fear that the Committee is not being honest with black leaders. "Our sympathy for black people as victims is so great that we go too far in blinding ourselves to their faults—we romanticize their strength and vitality," she said. "I'd be inclined to criticize their violent words and actions and let the chips fall where they may."

Another former staff member, a Negro woman who is now working for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund, sees a very different danger in the tendency of certain Friends to congratulate themselves on their heroic past. "I used to chide my Quaker colleagues that they lack a sense of original sin," she said recently. She herself was brought up in the United Church of Christ, and was attracted to the Committee after the Second World War because it offered the best opportunity available at the time to bring a religious, nonviolent approach to bear on social issues. Although she has nothing but praise for the Committee's early involvement in the struggle against racial discrimination, she can remember being irritated by the fact that "many older Friends assumed that they were 'clear' on the race question because their grandfather had had a hand in the Underground Railroad or the abolition movement; they were unable to see that, as middle-class white Americans, they had a part in perpetuating the structure of white racism today, no matter who their ancestors were."

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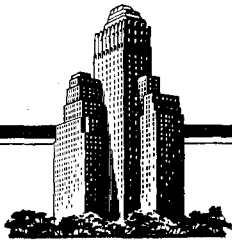
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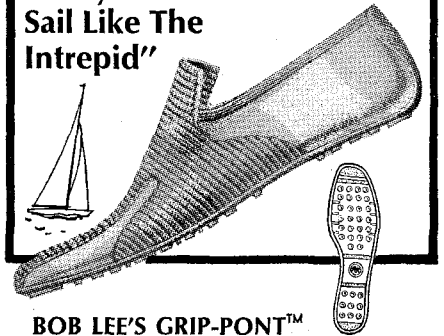
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find a "new relevancy" in the years ahead precisely because it is "a middle-class, white-dominated organization capable of making the aspirations of various black groups clear to middle-class whites." But Clark, whose Committee experience has been largely overseas, is painfully aware that there can be little progress toward social change at home until the war in Vietnam is ended. A convinced Friend, Clark looks and talks like a successful Midwestern businessman—an identity he has assumed on occasion during the last two decades when he was not on a tour of duty with the Service Committee. Most of the time since the Second World War, when he was imprisoned for noncooperation with the draft law, he has alternated between a career as a corporation executive in his home state, Ohio, and a career in international service that has taken him to such places as mainland China (with a Friends ambulance unit) and to Morocco and Algeria as director of A.F.S.C. relief programs. Late in 1965, he coordinated the efforts of an eight-man working party on the booklet "Peace in Vietnam," one of a number of A.F.S.C. publications that have helped provide fuel for an informed opposition to American policies in Southeast Asia. In 1967, Clark resigned as vice-president of a medical-electronics firm in Oberlin to join the Service Committee's Special Vietnam Effort on a full-time basis. His selection as executive secretary in June, 1968, coincided with a growing consensus among the A.F.S.C. constituency that the time had come to express the strongest possible collective stand against the war. The question facing the leadership was whether or not to commit an act of corporate civil disobedience—for the first time in the Committee's fifty-year history—by knowingly violating a law of the United States.

Quakers have always tried to offer humanitarian aid to civilian sufferers on both sides of any armed conflict. The Service Committee acted according to this principle in the Spanish Civil War, the Chinese Civil War, the Arab-Israeli wars, and the Nigeria-Biafra struggle. In South Vietnam, up to 1966, the Committee's relief work was concentrated in the provincial capital of Quang Ngai, where an international staff operated a day-care center for children and a hospital that specialized in prosthetics—making and fitting artificial limbs—and in training Vietnamese technicians to help care for the estimated forty thousand civilian amputees in the south. In an effort to match

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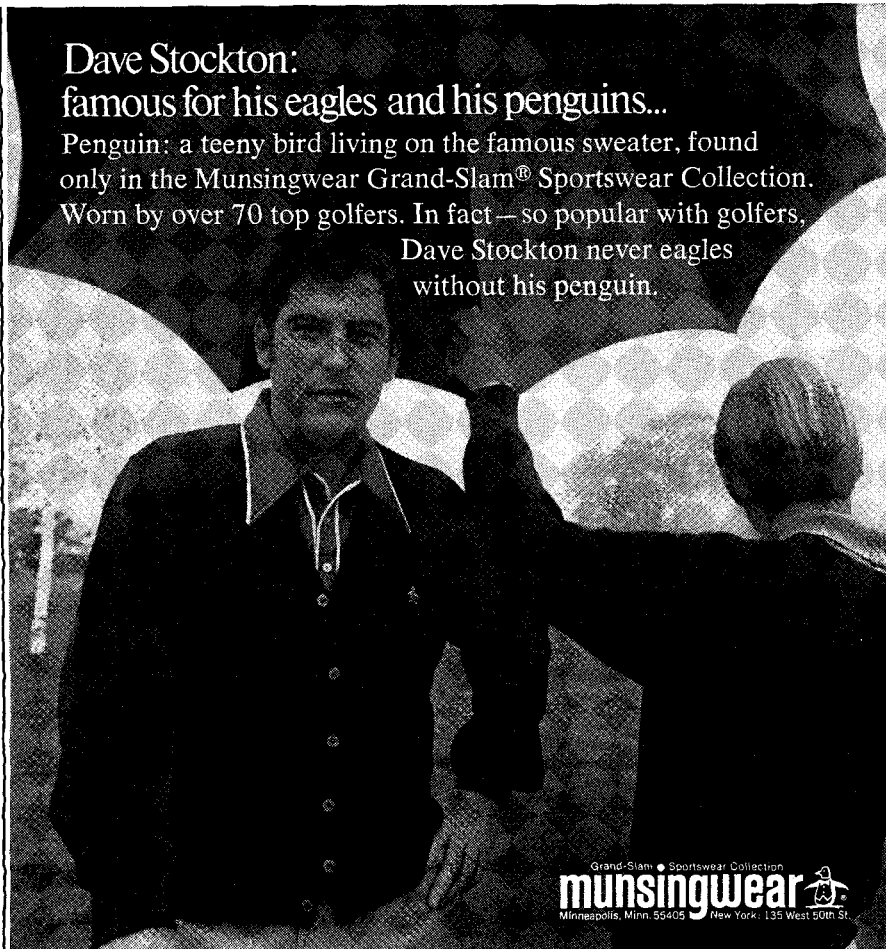
this program—at least symbolically—with a program in the North, the Service Committee asked for, and received, a license from the Treasury Department to send six thousand dollars' worth of medical supplies to "any destination in Vietnam" in the fall of 1966. A few months later, the Treasury Department announced that all further requests for export licenses to North Vietnam would be denied, on the ground that the Hanoi authorities had refused to permit impartial observers to accompany the supplies and certify that they were actually going to civilians rather than to the Communist war effort. The Service Committee itself has usually insisted on sending qualified representatives along with relief shipments—both because it wants to insure efficient distribution and because Quakers dislike faceless philanthropy—but the directors had waived the requirement in this case, since they felt an urgent need to establish some sort of contact with the people on the receiving end of the American bombing raids. Indeed, several other Quaker groups, including the New York Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends and an ad-hoc committee calling itself A Quaker Action Group, had already informed the government that they intended to ship medicines to North Vietnam *without* licenses. These shipments, arranged through the offices of the Canadian Friends Service Committee, were in open violation of the Trading with the Enemy Act of 1917. The government's response was to freeze the bank accounts of A Quaker Action Group and to threaten legal proceedings against the group. Despite this harassment, A Quaker Action Group managed to raise the money and went ahead with the shipments, including a voyage to Haiphong by a crew of six aboard the fifty-foot sailing vessel Phoenix. The group's announced intention in making these shipments was to show that the government had no right to regulate humanitarian efforts to "heal and bind the wounds of war," even across international boundaries.

There were people on the American Friends Service Committee who urged a similar policy of open defiance of the government's ruling, but there were also counsels of caution. Unlike A Quaker Action Group, the Service Committee was not an ad-hoc organization, and much more was involved than the assumption of personal risk by a few of the A.F.S.C. officers and staff. If the government were to freeze the Committee's bank accounts, or cut off

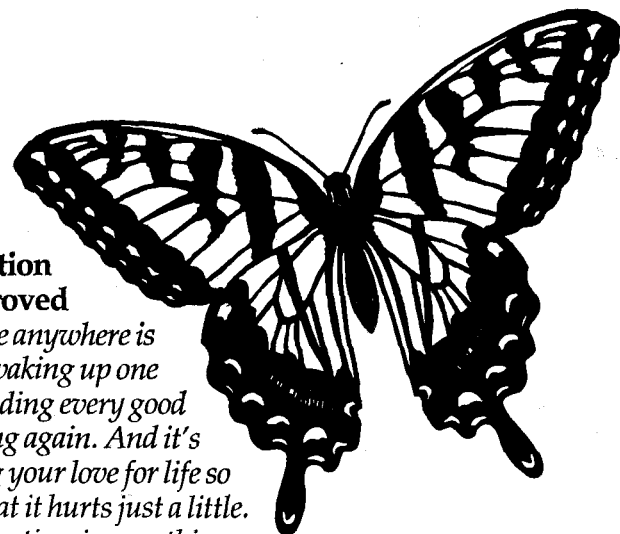
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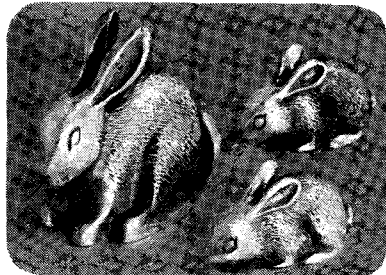
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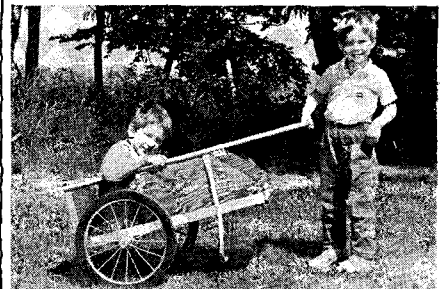
Even before the change in the Johnson Administration's policy, there had been a sense of uneasiness in the A.F.S.C. constituency about a humanitarian aid program that spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in three years in South Vietnam and only six thousand dollars in North Vietnam. In the spring of 1968, the board of directors reaffirmed the traditional Quaker policy of aiding civilian sufferers on both sides of the firing line. In practice, this meant continuing the work at Quang Ngai while making a renewed effort to find a way to ship medical supplies to the North, or to parts of the South controlled by the National Liberation Front. Talks were initiated in Cambodia with representatives of Hanoi and the National Liberation Front to determine what kind of aid was actually needed. Committee personnel had been in contact with the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong on a number of occasions during the preceding three years, but, even with this background, and with the 1966 shipment as evidence of the Committee's good faith, the suspicions of the Communist negotiators were not easily overcome. The Communists kept telling the Quakers that if they really wanted to do some good they should go home and work to end the war there; the A.F.S.C. representatives kept replying that the Committee was trying to do just that, and that the establishment of peaceful contacts between antagonists—starting, perhaps, with a shipment of medical supplies—was in itself a step toward peace. Even after the N.L.F. began to show some interest, it took nearly four and a half months of verbal sparring before qualified medical spokesmen for both sides could get down to specifics. When the details were finally worked out, the Committee filed a new application for an export license in Washington, on the outside chance that the Johnson Administration could be persuaded to change its mind again. A reply was requested within two weeks; a month later—it was October by then—a State Department source informed the Committee that if the gov-



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ernment should be pressed for a reply it would have to say no, but that the situation might be different in sixty to ninety days. Reluctantly, the Committee decided that waiting a little longer would be worth it if the delay would make it even a little easier for the government to reconsider its policy.

In the meantime, the board of directors asked Bronson Clark to conduct a poll of the entire staff and committee structure to make certain that there was a firm consensus in favor of going ahead with the shipment without government approval, if necessary. The responses were overwhelmingly favorable, although one regional executive committee and one national program committee reported "strong reservations" unless the shipment could be accompanied by A.F.S.C. spokesmen. (The National Liberation Front had said that wartime conditions made it impossible for Committee personnel to enter the territory under its control.) Many of the respondents stressed the importance of making clear to all sides that the purpose of the shipment was not political but humanitarian, with a basic religious motivation.

Three weeks before Christmas, the board learned that the State Department had turned down the request for an export license. After a brisk discussion, in which everyone present agreed that there was "unusual unity across the A.F.S.C. family" on this step, the board authorized the purchase abroad and delivery of twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of procaine penicillin to civilian war sufferers in areas of South Vietnam controlled by the N.L.F. Of three items that had been specifically requested by the N.L.F., the Service Committee's medical expert had deemed procaine penicillin the least likely to end up in battlefield use, since it is a drug generally employed in the treatment of secondary infections. The N.L.F. representatives had been quite candid in admitting that, as much as they would try to respect the Quakers' wishes, there was no way to guarantee distribution to civilians alone.

In announcing the drug shipment in the United States, the board and the staff were especially anxious not to do or say anything that might interfere, however slightly, with the Paris peace talks, which were still in their uncertain early stages. In addition, no one wanted to do anything to sour the Committee's relationship with the State Department, which had remained amicable despite major disagreements in the past. And, finally, no one wanted to say any-

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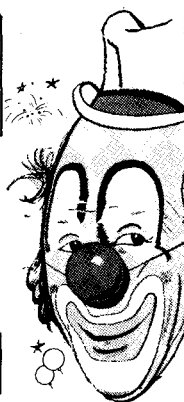
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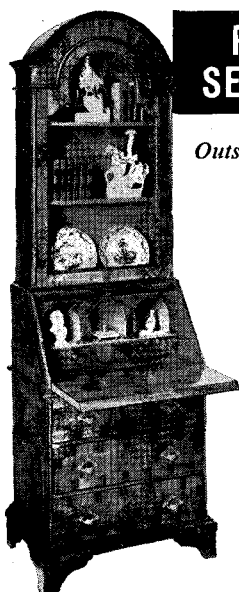
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thing that might divert attention from the humanitarian purpose of the shipment to an issue that the board considered strictly peripheral—its own act of corporate civil disobedience. Taking all these views into consideration, Committee personnel drafted a statement that omitted any mention of the fact that the penicillin was to be shipped without government approval. This rather startling omission was questioned by several members of the board and the staff, who felt that the Committee's obligation to be completely open with the public outweighed its otherwise admirable desire to adopt a nonprovocative posture in a confrontation with the government. (To try to shield the rest of the Committee's programs from the effects of possible government sanctions, a separate bank account had been designated to receive and disburse all funds connected with the drug shipment.) During the discussion that followed, one of the most influential voices was that of Earle Edwards, the associate executive secretary for finance. He noted that the board's decision happened to coincide with the year-end fund-raising drive. Given the controversial nature of the decision, it could be assumed that some contributors would want to sever their relation with the Committee when they learned of it, while others might want to increase their support. In either case, he expressed his concern that each contributor learn all about the decision as soon as possible from the Committee itself, so that no one would feel that his support was being solicited under false pretenses.

The statement approved by the board is a perfect précis of the Service Committee's fundamental beliefs and attitudes, both in what it says and in what it leaves unsaid. The text reads:

When the politics of power spill over into war, and men begin to hate and kill each other, the AFSC is concerned to relieve the suffering and to reconcile those who have been separated by conflict. And in places where prejudice, or the unconscious apathy of privilege, have operated to crush those who are poor or different, we have tried to offer help and to change the hearts and the institutions of the oppressor. To these ends we have worked with many branches of the family of man, whether American or European, African or Asian, Buddhist, Christian or Jew or Muslim. Sometimes our service has been among those whom other men call enemies, sometimes with those others call friends. They are all children of God, and we cannot let ourselves be separated from them by the arbitrary barriers that men build to rationalize their inhumanity.

This point of view, and the actions it leads to, are not always easy for our

fellow-citizens to accept, and we are encouraged by the loyal support that so many of you have given us for so long. Today we continue to need your support because our faith again calls us to aid those who are caught on the other side of the battle lines, this time in areas controlled by the National Liberation Front in Vietnam. We have long helped the Vietnamese who live in Saigon Government territory: in hospitals and orphanages, in a day care center, in a prosthetics program for amputees in Quang Ngai and in the training of Buddhist social workers. Two years ago we contributed modest shipments of medical supplies to civilians on all sides of the conflict. We have now made the first of a series of shipments of procaine penicillin to civilian war sufferers in National Liberation Front areas, drawing upon funds specially raised for that purpose. At the same time we have sent a medical shipment of equal value to our Quaker service unit in Quang Ngai.

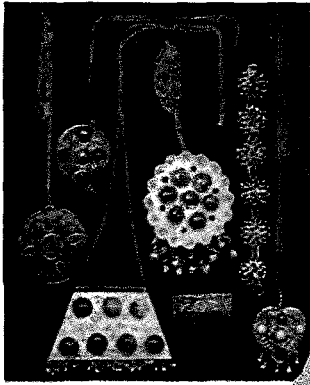
Affixed to each vial and syringe in the medical shipment to NLF territory is the following label, printed in both Vietnamese and English: The American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) gives medical aid to Vietnamese war sufferers in Quang Ngai. This gift is a similar expression of good will and friendship to the people of Vietnam from the American Friends Service Committee to help those civilians elsewhere in Vietnam who are suffering greatly because of the war.

For years we have been developing and maintaining contact with all sides in this tragic war. As in all our other humanitarian efforts, we have acted with the knowledge of our Government and, until now, within its regulations. We have met with NLF representatives in many places and on many occasions. We know something about their needs, even if the gulfs of history and culture still keep us from fully knowing them, or them from knowing us. These factors, and the terrible exigencies of war, have not yet made it possible for the NLF to permit AFSC representatives to accompany medical shipments beyond the point of their delivery into NLF hands. We regret this limitation, but we see our efforts as a continuum that we hope will lead to mutual growth of understanding and later personal participation. In the meantime, we have been promised and will expect reports on the use of our supplies for civilians and will continue to press for admission of AFSC personnel.

All of these considerations have been made known to our Government, and we have been in communication with its agencies for many months regarding our interest in sending help to civilians through an NLF agency charged with meeting civilian needs. We understand the reasons for the Administration's present unwillingness to approve such a step, but we still feel it right to proceed.

In taking this action, we earnestly believe that we are keeping faith with our Quaker commitment and with Jesus's parable of the Good Samaritan. This is our basic motivation. We are also concerned about prisoners of war—Americans held by the NLF, and Vietnamese held by American allies—and the contacts we have had with the NLF, and will continue to have through the medi-

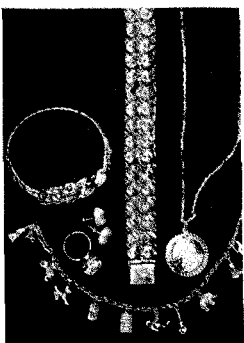




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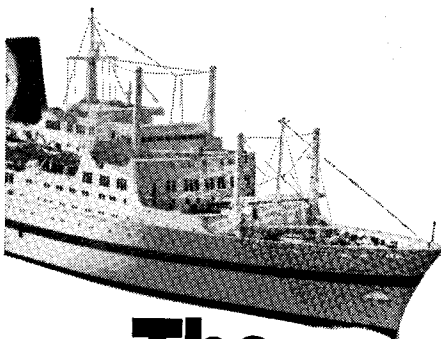
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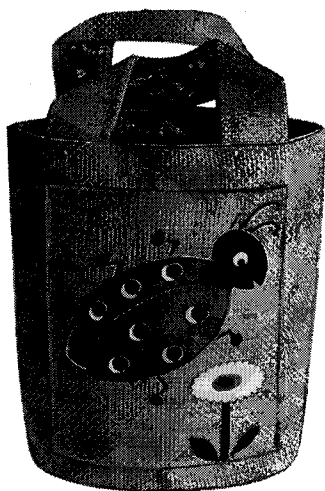


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um of relief shipments, afford us the continuing opportunity to encourage the release of those who are imprisoned. It is important, too, for Americans to begin now to lay the foundation for future relationships with those on all sides of the Vietnam conflict. These must inevitably be established when the fighting stops, and the encouragement of private initiatives now may ease the way to greater understanding later. For these related reasons, but most of all as an expression of our religious concern, we have made this shipment, and intend to make others in the days ahead.

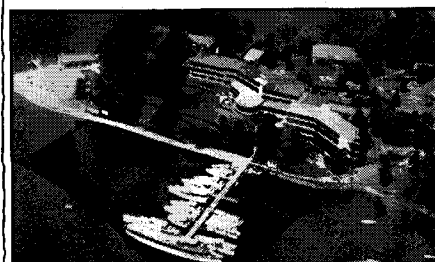
By the time the statement was released to the press and mailed to the A.F.S.C. constituency, officials in Saigon and Washington had been personally visited and informed of the board's action, and the first shipment of penicillin had already been delivered. A news report of the shipment was carried over the Associated Press wire, but many newspapers (including the *Times*) ignored the story. After the statement was issued, a member of the Committee's public-relations department remarked, "Everyone probably assumed we've been doing this all along." Repercussions inside the A.F.S.C. family were limited to one resignation—by a member of a program committee—and a request from one staff member that his opposition to the shipment be noted in his personnel file. In the larger Service Committee constituency, the reaction was, of course, harder to gauge, but Edwards did not foresee any immediate net loss or gain in income unless the government decided to apply legal sanctions.

As things worked out, the decision of the lame-duck Johnson Administration was to turn the other cheek, or at least to look the other way, since no attempt was made to interfere with this or any subsequent shipment. The following year, after President Nixon had taken office, the Service Committee again applied for an export license—this time to send some twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of medical equipment (for open-heart surgery) to the Health Ministry of North Vietnam. The arrangements had been worked out in Hanoi by Dr. Joseph Elder, a member of the A.F.S.C. board, who had persuaded the North Vietnamese to let him deliver the goods in person. Once again, the Committee was prepared to act without government approval, but on July 24, 1969, a license for the purchase of medical supplies abroad was granted by the Treasury Department, on the recommendation of the State Department, which had also validated Dr. Elder's passport for the Hanoi trip. (Later, some syringes

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of penicillin with A.F.S.C. labels attached were found in Communist supply caches in Cambodia by invading American troops, but the Committee offered no apology for the apparent diversion of its aid into military channels. In a brief statement issued to the press shortly after the Cambodian invasion, Bronson Clark reiterated the humanitarian purpose of the shipment, and underscored the fact that the United States government had been kept fully informed of the Committee's intentions and actions in this area.)

To some people, the idea that any Administration in Washington might decide to crack down on the Service Committee had always been faintly amusing. One knowledgeable but impartial observer prophesied, "The government will take on the American Friends Service Committee before it takes on the Roman Catholic Church—but only *just* before." For Gilbert White, however, the act of corporate civil disobedience was welcome proof that within the Committee the moral concerns of individuals could still take precedence over a concern for the preservation of the institution itself. And for Clark the entire sequence of events was an indication that the Committee could continue to play the role of "friend and critic" to the American government. "People have a feeling that our society is coming apart at the hinges," Clark said at the time. "We've lost confidence, we're unable to organize ourselves to do the things we know we have to do. We can't seem to break out of the past. What the Committee has done is very encouraging. It's fantastic, in a way, that a fifty-two-year-old organization with fifty thousand contributors and hundreds of staff members is not so encrusted with barnacles that it can't reach a consensus to take a step like this. I have a feeling that in the next few years we're going to be much used by men of good will, in government and elsewhere, as a link to the reservoir of liberal values in this country."

—GERALD JONAS

(This is the second of two articles on the American Friends Service Committee.)

MASSAWA, Ethiopia, Feb. 22 (Reuters)—Emperor Haile Selassie today launched an anti-pollution campaign in the Red Sea when he scattered plastic card appeals for cleanliness in the water about 20 miles outside this northern Ethiopian naval base.—*International Herald Tribune*.

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Sci-Fi in the Veldt*

THERE are good reasons that Gian Carlo Menotti is the most successful and noteworthy of contemporary opera composers. He has an infallible sense of theatre, he knows how to write effectively for the human voice, and his scores employ the traditional language of music as it has been understood by generations of operagoers. Some readers may object to my nomination and propose Benjamin Britten for the honor. But Benjamin Britten, a more sophisticated composer in both the good and the bad senses of that word, has written only a few operas that are universally popular, and his style is slightly flawed by the mannerisms of so-called "contemporary" music. He seldom writes from the heart, whereas Menotti always does, and this makes the appearance of any new Menotti opera an occasion.

Last Friday evening, at the New York State Theatre, the New York City Opera presented Menotti's latest—"The Most Important Man"—and I found it one of the most impressive of all his works for the stage. Menotti, as usual, is concerned with something topical, and, again as usual, he implies a moral. The question the work poses is whether, having access to a scientific formula that would save the world, man would be capable of using it for his own and others' benefit, and Menotti's answer is no. The narrative starts in the laboratory of a great scientist, who surprises a former assistant rummaging through his papers. The locale is a white-supremacist state—obviously South Africa. The scientist, Dr. Arnek, is white, a man living in seclusion with his family out in the veldt; the former assistant is a black man, Toimé Ukamba, who left the country several years previously, following what he thought was a snub by Dr. Arnek, and has just returned. Far from being annoyed by Toimé's seeming attempt at burglary, Dr. Arnek is glad to see him. All the Doctor's assistants except one have abandoned him on the ground that he is a madman (he has been working on a formula that would revolutionize human society and make the country that possessed it the most powerful in the world), and he is in need of expert assistance. As it turns out, Toimé invents the formula. The discovery is presented to a group of scientists and a politician, who are enthusiastic, but re-



luctant to accept it as the work of a black man. They urge Dr. Arnek's wife, a highly prejudiced and nagging woman, to persuade him to assume credit for it, but he refuses. Meanwhile, Toimé and Dr. Arnek's daughter, Cora, have fallen in love and are having an affair. Dr. Arnek hears of this and reproves Toimé for not confiding in him. Toimé takes the Doctor's attitude as evidence of racial prejudice, and works himself into such a fury that the Doctor has second thoughts about leaving the formula in the hands of so highly emotional a man. He directs the other assistant to remove the formula from a safe, and Toimé, encountering the man in the act, kills him and retrieves the formula. He is now a fugitive from justice. He flees with Cora, and, knowing that he will be killed if he is caught, asks her to burn the formula. Before the authorities can close in, Dr. Arnek appears and pleads with Toimé to save himself. Toimé is still angry, and threatens Dr. Arnek with a gun. The gun goes off harmlessly, and a group of arriving soldiers shoot Toimé. He dies after a reconciliation with Dr. Arnek.

The motives in this story are plain, and the characters well drawn. The music is typical Menotti, which is to say that it is simple, affecting from time to time, and clear in its emotional inferences. There are some excellent arias for Toimé—especially his monologue in Act I, Scene 1, and his death scene—and a fine aria for Dr. Arnek in Act II, Scene 2. In Toimé's role, Menotti has written music of considerable power. Whether this is a great opera *sub specie aeternitatis*, I do not know. But it is a highly effective piece of musical theatre, and at its close the other night the audience could scarcely contain its emotion. The story and libretto are, of course, by Menotti himself. A superb cast took part in this première. Eugene Holmes, a black baritone with a big, expressive voice and considerable stage presence, sang the role of Toimé. Harry Theyard did well as Dr. Arnek, a role that requires some very high singing for a tenor. Beverly Wolff was the wife, Richard Stillwell was the white assistant (a small role for an extremely good artist), Joanna Bruno was Cora, Delores Jones was Mrs. Agebda Akawasi, a native leader—a most difficult role. The lesser

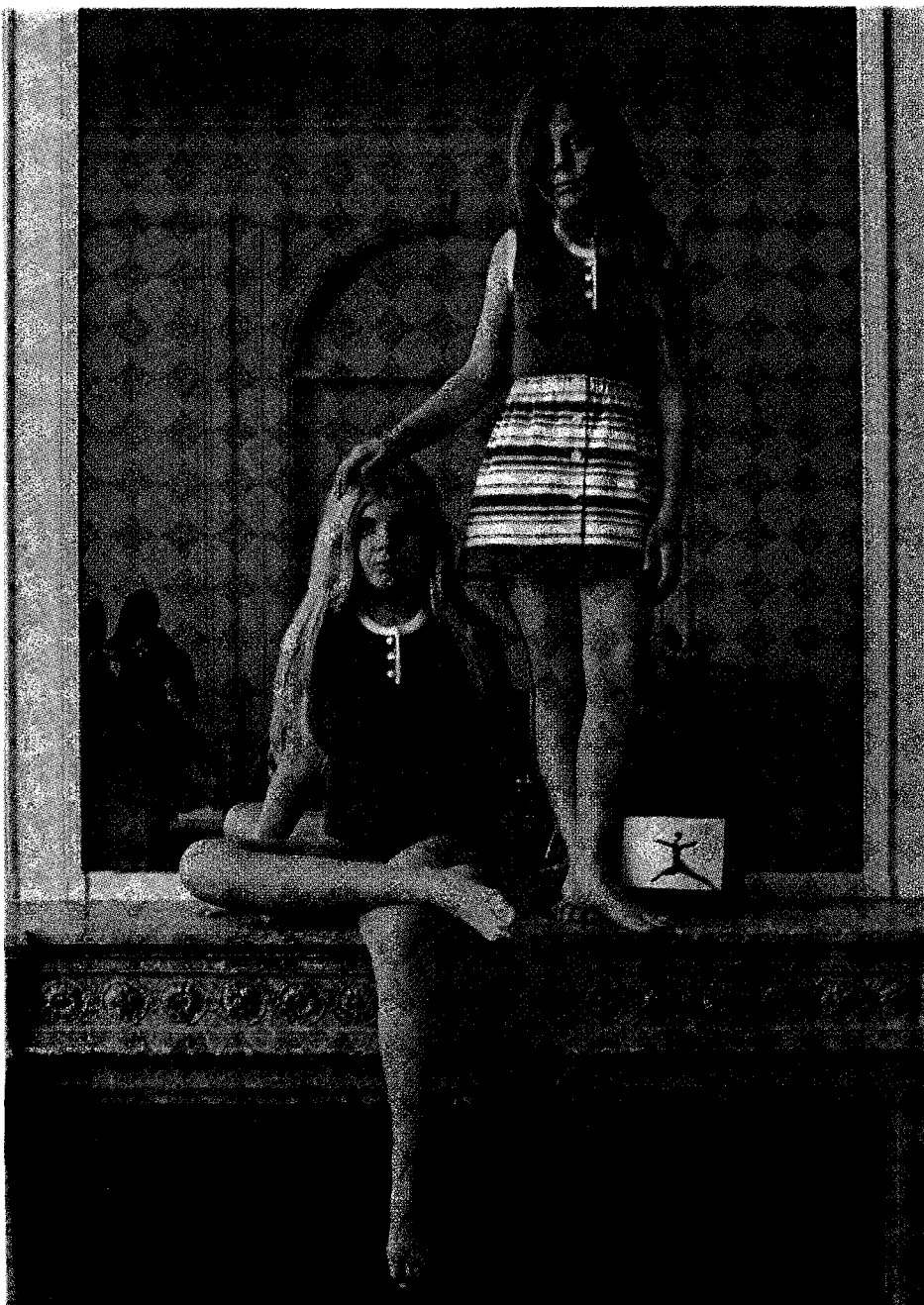
parts (scientists and the politician) were all well taken. The conductor was that California whiz kid Christopher Keene, and I must say that he handled his role in the pit with extraordinary competence.

WHEN I began campaigning for Bruckner's symphonies, in the early nineteen-fifties, I had no idea that the avalanche I was helping to start would reach the proportions it has attained in America today. But it is an interesting fact that a single one of Bruckner's symphonies—the Eighth—has had three performances (five, if you count the repetitions by the Philharmonic) during the present season here, all of them memorable. Last Thursday night, Karl Böhm presented this symphony with the Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall. His was a remarkable interpretation—tightly controlled, revelatory of inner voices and other details that one seldom hears, and perhaps a bit idiosyncratic in the importance given to certain themes. At times, I thought I was listening to an entirely different symphony. Dr. Böhm's interpretation was nevertheless a perfectly valid one. Its accent was on intellectuality. The quasi-religious atmosphere that the symphony takes on in other hands was lacking. But Dr. Böhm brought out facets of the work that few listeners had ever heard before.

BY the standards of the present, which are lower than any that have obtained since the Vandals invaded Rome in 455 A.D., Vincent Persichetti's *Sinfonia*: "Janiculum," Opus 113, which was presented by Eugene Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, is a fairly good composition. Mr. Persichetti, like the Vandals and most contemporary composers, suffers from the lack of a coherent tradition. But he knows how to get the effects he wants from an orchestra, and the impressionistic textures of his piece are by no means unpleasant. A program note explained that Mr. Persichetti was trying to express something about the meaning of existence, and that his composition ended with "a coda of affirmation . . . spelling out a conviction and hope that the door is opening, not closing, and that man can conquer." To me, Mr. Persichetti's ending sounded more like a hopeless struggle than a statement of optimism. Still, the work is not to be dismissed as trivial. Its workmanship, at least, is deft and effective. Later in the program, Van Cliburn appeared as soloist



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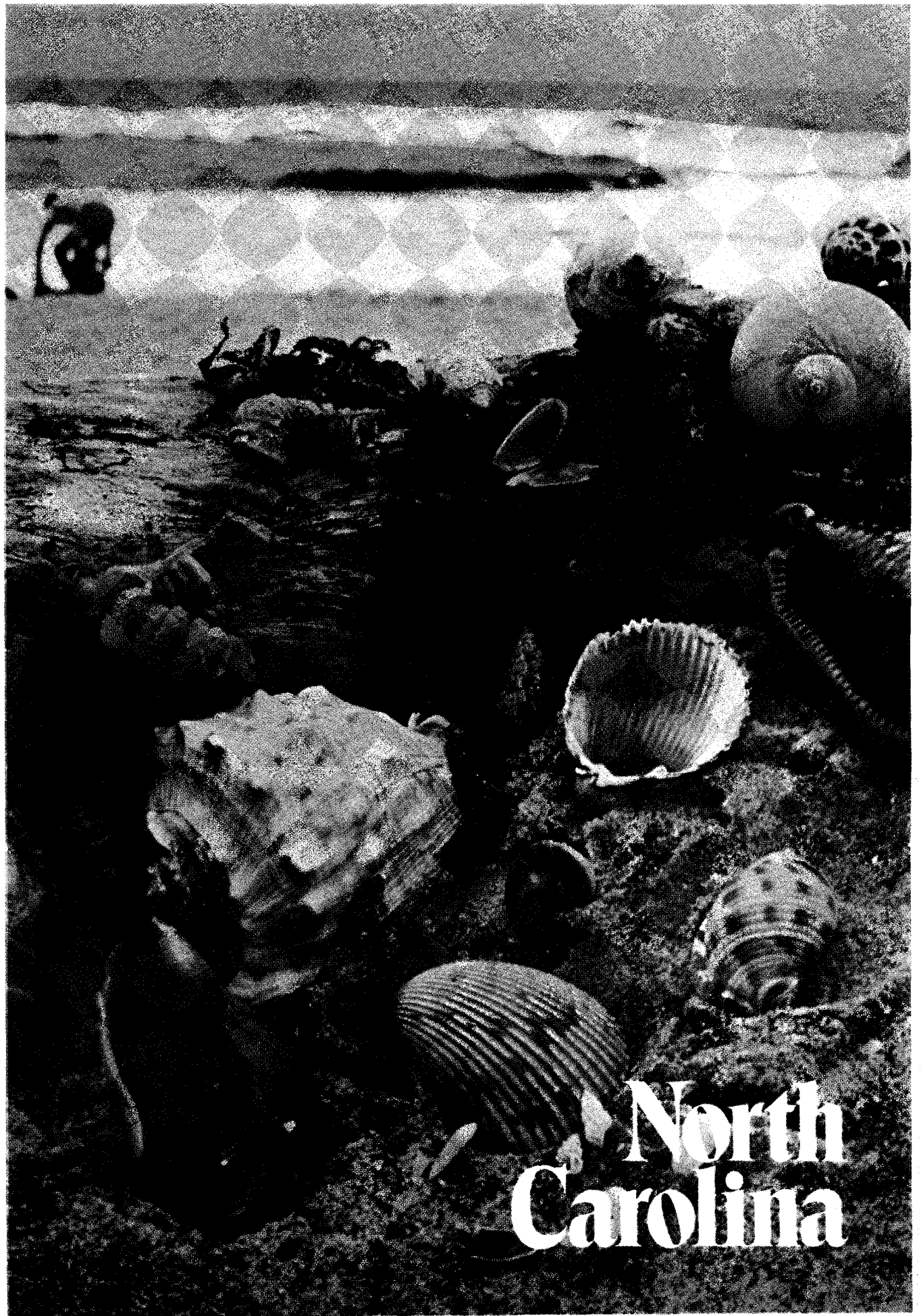


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# North Carolina



in Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C Minor for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 37. I have admired Mr. Cliburn in the past for certain sensitivities to the Romantic style, and he is assuredly an able pianist. But his solo in this work was somewhat fussy, and, in the slow movement, almost unbearably spineless. I have always been an advocate of the Romantic style in rubato, but there is a limit beyond which simple incoherence sets in, and I think that Mr. Cliburn passed this limit the other night.

THE City Center Joffrey Ballet has been busy at the New York City Center for several weeks, and I have been dropping in from time to time to see new ballets. The first of these was "Reflections," a charming if conventional affair choreographed by Gerald Arpino to Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme for Violoncello and Orchestra. It provided Denise Jackson, Glenn White, Henry Berg, and especially Erika Goodman, along with a large number of other dancers, the opportunity for displays of virtuosity that I found absorbing. The cellist, whose expert playing of what is a rather difficult piece certainly deserves mention, was Warren Lash.

The next new ballet I witnessed was "Valentine," a clever little farce by Arpino, involving Rebecca Wright and Christian Holder, both dressed approximately as prizefighters, and a dour-looking contrabassist named Alvin Brehm, who appeared onstage playing a trick composition by Jacob Druckman, which served as the ballet's score. The delicious satire that this ballet set forth is difficult to describe. Miss Wright and Mr. Holder had at each other in a battle of the sexes while Mr. Brehm battered his instrument with a hard-headed kettledrum stick, his hands, and sometimes a bow, producing nothing much but making a comic figure, meanwhile emitting an occasional groan or startled yell. Miss Wright and Mr. Holder also did some groaning. It all sounds pretty silly in the describing, yet "Valentine" is a really amusing joke ballet, and it ends with Mr. Brehm lying on his back clutching his unwieldy instrument to his breast as if it were his dearest love.

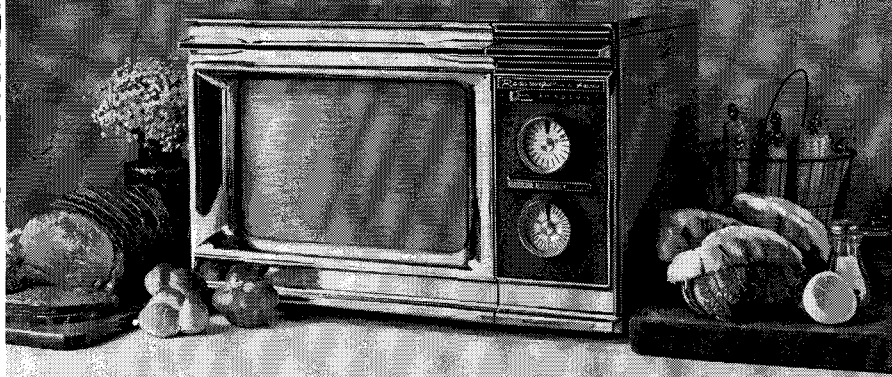
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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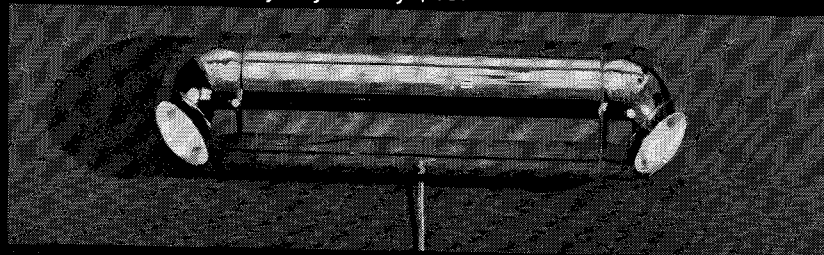
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## Eric Rohmer's *Refinement*

"CLAIRE'S KNEE" is a charming, serene, sun-bright movie; it calls up lazy memories of adolescence, and makes one long for summer holidays and months in the country. It's a lovely film and an unusually civilized film—if one uses "civilized" to describe a particular blend of harmony and restraint—and I enjoyed it very much. However, I don't think it's a great film; it has a type of formal perfection, in the sense that it works out its own logic, but, dramatically speaking, this logic is very thin. The chief character, Jérôme (Jean-Claude Brialy), who is in his mid- or late-thirties, is a diplomat stationed in Stockholm; he's about to marry a woman he has lived with for six years, and before the wedding he returns to his childhood home in Annecy. There he visits an old friend, a Rumanian novelist, Aurora (played by the Rumanian novelist Aurora Cornu); Aurora, obviously standing in for Eric Rohmer, the writer-director, proposes that Jérôme become a character in her fiction. She is staying with a divorcée, who has a daughter, Laura, who is sixteen, and a stepdaughter, Claire, probably about eighteen. Though Jérôme tells Aurora that he doesn't look at women anymore, because he's getting married—that he "can't even tell one from another"—Aurora informs Jérôme that Laura says she is in love with him, and suggests that if he allows himself to be involved, he will soon move of his own volition, and Aurora, following his movements, will have her novel.

The first half hour is quietly entrancing. We accept the novelistic conceits and the leisure-class atmosphere and the way the situation has been abstracted from normal living; we accept it all in a spirit of anticipation, as part of a fresh movie-novel game. We're carried along, I think, because we get a sense of pleasurable discovery from Laura's chameleon character; and since her character is a triumph of preciousness, we accept the precious atmosphere. Beatrice Romand, who plays Laura, is an exquisitely gawky dark young beauty who looks like a Pisanello princess. Her Laura is a prodigious and daring flirt, and while she tests her newly developed wiles on Jérôme, the film is on exhilarating high terrain, and Rohmer seems to be a master of intrigue without cruelty or innuendo—a chaste Choderlos de La-



clos. But Laura, despite her pride and insolence, is still physically a tomboy, and Jérôme isn't interested; the sensual spark is missing. For the remainder of the film, Laura retreats into her own age group, and when she becomes a subsidiary character the excitement and originality of the film wane. Rohmer's psychology of attraction is impeccable, but the other characters—as characters—are pallid after Laura.

Jérôme has told his confidante, Aurora, that he doesn't believe in love without friendship, and that women's looks don't matter to him—only their intelligence counts. The movie now shifts into a demonstration of Aurora's thesis that "the heroes of a story are always blindfolded." Jérôme is drawn to Claire's golden, lithe sensuality. Claire, who has a tawny, muscular young boyfriend, ignores Jérôme, and he becomes preoccupied with her—especially with a desire to caress her knee: the knee her boyfriend casually rests a hand on. Laurence De Monaghan (what a name!), who plays Claire, could not be more nearly perfect for the role, and one understands exactly what the director has in mind. Claire's indifference to Jérôme is polite and total; she lives at a distance—in a frieze. But Rohmer doesn't fulfill the Proustian suggestions, and Jérôme's conquest of Claire's knee never involves us with the same humor and intensity that Laura's propositioning does. The excitement dies out partly because Jérôme—through no fault of Brialy's that I can detect—is weakly formulated, so his achievement of his erotic goal and the contemptible method he uses to achieve it don't signify much to us. Brialy *embodies* Jérôme by moving and smiling in a faintly world-weary way, but he isn't given enough character to play so that we know how to interpret the moral danger that Claire represents to Jérôme's scheme of life—or is she perhaps just a challenge to his vanity? From what Jérôme says and does, he's a sententious stick, but Brialy is (perhaps of himself?) so likable that we can't tell if the character is supposed to be a nonentity or an engaging, superior sort of fellow, or both.

The film looks simply beautiful—the sunlight has a palpable richness in Nestor Almendros's color cinematography, and the air seems thick with summer and leisure—and the narrative method that Rohmer uses is very pleas-

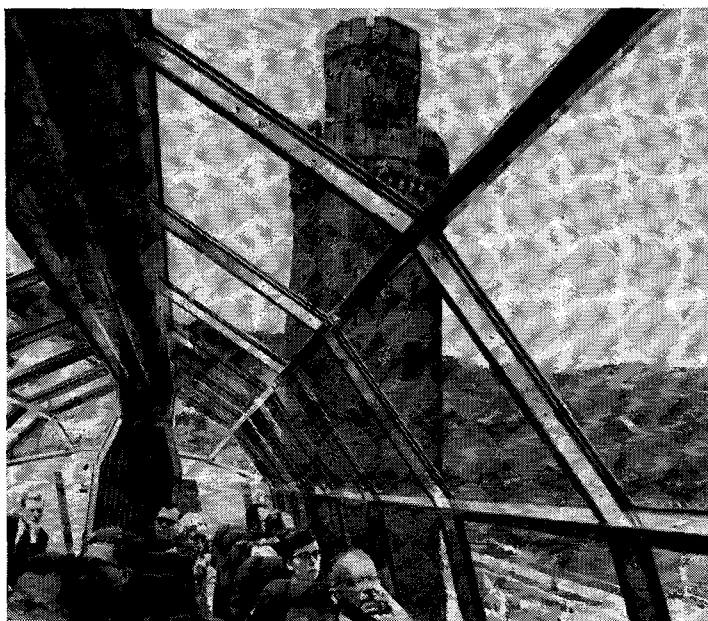
ing. But he also has some peculiarities (which I think are weaknesses). Despite the summery richness, the film has no emotional steam when it gets to the subject of sensuality and compulsive attraction; this may make it seem super-civilized, but there's a price. What keeps the movie from being the corny melodrama of a secure man whose life is suddenly disrupted by an unsuitable grand passion is the smallness of Jérôme's impulse. He doesn't have a passion; he has an "undefined desire." Claire "troubles" him a little, he tells Aurora—"so little I wouldn't mention it if you were not so interested in the little." His delicate urge is meant to be ironic, of course—just enough impulse to reveal that everything he said about himself was false, and that he's blinkered, like everyone else. But this irony doesn't have enough style; it's too mild. Aurora says, "One can write a good story with banal characters," but Rohmer's movie comes alive only when the characters *aren't* banal.

Despite the ambience of moral awareness, there's surprisingly little elucidation of what actually happens or of how we're meant to feel about it. Jérôme is smugly pleased at feeling *anything*; he says that the emotion Claire arouses in him "gives me a sort of right to her." He cheats, like a dirt old man, and he carries tales; he informs Claire that her boyfriend is unfaithful to her, reduces her to tears, and then sneaks his hand onto her knee under the guise of comforting her. And he not only feels "fulfilled by the gesture" but deceives himself into believing that it was virtuous of him to open her eyes about her boyfriend. He says he "could not have experienced such perfect pleasure without this idea of good deed." Jérôme judges himself more kindly than Rohmer appears to. The contrast between the high-flow talk and the unscrupulous "good deed" isn't discussed, but Rohmer provides a borderline O. Henry finish by showing us that Claire's boyfriend is innocent of Jérôme's charge. The movie thus deals in self-deception, and all that articulation of moral distinctions was just a series of setups—the hero making fatuous statements about himself before revealing the opposite. The method is somewhat defeating, because we keep hanging on all that love-and-will-and-choice dialogue that threatens to turn epigrammatic, expecting it to clarify the characters' morality. Instead, we get genteel counterpoint: Jérôme, who has said he doesn't make girls cry, makes Claire cry; the ponderous, enigmatic Aurora, who has said there is no man in her life, turns out to have a fiancé; ar-



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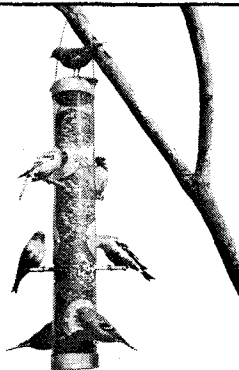


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so on. The movie has the manner of precise intelligence, but often it seems to be Rohmer who is deceiving himself, as when the novelist says, for Rohmer, "I never invent; I discover." (That's the sort of remark an artist should wait for others to make about him.)

All this is why it isn't a great film; what's harder to get at is what makes the bourgeois placidity of the film's surface so pleasing. The film is *all* surface; it has no depths, and I think that Rohmer's contentment with this surface (he may have nothing he wishes to say that he can't put on the surface) makes us—for the duration of the film, at least—content, too. The formal manner and structure are in themselves like a vacation interlude for moviegoers, and the absence of "action" is so deliberate that I think we look to find something profound going on in the inaction. The movie is a Q.E.D. demonstration of something very traditional (and Catholic): that even the most sober and cultivated people don't have control over their erotic impulses—that when you come down to it people do what "nature" dictates. Yet by featuring, instead of a strong sexual drive, the rarefied impulse to touch a girl's knee, Rohmer seems to be saying something more subtle, more intellectual. He is playing such a quiet, complacent, adult game that I think we may wish to pretend to ourselves that this neutral, controlled surface is a higher form of art than it is.

THERE is much to praise in Barbara Loden's film "Wanda"—especially in the way she stays in character as a grimy Polish-American mining-town girl who has never known how to live except by attaching herself to men, and in Michael Higgins' originality as a bitter, nervous small-time crook—but it's such an extremely drab and limited piece of realism that it makes Zola seem like musical comedy. Wanda is a passive, bedraggled dummy. We've all known dumb girls, and we've all known unhappy girls; the same girls are not often, I think, both dumb and unhappy. Wanda is a double depressant—a real stringy-haired rag-mop. That makes her a sort of unprotagonist; generally you'd have to have something stirring in you to be that unhappy, but she's so dumb we can't tell what has made her miserable. We don't know why she has become a drifter instead of staying home with her hair in curlers, watching soap operas and game shows, and maybe even looking after her kids. She's an attractive girl but such a sad, ignorant slut that

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there's nowhere for her and the picture to go but down, and since, as writer-director, Miss Loden never departs from the misery of the two stunted characters, there are no contrasts. The movie is very touching, but its truths—Wanda's small voice, her helplessness—are too minor and muted for a full-length film.

To select as one's heroine a girl with no spark at all is perhaps a shortcut to noncommercial integrity. A social-minded realist of the old school might have explained how Wanda's spirit was crushed and why the crook is a reject from the middle-class life he aspires to, and we would have experienced the forces that destroyed them. "Wanda," despite its technical primitivism, represents an "artistic" kind of nihilistic neo-realism; it starts when the girl is already a hopeless loser, and it's practically a rise in her station when she and the crook drive through desolate small towns committing petty robberies. The slag heaps and highways and the urban sprawl around Scranton make us feel we should react to these displaced persons as part of something larger, but they are such extreme cases that one would really have to lose one's sense of humor to go tootling off into explaining them as products of the ugliness of the semi-industrialized landscape. I think one can accept the film only as two character sketches and an odd sort of minimal love story; Wanda's one poignant smile when the crook tells her she "did good" in a stickup provides the barest flicker of relief for the audience. By the time you hear the line of dialogue "You gave me a wet cigarette," you're ready to think, Yeah, that's what the movie is saying—that life is like a wet cigarette.

And yet Miss Loden has a true gift for character—there is not a moment when Wanda or the gangster is unconvincing. The movie was shot in 16-mm., and the color frequently has that pale watery green one gets from shooting without adequate light; though it's an unresourceful and monotonous movie visually, there is a sequence in a movie house where Miss Loden shows a gift for imagery. And there are eloquent touches. There's a moment when Wanda, looking at the clothes in a store window, resembles the mannequins, except that her clothes are sweat-stained; physically, she's the American dream girl, and one knows that it can do nothing for her, since she's too numb even to be a competent hooker. And although Miss Loden is too honest to descend to anything actressy or glamorous, when Wanda is in her hair-

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curlers they form a sort of five-and-ten-cent-store nimbus that has both pathos and beauty. Miss Loden is a beginner, and the film is rough on an audience, but it's rough for some good reasons—there's nothing coy or facile in her approach, and she's doing things the hard way rather than falling back on clichés. It's an exploratory first film, and one respects the director's strength.

**"A NEW LEAF,"** which Elaine May adapted and directed, is commercial in a rather bizarre way. It is an attempt at a type of harmlessly commercial comedy so doddering that—especially since the film is so weirdly cast—it may pass for something unusual. It's a long time since we've had a movie about a rich, aristocratic American playboy (of British extraction) who loses his money and must marry a fortune in six weeks. To have cast Walter Matthau (who frequently delivers his lines like W. C. Fields) in this role, with James Coco as his equally British-ancestored uncle, Jack Weston as a Wall Street lawyer, and the director herself as a Lowell is of such dazzling lunacy that one can scarcely wait for the announcement of Elaine May's next picture. Perhaps David Niven and Deborah Kerr as a family in the Bronx?

The picture is almost implausibly bad—and it's an unusually ugly major-studio production—yet it isn't offensively bad. Somehow—and this may be a feminine contribution—there is a sweetness about its absence of style, about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. One hopes that the difficulties the director had with the studio executives (who have apparently altered some of her intentions) account for some of the worst episodes, such as the inept handling of the heroine's thieving servants. Miss May herself is rather appealing, like a frail Joyce Grenfell; there's a good wedding-night scene in which she can't master the intricacies of a Grecian-style nightgown. William Redfield has a fine bit, and George Rose restores the butler-valet role to its most glorious days. He outclasses the rest of the cast, but is it intentional or unintentional?

—PAULINE KAEI

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# THE RACE TRACK

## Three Heads on the Post



OVER the years, there must have been many close finishes in the Paumonok Handicap, which used to open the season at the old Jamaica track, where a huge housing complex now stands. I doubt, though, whether any of them were more thrilling than the one fought out to the last stride at Aqueduct on Saturday, when Forum kept his nose in front of Estimator Dave and Personality in a great battle through the final furlong. It was the sixty-second Paumonok, with eight contestants, and from a quick start a gray with the portentous name of Here Comes Trouble went lickety-cut to the half-mile pole in forty-five seconds, followed closely by Out of the Park and Lion Sleeps. They ran out of speed as they swung into the stretch, and young Woodhouse, who always tries to take the shortest way home, popped Forum between them and, presently, into the lead ahead of Estimator Dave and Personality, both of whom had come up fast. From there, this trio went all out to the wire. The margins between them were a nose and a neck, and the time for the six furlongs was 1:09 $\frac{4}{5}$ . Here Comes Trouble was fourth. You may remember Forum, a good-looking dark-bay colt by Jaipur, because of his victory in the Garden State Stakes in 1969. After the Paumonok, someone asked his trainer, Gene Jacobs (he's the uncle of John Jacobs, who handles Personality), what Forum had been doing since then. "Getting over the Garden State Stakes," he replied. It could be, for Forum was unplaced in his three starts last year and had won only once in four tries prior to the Paumonok. The horse who caught my eye in the paddock was Personality, who has filled out into a very handsome individual. In the Paumonok, he was slow to get going and made an unnecessarily wide turn into the stretch, but for which I think he would have won.

If there could be a day at the races colder than the opening one at the Big A, I want no part of it. Still, the forty thousand cash customers didn't seem to mind. Nor did Johnny Campo, who

saddled two winners—one of them Good Behaving, who beat Droll Roll, Limit to Reason, and six other three-year-olds in the Swift Stakes.

**H**OIST THE FLAG, who was voted the best two-year-old of 1970 and was assigned top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap, ran at Bowie in an overnight race the other afternoon after wintering at Camden, South Carolina, and won by fifteen lengths, with almost insulting ease, from four other three-year-olds. His time of 1:10 $\frac{3}{5}$  for six furlongs was the fastest of the meeting. He's expected to be a starter in the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend. Incidentally, he's the favorite, at 3-1, in the opening line of odds in the Caliente future book on the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on May Day.

**I**N my book, the Horse of the Year right now is Ack Ack. In his last four starts at Santa Anita, he has won the San Carlos and the San Pasqual Handicaps, the San Antonio Stakes, and the Santa Anita Handicap. How's that for a sometime sprinter? In the Big 'Cap last Saturday, he carried 130 pounds and led from beginning to end of the mile and a quarter, and though he was shortening his stride, he beat his stablemate Cougar II (Charlie Whittingham trains both) and the eight other runners with something to spare. Of all the races run last weekend, that's the one I'd most like to have seen in the flesh. (And then I'd have had a go at Caliente.) It was fun last year.

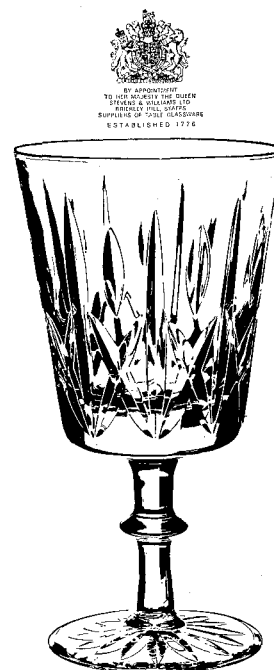
**M**EMO: Howard Samuels says that his Off-Track Betting Corporation will be taking wagers on the trots at Roosevelt Raceway on April 8th. I'm waiting. —AUDAX MINOR

### WASHINGTON

WHITE HOUSE SOURCES REPORTED SATURDAY THAT PRESIDENT NIXON BELIEVES HIS WEEPING PROGRAM OF DOMESTIC REFORM IS NEEDED TO END A CRISIS IN CONFIDENCE IN GOVERNMENT.

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# AROUND CITY HALL

## A THOUSAND DRAGONS

CITIES aren't even mentioned in the Constitution, as John Lindsay likes to point out, and for six or seven generations after it was written their political standing was slight. The prevailing picture of a big-city mayor was that of a stout man in a derby hat who conducted his rather shoddy business with the help of comic-opera types called aldermen—or, on occasion, boodlemen. A winning campaign for the top post in any city hall was a virtual guarantee that a man wouldn't rise any higher in the political world, even when the city hall was the one in New York and his constituents numbered five or ten times the population of many states. A New York mayor's political handicap had nothing to do with his coming from the wrong part of the country. In fourteen of the twenty-one Presidential contests in the eighty-five years after the Civil War, one or another of the leading candidates was a present or former governor of New York. In 1944, both major-party candidates had served time in the Albany Statehouse, and three other Presidential finalists during this period were New Yorkers who hadn't been governor but also hadn't made the mistake of stopping off along the way for a term in the city hall at Broadway and Murray Street. While the recent, belated recognition that America is not a mythical company of Just Folks snapping their galluses on Main Street but, rather, a desperately troubled urban nation has upgraded the city-hall post—and has possibly moved a New York mayor into the running for the Presidency—many residents of even the biggest cities continue to take it

for granted that their municipal chiefs should be as accessible as frontier-town sheriffs. Unlike the chief executives of other large political entities, mayors are still expected to take a personal hand in resolving nearly every kind of local crisis, however transitory, and to bear the full brunt of any resulting uproar, however absurd or crude. "Why doesn't Lindsay get off his backside and move these black Commies out of here?" a mother shouted the other day outside a racially troubled school in Port Richmond, Staten Island (until recent years a comparatively pastoral borough, where bruising racial disturbances seemed unthinkable). A frequent chant of the crowds of elderly Italian-American householders from Queens who spent much of last fall picketing City Hall in protest against the site chosen for a high school in their neighborhood was "We spit on Lindsay!" Left out of target range were all the other Board of Estimate members, including the Queens Borough President, who had also approved the site.

It isn't considered suitable for a mayor to refer to his responsibilities as "awesome," and a claim that they are, at any rate, multitudinous often gets him nowhere with blocs of constituents who demand his undivided attention. A couple of weeks ago, after Lindsay, always a restless listener, took early leave of a twelve-hour non-stop session of the three-day public hearings on the capital budget, the crowd assembled in the Board of Estimate chamber at City Hall rumbled with anger, and for hours thereafter speakers began their remarks with denunciations of the Mayor's "insolence" or of his "shock-

ing demonstration of contempt for the citizens of New York." Lindsay had left to offer a formal greeting to the visiting Prime Minister of Italy—a civic amenity that, particularly in view of the lavish welcome regularly extended to Mrs. Golda Meir when she comes to town, he could hardly have skipped without further vociferous abuse. A mayor also cannot always count on the rights that are traditionally accorded the chief of an executive branch of government. A few months ago, after Lindsay announced that the precarious financial circumstances of the city would probably force a reduction in the local Civil Service rolls, he was summoned to appear and explain himself before the Finance Committee of the City Council (the successor body to the old Board of Aldermen). After some backstage debate, he duly appeared; described the city's fiscal situation and the grim options that might lie ahead; introduced his budget director, who, he said, would answer any specific questions; and departed. This time the rumble of rage came from the councilmen, who had been planning to question him all morning, and who seemed never to have heard of executive privilege or the doctrine of the separation of powers—or, for that matter, to have given any thought to how often Richard Nixon or Nelson Rockefeller, for example, appears before a sub-agency of his legislative branch to be publicly bull-ragged. One overwrought Democratic councilman proclaimed the Mayor's departure to be "the greatest insult to the people in the history of the city." Nor, after a spell of raw weather, inside or outside City Hall, can the Mayor routinely justify a spot of R. and R. in a sunny clime as routinely as do many other prominent officeholders. (New York's City Hall has, of course, no Key Biscayne or San Clemente annex). In December, 1968, Lindsay left with his wife and children for a week's vacation in the Bahamas—a family holiday that Mary Lindsay said later had been planned for a year. Though a fuel strike that had kept many local apartment houses without heat had been settled before Lindsay left, oil had not yet reached all the consumers. For a time, it seemed that some New Yorkers would never let Lindsay forget what they considered his dereliction of duty. Nearly a year later, during his second mayoralty campaign, one of them at regular intervals ran a personal notice in the *Times* that started out, "WANTED for desertion: John Lindsay, who treacherously abandoned the city in its hour of need on December 26th, 1968." And fifteen months after the trip the satirical annual revue



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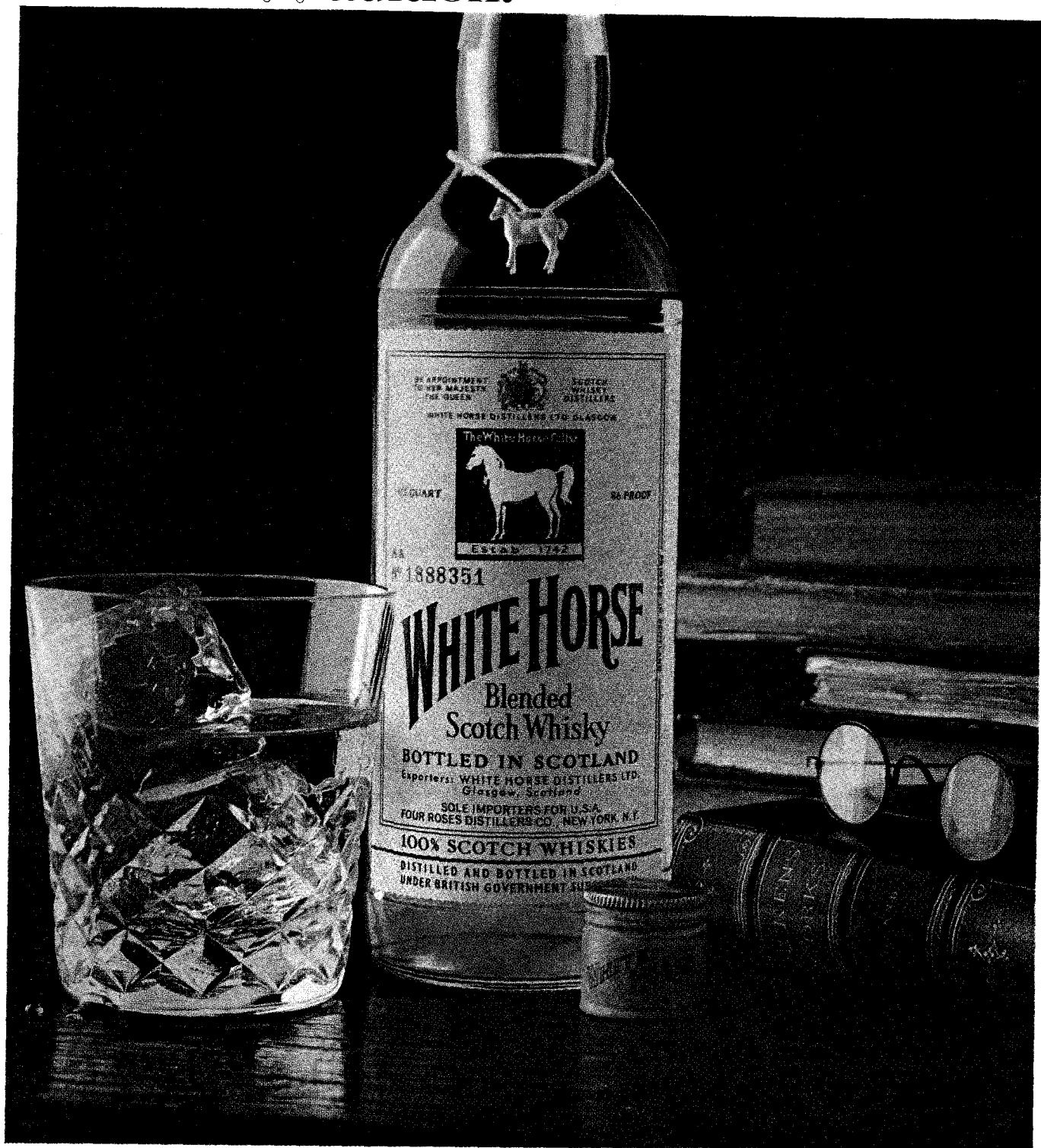
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of the Inner Circle, the fraternity of City Hall reporters, featured a sketch whose theme song, to the tune of "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?," began, "How are things in the Bahamas? Shivering's the rage back here...."

**A**LTHOUGH the spectacle of a man campaigning for one political office while holding another is hardly a novel one, it's evident that if Lindsay decides to make a run for the Presidency the standard scenario will require him to spend much of this year establishing his undeniable star qualities with voters a long way from Broadway and Murray Street before moving into the gruelling primaries, and it's not at all clear that the Mayor of New York can safely stay out of town for such long stretches. During the past year, Lindsay has been able to make some impressive political time with upstate voters as one of an itinerant minstrel troupe in which he performs along with the mayors of Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, and Yonkers. This earnest sextet has played one- or two-night stands all over the state to dramatize the plight of the state's urban citizens, and their compelling demonstration of unity, for which Lindsay can take much of the credit, has badly shaken some of the leaders of the legislature, whose main order of business for generations has been the playing off of upstate against downstate interests—or, as things have usually worked out, lining up everybody else against our wicked and greedy metropolis. Lately, Lindsay has been heading a similar show on the national circuit, as chairman of the Legislative Action (or lobbying) Committee of the United States Conference of Mayors. In both cases, his excuse for his jaunts has been the plain truth: The strenuously publicized tours are in the line of duty—promoting a better deal for the city in Albany and in Washington. But if, personifying the bold and creative urban leader, he takes off on national qualifying junkets for the Presidency and in his absence serious trouble breaks out in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Crown Heights, or even Staten Island—as it is almost certain to do in this city of fortnightly crises—he will have some heavy explanations to make not only on the road but back home, where his political opponents will inevitably have been sending out another stream of charges about his desertion of the city in pursuit of his own frivolous interests. Meanwhile, it's likely that a large number of Lindsay's rivals for the Presidency—at least on the Democratic ticket, the only one that



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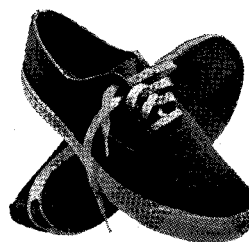
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Most of these poems first appeared in *The New Yorker*

currently appears to have room at the top—will be United States senators, who, as they fly from one remote hustings to another, will often be risking no more than a few missed roll calls.

ON a recent Friday, while the possible national candidate continued to ponder his next move, his local duties began with his presence at a funeral in Maspeth, Queens, for Joseph Picciano, a detective who had been shot to death in a Bronx station house earlier in the week by an accused child-molester. Beside Lindsay at the services was the slight, courtly figure of Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy, whose stern insistence on policemen's responsibility for obeying as well as for enforcing the law had had much to do with bringing the city through the mid-January police strike relatively unscathed. In the row behind them was Edward Kiernan, the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the police union, who had behaved with great restraint during the strike—indeed, had tried to dissuade his men from undertaking it. In the coming P.B.A. election, however, Kiernan faces opposition from younger, more militant union members, and Lindsay's announcement following the strike that financial penalties required by the state's Taylor Law, which forbids strikes by public employees, would be imposed on the patrolmen had brought Kiernan to his feet at a union meeting with the angry shout, "Do not give this man what he wants—the Presidency of the United States, the destruction of the P.B.A., and the ruination of New York City!" At the conclusion of the funeral in Queens, the Mayor and Kiernan exchanged the rather wintry smiles of men who understand the exigencies of political life. ("It isn't that misery loves company," Lindsay commented recently, after noting that "state governors are beginning to talk like mayors" in this age of pervasive urban crises, "but that common misery breeds understanding.")

When Lindsay and his delegation got back to City Hall, they found police holding back, behind wooden barriers, hundreds of embattled representatives of the taxi industry, who were waiting for the start of a meeting of the City Council, scheduled to vote that day on a rise in taxi fares. A Lindsay proposal had tied the nearly fifty per cent fare increase requested by the cabmen to the establishment of a commission that would regulate all aspects of the industry. Both the taxi drivers and the taxi owners wanted the fare rise but not the commission, and they had re-

portedly been promised by Harry Van Arsdale, the head of the taxi union as well as of the Central Labor Trades Council, that Lindsay would lose this one. Hearings and debates on the issue had virtually immobilized the Council for a month. Now that the moment had come for a final vote, it appeared that a modified form of regulatory commission might go through, and the crowds of cabbies were surging against the barriers, chanting the now ritual "Lindsay Must Go!" One of them held up a sign reading, "Isn't It About Time *We* Had a Mayor?"—at once a reminder that sixty-four per cent of the local cabdrivers had favored Lindsay's 1969 opponent, Mario Procaccino, according to a poll in *Taxi News*, and a reminder that their 1970 senatorial favorite, Conservative James Buckley ("Isn't It About Time *We* Had a Senator?"), had been elected. Striding quickly past the shouting visitors, Lindsay went up the City Hall steps to his office, where a short while later, before a large, cheerful gathering, he swore in Murphy for a full five-year term as Police Commissioner; a similar ceremony in October had obligated Murphy only to fill out the unfinished term of the former commissioner. Presumably, Lindsay often remembers to be grateful that his problems don't include a police commissioner who, like Frank Rizzo in Philadelphia, is a candidate for mayor himself.

Next, at his desk, Lindsay read the final draft of a joint study by the city's Criminal Justice Coördinating Council and the Mayor's Narcotic Control Council, of which he is chairman. This study, concluding that the program for shifting addicts from the municipal jails to available state treatment facilities had virtually broken down, made twelve recommendations for speeding up their transfer out of the city's overcrowded prisons (where there had already been three suicides among addicts this year). Then the Mayor talked with officials of the Highway Department about a crash program to repair potholes caused by the heavy February rains. (The following week, he would go out to Fresh Meadows, Queens, to oversee some pothole-mending in person.) He read over and dictated answers to some of the congratulatory letters he had received, in stacks, in response to a brief statement about Vietnam that he had made twelve days earlier on his local Sunday-night television program—a statement that had reminded many listeners of his famous 1969 campaign speech admitting his own mistakes in





his first term as mayor. "Long ago in Vietnam, we set out to send only assistance and advisers, logistical personnel and fliers," he had said on television. "We ended up sending hundreds of thousands of American combat troops. This effort was a failure. . . . It is not a small thing for a great nation to concede a mistake. But it is perhaps the definition of greatness in a nation that it can." A week before this, he had sat by in the television studio, smiling faintly, while former Representative Allard Lowenstein, who in late 1967 launched the movement to force Lyndon Johnson's retirement on the Vietnam issue, marvelled sadly at the prospect that a little over three years later he and other Americans would have to get to work to bring about the early retirement of another President on the same issue.

By the time the City Council began its deliberations on the taxi bill in its chamber upstairs (from whose gallery angry shouts and boos could be heard all over City Hall), Lindsay was appearing at a joint press conference with Howard Samuels, the millionaire plastics manufacturer who in recent years has regularly sought the Democratic nomination for governor, senator, or mayor. Last summer, Samuels, being politically at loose ends after his narrow defeat by Arthur Goldberg for the Democratic nomination for governor, had cheerfully accepted Lindsay's suggestion that he become head of the city's new Off-Track Betting Corporation and organize its program, passed earlier by the legislature, which would bring the city revenues that Lindsay, in a buoyant moment, once estimated would come to two hundred million dollars annually. Today, however, Samuels, usually a man with an easy smile, looked glum and angry as he reported that arguments with the race tracks over the amount of their cut and jurisdictional disputes with the unions at the tracks had so far stopped the project cold. Not only had the city not got out of the starting gate, said Samuels, but "they won't even let us on the track." Lindsay roundly denounced the thwarting of the state law as "unconscionable," particularly in view of the city's "fiscal crunch" (a phrase he has used so often lately that some reporters have thought of asking him for the recipe).

Back at his desk, Lindsay found bad news about another crunch. The city Comptroller's final report for 1970 showed that as of December 31st there were 1,165,583 New Yorkers on welfare, eighty per cent of them children and the adults caring for them under the Aid to Dependent Children program. In the last month of the year,



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17,988 persons had been added to the welfare rolls. The total cost of welfare to the city for the fiscal year ending June 31st, said the report, would be nearly seven hundred million dollars, which would rise to nearly a billion the following year unless the federal family-assistance bill or perhaps Lindsay's promised suit against the federal and state governments changed the rules. Now, sitting with his corporation counsel, Lindsay went over the language of a brief, to be filed in federal court the following week, asking the court to enjoin the authorities in Albany and Washington from requiring the city to support welfare costs mandated by federal and state regulations that govern eligibility, residency requirements, and amounts to be paid. The brief argued that the present arrangement was in violation of various clauses of the Fifth, Ninth, and Tenth Amendments to the United States Constitution, Article IX of the State Constitution, the equal-protection clauses of both documents, and at least two Supreme Court rulings. The Mayor and his staff then decided that it would be a fine, dramatic gesture if he himself carried the brief through the streets to the Federal Courthouse, two blocks north.

ABOUT this time in the late afternoon, recent mayors of New York must have often found themselves thinking of Jimmy Walker, a thin man who sometimes wore a derby hat and who rarely spent more than an hour or two a day at City Hall, dropping by to sign a few documents, shake hands with the boys, and look over the mail. What may well come to Lindsay's mind more often these days is the chapter called "The 'Burden' of Sisyphus" in "The Twilight of the Presidency," by George Reedy, Lyndon Johnson's onetime press secretary, which describes the frantic efforts of the White House staff to phony up the schedule to make it look as if the President of the United States were a busy man, or even did much of anything on a given day. ("No President ever died of overwork," Reedy says flatly.) If some such thought occurred to Lindsay that afternoon, the news that a reporter now brought him was relevant: Word had just come from the wire services that in a poll of voters of both parties in the twenty-one-to-thirty age range he had led all the other present or potential candidates for the Presidency. A few moments later, there was another kind of news: Friction between Spanish-speaking and black stu-

dents at George Washington High School in upper Manhattan had erupted into a battle with baseball bats, chair legs, and, some said, knives. A charge on the principal's office had been thwarted by the arrival of squads of police. It was the second such incident at a high school that week and the thirtieth violent disturbance to force the closing of a city school since September. The Mayor got Murphy on the phone and asked him to assign police to George Washington when it reopened on Monday, and then he issued the usual statement beginning, "I deeply deplore the violence . . . The citizens of our city all firmly condemn the actions of those few who seek to make our schools a battleground. . . ."

Upstairs, on another battleground, the debate over the taxi bill went on and on. In accordance with the rule that everything that happens in New York must have its racial complications, the final stormy hours were dominated by objections not from the drivers of the yellow cabs—which are often called "medallions," because their owners have bought city medallions, or permits to operate—but from the "gypsies," a largely black segment of the industry that has grown up to provide service for Harlem and other ghetto areas, where the medallions often decline to go. The gypsies were opposed to the bill because as it now read the new taxi commission wouldn't regulate *them*, and they felt that regulation would give them some measure of legitimacy. One of the two black councilmen called it "a lousy, racist bill." Nevertheless, Majority Leader Thomas Cuite was believed to have the necessary affirmative votes in his pocket; according to one story, he had even nipped down City Hall's back stairs to reassure Lindsay on this count. To the irritation of the anti-Lindsay councilmen, there is evidence that in recent months the Mayor has been able to establish a friendly working relationship with Cuite, a small, shrewd Irishman, who rules the Council with an iron hand. The détente, which may not hold for long, is believed to be the product of some standard political horse-trading, some skillful flattery, and the dispensing of certain favors at the disposal of the Mayor, such as invitations to visit Gracie Mansion and to join Lindsay on the dais—as Cuite recently did—at the United Nations luncheon for the Italian Prime Minister. The alliance also has the gratifying result of emphasizing the powerlessness of Sanford Garelik, the former chief





inspector of the Police Department who is now President of the City Council—a largely ceremonial office. As Lindsay is well aware, Garelik is one local figure with ties to the Police Department who *does* want to be mayor. It is possible, of course, that he may make it the easy way, since the council president succeeds to the office if the mayor moves elsewhere.

The taxi bill was formally passed at nine-thirty-two, but by then Lindsay was no longer at City Hall. Shortly after eight, he had got a message that another policeman had been killed—this victim a black member of the force named Horace Lord, who had been shot while conducting a narcotics stake-out in a Harlem hallway. Lord's partner, who had been wounded, was in St. Luke's Hospital, and Lindsay raced there, going directly to the operating room. "What can you say?" he asked reporters, who described him as "ashen-faced." (The complexity of the police situation in this city was once more demonstrated the next day, when a black lawyer charged that Lord had been knowingly sent into an ambush because he had recently testified against two white policemen before the Police Department's Civilian Complaint Review Board.) On his way back downtown, the Mayor got word, over his mobile phone, that the taxi bill had passed, and half an hour later he issued a statement saying that he was "deeply gratified by the action," and that "this is a major breakthrough for this administration, which has been fighting for establishment of a commission since 1966, to bring order and progress to this important industry." He commended the Council for its action, "under the enlightened leadership of Majority Leader Cuite."

Within the next weeks, questions would arise as to whether the taxi-fare increase had really brought progress to the industry as New Yorkers stubbornly slogged through rain and snow rather than pay the medallions' higher meter charges while the gypsies—whose informal price structure was generally pegged to the old rates—reaped unexpected benefits, and there began to be ominous talk of a bloody taxi war. During this period, the Mayor would visit the bedsides of three other policemen wounded in the line of duty. When the complicated issue of wage parity for policemen, which had set off their January strike, was finally settled out of court, the cost to the city—involving, as it did, similar contract ramifications for the other uniformed services—promised to be about a hundred and eighty million dollars, apart from

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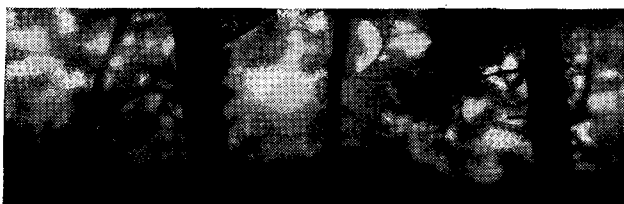
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any increases under new wage contracts that were still being tortuously negotiated. In this period, one more city prisoner would commit suicide, this time on Rikers Island. Off-track betting would still not have got through the starting gate. And the sporadic outbreaks of violence in city schools would seem minor compared to the prospects threatened under the proposed austerity program of the financially hard-pressed Board of Education—dangers that could only be averted by shifting twenty-five million dollars in this year's expenses to the budget for next year, when the fiscal crunch will presumably be that much worse.

"Fighting a thousand dragons to keep the city alive," was the way Marquis Childs grimly described Lindsay's burdens after spending a few hours with him recently at City Hall. But, as Lindsay well knows, the role of St. George the Dragon Killer has won many a political prize in the past (Gibbon's story that the patron saint of England was, in fact, torn to pieces by the populace has been discredited, Lindsay may be relieved to learn). In a season when urban crises are so stylish politically, some of Lindsay's daily pre-occupations, particularly the welfare suit, are clearly negotiable on the national scene, as are his crowd-gathering qualities and his promise of a rousing good show anytime he can get away from the City Hall quagmire. It was a backhanded compliment to a fellow political entertainer when Martha Mitchell voted the other day in the *Daily News* poll in favor of Lindsay's switching parties and running for President because "He'd be more fun to defeat!" George McGovern, an avowed candidate, was naturally less enthusiastic about the possible coming attraction, insisting that the prospect of Lindsay's campaigning for president as a Democrat reminded him of "the town harlot getting religion" who wanted to direct the choir "on her first day in church." Childs, after seeing what Lindsay was up against on his home grounds, wrote, "If you can believe that the Mayor of New York has a political future, you can believe that the Washington Senators will take the next World Series." If Lindsay does decide to run for a higher office this year, under whatever auspices, his best slogan may well be "Remember the Mets."

—ANDY LOGAN

The variety of subjects that could be covered by cable television, he said, is almost needless.—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*.

Same is true of regular TV.

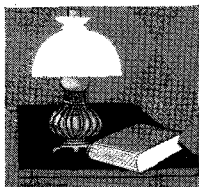


## BOOKS

### BRIEFLY NOTED

#### FICTION

**THE GREATEST THING THAT ALMOST HAPPENED**, by Don Robertson (Putnam). Mr. Robertson is a writer of real magnetism, who can make a Midwestern American city shimmer the way the suburbs of Paris or the side streets of London shimmer in other books. This new novel continues the adventures of Morris Bird III ("The Greatest Thing Since Sliced Bread"), who is now seventeen years old and possessed by a spirit that is an unsettling mixture of Don Quixote, Rupert Brooke, and any all-round average high-school senior you happen to know. Unfortunately, Mr. Robertson chooses to condemn this valiant and comical pilgrim to a bitter fate that shuts out the possibility of any more books about him, and so this record of the last four months of Morris Bird III's life dwindles away into a pitiful memorial to high promise gone for nothing. In spite of his brave last words, Morris Bird feels extremely cheated, and so do we. There should be a law against frustrating readers in this fashion. The time described is from September to a few days after Christmas, 1952.



#### GENERAL

**DEAR MISS WEAVER: HARRIET SHAW WEAVER, 1876-1961**, by Jane Lidderdale and Mary Nicholson (Viking). The subject of this full-dress biography came from a rich, religious, kind, and stuffy English family that would not let a daughter go to college but did leave her plenty of money. The young woman took up volunteer charity work, which led her to feminism, which led her to avant-garde publishing and to helping Pound and Eliot and others early in their careers. She became one of Joyce's most important patrons—his English publisher at a time when his work was considered obscene, and his patron, too, in the old-fashioned, direct sense of giving him money. She was also his literary executor, and in her old age she was a walking bibliography of the modern movement in literature and an authority consulted by critics and biographers. Besides meeting her manifold responsibilities to literature, Miss Weaver met those to her family; she

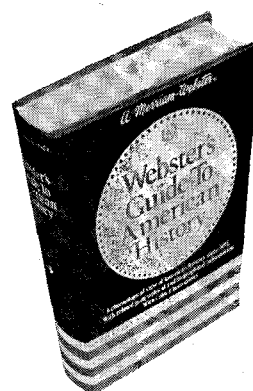
made herself free to tend her aging maiden aunts when they needed her, and was an engaging maiden aunt herself to her nieces and nephews. In the nineteen-thirties, she joined the English Communist Party, and though she never sought political eminence, she was deeply admired by a small circle of Comrades. Miss Weaver kept her life in separate compartments, so that Joyce knew nothing of her politics, her family did not discuss her publishing, and the Communists never knew she knew Eliot. The authors have had to assemble her portrait from diverse sources. They discovered that, in whatever capacity she served, Miss Weaver was modest, diligent, practical, efficient, thoughtful, and firm. If her life is a joke on Victorian aspirations for gentlewomen, it is also a monument to Victorian discipline. The book is detailed, respectful, sometimes ironic, and absorbing. Fifteen dollars.

**XERXES AT SALAMIS**, by Peter Green (Praeger). The author is an English writer (and a very good one, too) with a special knowledge of the classics. In this work, he tells the story of the year 480-479 B.C., when Athens and Sparta, with a few smaller allied states, defeated the gigantic Persian invasion. Mr. Green is not merely retelling Herodotus (for one thing, he is much more just to the Persians than any Greek could have been); instead, he has drawn on a variety of printed sources—classical texts, modern scholarly studies—and on his own familiarity with the Greek landscape to produce a work of notable vividness. It is a break-neck yet lucid narrative of Western history's most decisive year—the year that guaranteed, in fact, that there would be an independent West. Mr. Green does far more than explicate the battles—Thermopylae, Marathon, and, of course, Salamis—that for millennia have symbolized the defense of liberty; he offers a modern reader a chance to truly understand the ancients on both sides as live human beings, not marble busts or figures on a bas-relief. Ten dollars.

**INTERVENTION AND NEGOTIATION: THE UNITED STATES AND THE DOMINICAN REVOLUTION**, by Jerome Slater, with a foreword by

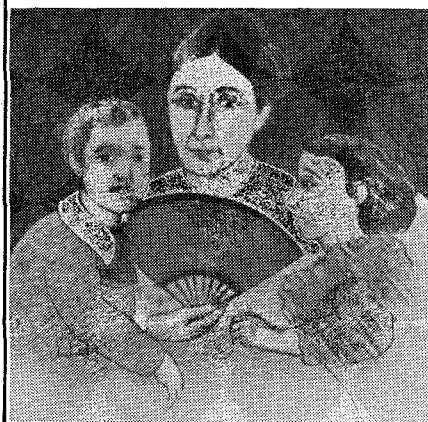
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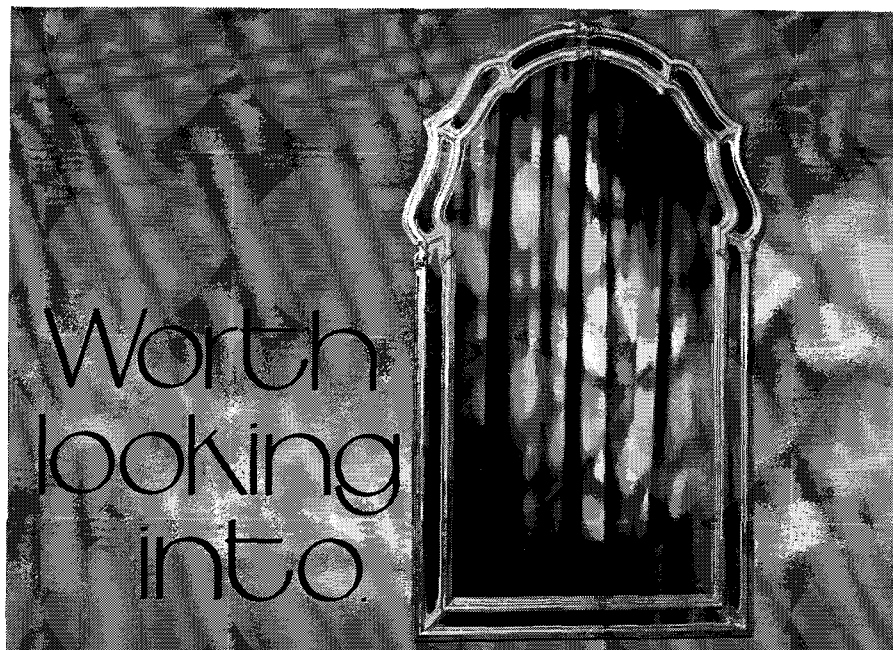
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Hans Morgenthau (Harper & Row). Professor Slater (his subject is political science; his university is Buffalo) took a year off to find out exactly what happened, and why, before, during, and after the United States' military intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1965. The result is the best book so far published on that imbroglio. It is plausible, factual, historically sophisticated, and clearly written. Mr. Slater is frank in stating his opinions but never tries to palm them off as facts. While his estimate of several Americans concerned in the affair is low, he is less interested in blaming individuals than in tracing the history of what he considers an American blunder compounded of good intentions, jumpy nerves, and inaccurate information.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

**POETIC JUSTICE**, by Amanda Cross (Knopf). Kate Fansler is a little too blandly well born and well off and well loved to be a completely sympathetic heroine, but she is very clever and observant, and her innate complacency never distorts her fair-mindedness—she is as good an assistant in the detection of a crime as a detective could hope to find. W. H. Auden is her inspiration, diversion, comfort, and guide as she stumbles with dignity and good humor through the maze of suspicion and conjecture that builds up very quickly around the sudden death of Professor Jeremiah Cudlipp, chairman of the English Department at the enormous New York City university where Kate herself is a professor of English literature. The university—which sounds so much like Columbia that it might be Columbia—is torn by student uprisings and the disorders that precede and accompany them, and Kate's fiancé, Reed Amhearst, of the District Attorney's Office, has his job cut out for him.

February 19, 1971

TITLE CHANGE ON CBS NEWS  
SPECIAL REPORT FEB. 21

The title of Part II of "The Changing War in Indochina" has been changed to "The Changing War in South Vietnam." "The Changing War in South Vietnam," a CBS News Special Report, will be broadcast Sunday, Feb. 21 (10:00-11:00 P.M. E.S.T.) in color on the CBS Television Network. The title was previously given as "The Waning War in South Vietnam."—Press release from C.B.S. News.

And so it goes.





Foreground and upper right: 1971 Ford LTD Country Squire. Top left: 1971 Torino Squire.

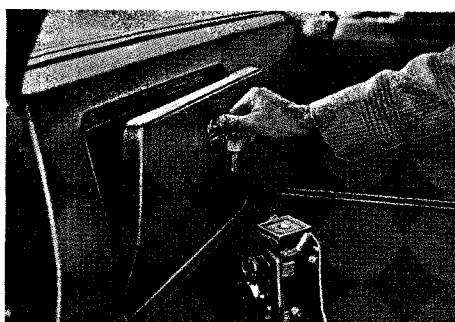
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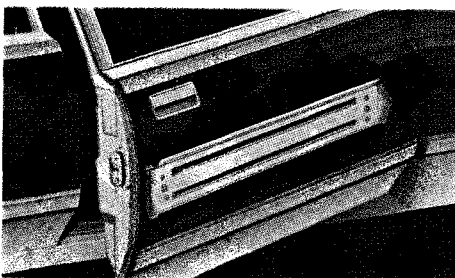
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*Première distribution des croix de la Légion D'Honneur. Detail from the painting by Jean-Baptiste Debret (1768-1848). On July 14, 1804, officers and soldiers of the Guard, magistrates, artists and other dignitaries came to the throne of Napoleon to receive the cross of the newly-formed Legion of Honor.*

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